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*The Malakoff.*





And



1855,

## VOLUME SECOND

CONTAINING INCIDENTS OF LIFE IN QUARTERS AT

AND THE APLA & DARDANELLE

Camp Life In The Crimea

by  
George Buchanan, A.M., M.D.

Surgeon to the British Hospital, Sebastopol, Crimea, 1855.  
The London and Westminster Review, London, 1856.







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CONTAINING INCIDENTS OF LIFE IN QUARTERS AT

*SCUTARI, THERAPIA & DARDANELLES*  
and of

Camp Life In The Crimea  
by

*George Buchanan, A.M., M.D.*

*Surgeon to the British Hospital, Renkioi; afterwards to  
The General Hospital in Camp before Sebastopol.*









Dr. Cowan

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make the book plain

## Preface.

In a former Volume I described the chief incidents of my tour, on the way to the Seat of War - the present, contains in the form of a diary the principal occurrences during my stay in the East. It may be divided into three parts viz. Notices of the Manners, Customs, and mode of life at Constantinople and the Bosphorus, second at Dardanelles, and third in Camp in the Crimea. The second of these has been noticed very shortly - because I was not long at Renkioi - and because in a report to the Secretary at War, published by O'Parkis, our Superintendent, the whole history and details of the hospital are given with great accuracy.

I have purposely avoided introducing any medical details as being unsuitable for a Journal of this kind, which is in-



tended to convey an idea of our mode of life during the great Russian war.

A very great many more details of, scenery, and descriptions of engagements as explained by the lie of the Country, might have been introduced, but these are so admirably given in Russell's history of the war, that I have excluded them.

The Volume is a personal narrative, and therefore it is necessarily egotistical. But along with this personal detail, I have endeavoured to introduce observations on the Manners and Customs, which are often more interesting when thus brought under notice, than in more formal works.



would you have any dedication?

To Sir John Hall K. C. B.

M. D., F. R. C. S., &c

Principal Medical Officer in the Crimea,  
Who appointed me to the Camp Hospital;  
In admiration of the valuable services  
he rendered to the British Army  
and in acknowledgement of his kindness  
to me, on leaving the Crimea —

This Volume  
Is dedicated by  
His humble servant  
The Author.







B

The year will go on  
afterwards

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On the 25<sup>th</sup> of June I rose at 5 am and went on deck. All was life on board. The apathetic Turks who had been lying huddled together, presented the appearance of a huge mass, swaying to and fro, as they got up from their recumbent posture & got a glimpse of the great city. The Franks on the quarter deck were getting up on the companion or the gangways or any point from which a view could be obtained, all was vivacity, all eagerness to catch the first view of the pinacles of Constantinople.

Around all was still and quiet. The breeze had died away and we had distanced the flotilla of yesterday. Not a sail in sight. Behind us lay in our wake, and on each side spread the waters of the Sea of Marmora, as motionless, as flat, as smooth as a block of the marble from which it takes its name.



Before us in the distance the coast was slightly obscured by a thin veil of mist - which hung over the low hills, but a lighter streak close to the water showed where the buildings would soon be visible.

As we advanced the Sun dissipated the curtain and lighted up the whole Panorama with the utmost brilliancy. When we drew near within a mile of the city the scene which gradually unfolded itself defies description - The Sea of Marmora gradually narrowing, is continuous with the Bosphorus - a mile wide at its termination - which divides the view into two parts. The hilly banks of the strait are seen away beyond - studded with the quaintest houses, towers, minarets, and tall dark trees. On its surface are floating all sorts of vessels from that motionless hulk which serves as a Turkish Hospital ship - to that almost invisible needle which skims like lightning, hardly touching the water - The left half of the picture is Stamboul a dense mass of dark houses clustering one above another to the summit of a low hill which is crowned by a huge dome and four brilliant white needle like minarets - which we at once know is St-Sophia mosque. In strong



contrast to the picturesque but darkling mass behind, the white and dazzling buildings and fresh green gardens of the Seraglio - among which quaint columns and domes, and stately trees are interspersed - creep out into the stream.

On the opposite side of the strait, perched upon the steep cliffs, we at a single glance recognise the four white towers and square courts of the Barrack Hospital of Scutari - grouped behind which we ~~see~~<sup>the</sup> irregular and truly Turkish village, and extending around both the, sombre foliage of the cypress trees of the Cemetery. The whole landscape is Eastern to a degree.

Soon the steamer reaches Seraglio point, and winding abruptly to the left enters a bay, between two parts of the city, about half a mile wide and extending far up into the country. This is the Golden Horn or harbour of Constantinople of such depth that a man of war is anchored at the very bank; of a size which could contain all the navies of Europe. We steered in among vessels of every conceivable rig and of every nation. Here are two hospital ships, old Turkish hulks covered in with boards. Close by, a wicked looking schooner with bright brass guns; the Turkish



ensign, red with a yellow crescent, at the peak. There is a French man of war screw under steam with a transport in tow - drille draughts for the Crimea - On the opposite shore are the offices of our Admiralty and off them is anchored an old 74 with Admiral Grey's flag. But the whole harbour is crammed with vessels in seemingly bewildering confusion - hundreds are moored in rows, and yet there is a constant movement of smaller lighters and luggage boats and whole shoals of Caïques or needle shaped skiffs which shoot about like magic.

We have hardly time to notice these scenes and the infinite variety of costume and character which burst on the eye with all the rapidity and medley of a Harlequinade, when down goes the anchor, and we are moored alongside two other Austrian Steamers of the same company.

And now for ashore. Had I been alone I would have gone down to the Cabin locked up my luggage and calmly waited till evening, in the hope of getting away without beginning the war till I was somewhat a match for the enemy; for such a scene as presented itself around the Steamer was most appalling. The only thing to which I



can compare it, is the description we have of South Sea voyagers surrounded by shoals of Canoes filled with Cannibal Savages, and I defy the savages to make such an unearthly noise. For about 20 yards round the vessel you could not see a drop of the sea, so closely were the boats jammed in, each hoping to get first to the gangway - Not one was allowed to touch the ladder till the health boat gave permission - The Surgeon having gone ashore with the ship's papers to report on a clean bill of health. As there was the delay of quarters of an hour during which the boatmen were kept off from the passengers, they appeased their eagerness by fighting among each other, till they could attack their prey. The boatmen were Fisks, Greeks, Ionians and Maltese and what a babel of tongues! The mystery was that there was not murder - but I presume boatmen have some magical tenacity of life.

Bikelas, Borkheim & I agreed to go ashore together so we managed very well. When the enemy got on deck, which they did by ladder and ropes and at every conceivable point we stood our ground, entrenching ourselves behind our



luggage beating off the assailants until Berkheim  
 engaged a Greek whose boat was pointed out to  
 us, some three rows off from the ship - Seizing  
 my portmanteau and beckoning me to follow he  
 got down the ladder and by dint of pushing  
 and pulling with great perseverance I was  
 at last seated in the boat - Several boatmen  
 endeavored to capture me in passing but I  
 pushed on - In about 10 minutes Berkheim got  
 down beside me and we had to wait as long for  
 Bikelas and all this time we were actively en-  
 gaged in keeping the boat from being swamped,  
 for the boats were so closely wedged together that  
 sometimes one was fairly jammed up between it  
 two neighbors, sometimes nearly pushed under  
 water by the gunwales of those beside it. At  
 last we pushed out from the crowd and  
 moved in to the shore. I had no leisure to  
 notice the hundred sights of this celebrated landy  
 place, only one prominent object arrests the  
 attention of all who land at Galata bridge, a  
 huge board bearing the sign "Dr. Glascott's Surgery."

'His distance' lends enchantment to the view  
 truer of Constantinople than any other place.  
 You could not conceive a more gorgeous



landscape than <sup>the</sup> swift flowing Bosphorus, with its palaces, mosques, minarets, and cypress groves, or a more lovely city than the one that guards its outlet — You could conceive nothing more filthy and disgusting than the wharf of Galata.

We stepped ashore and Bikelas at once recognised a friend of his who happened to be at the wharf about some goods. A Hamal or porter was at once engaged and piling our portmanteaux on his back he led the way to a hotel. We went along through some narrow ill paved lanes and then commenced the ascent of a steep hill with a horrid causeway. Whole crowds of people of every nation were streaming along — but we seemed to be amazed at nothing more than that I should be one of them. There were British and French soldiers, Indian Officers, Zouaves, Marines, Sailors, and lots of men with unknown uniforms — Greeks, Italians and the Turks but most wonderful of all the Hamal in front toiling up the hill like a beast of burden with the tower of luggage on his back. At the top of this hill we came to a long street with shops on each side bearing French and Italian signs — "Magasin de Nouveautés", "Marchand d'Habits", "Confiserie" &c just like a narrow



back street in Paris. This I learned was the district of Pera or Frank quarter and the people except some undoubted Turks looked much like French. At last we came to a gateway and entered the Hotel de Globe where Borkheim and I took quarters at 16 francs a day meals included.

Breakfast was just being served and we joined after which - the Inn people being French - I enquired the whereabouts of the different Staffs of the British Army. I learned that the Kenkiri men to whom I belonged were in quarters at Scutaria and I also found that Therapia where my friend S Davidson was quartered was at a convenient distance and that a steamer started for it at 10. As I could have no better informant than he, I lost no time in hastening back thro' the narrow streets to the wharf at Galata, & seeing a steamer whizzing off its steam I shouted out Therapia and was passed along a plank into a little steamer bound for the Bosphorus.

Seating myself on a little stool of which there were plenty standing about, I asked a young man in undress uniform about Therapia. He was an interpreter to the Turkish Contingent and was proceeding on duty to Beyukdere where they were encamped.



He pointed out the various villages as we passed along - Took my ticket for me and was very attentive - It was a lovely morning and the scene was most enlivening. The banks of the Bosphorus, which varies from a mile to a mile and a half or two miles broad, are lined with one continuous row of houses, gardens, Mosques, palaces, castles, forts and cypress groves and cemeteries. Several of the Mosques & Palaces which stand down on the water's edge, are of pure white marble and with their domes, pillars and needle like minarets are most quaint and striking. Numberless caïques of all sizes, the passengers in the most varied costume, flitted about and the whole scene was most enchanting.

Many a time afterwards have I sailed through that picturesque channel and every time, I have seen some new beauty to admire.

It takes an hour and a half to reach Therapia sailing against the current. Landing at a little pier, I asked an English sailor boy if he could point out the hospital. He was going there and I found I had happened upon Dr Davidson's servant. In a few minutes I was reclining on the divan in his quarters inhaling the fresh breeze which was blowing in from



the Black Sea. Davidson came in, just what I had seen him a year and a half ago, the only specimen of a real Boston I have seen since I left home. His white coat, sun-tan, and shaved face was refreshing to see. After mutual greetings, with the eye of a sailor seeing I was fresh off the water, he at once pointed out the bathing box and in a few minutes I was enjoying the luxury of a swim in the clear cold stream of the Bosphorus.

Of all the charming spots on this strait Therapia is probably the most charming. There is a bay about half a mile wide, forming a safe harbor, where a number of Sardinian vessels were taking in stores, & one or two French & English Steam frigates moored off as guard ships. The bay is encompassed by hills which swell gradually up from the water's brink leaving a narrow strip of land on which the village is built - a single row of tumble down wooden houses, very pretty from the water but forming no exception to the squalor which is the accompaniment of all Turkish towns & villages. Towards the two points which bound the bay and along the shore beyond these, are handsome houses with gardens the favorite residences of the Franks of Constantinople and



at one side of the bay is a Kiosk or Summer Palace of the Sultan, now occupied as our Naval hospital - a little beyond the other point is the residence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe - the houses are built on the very edge of the water - only a narrow path about 3 or 4 feet in width intervening, and quite close in, the water is of great depth, so that you can walk by a short plank into the stern of a frigate, which lies moored with its boulder against the foot path. In some parts you can see that alongside this foot-path the depth is from 4 to 6 feet - at others you can see no bottom, the brink being rock. There is no tide in the Bosphorus so the water is constantly at the distance of from one to four feet below the level of the path. The surf from a large steamer often washes over the road, which is anything but pleasant to a bypasser. I have seen steamers landing passengers at convenient parts of this path when there was no regular landing place, just running in and stopping where some one wanted to get out. You can fish without any trouble in these parts. I have seen very imposing looking patriarchs sitting in their summer villas with a fishing rod sticking out at the window.



The Bosphorus is quite two miles broad here, there being a large sweep of the Asiatic coast opposite, forming the bay of Beikos, where the Allied fleets were moored before entering the Black Sea. At present several British, French and Turkish men of war were anchored there; among them the *Miranda* lately commanded by Capt. Lyons.

After being a little rested I visited the hospital with Dr. Davidson. A large wooden house in three floors, clean, well aired and comfortable, capable of holding 150 patients. At present the beds were not all filled, the health of the fleet being favourable. There is a large and beautiful diving ground attached, but that I saw better on a subsequent visit. Coming out of the hospital we met a gentleman whom I took, from his civilian dress to be a youth of the Diplomatic Corps. He came to make arrangements about the burial of Capt. Lyons who had died of his wounds the day before. This gentleman, the son of Admiral Lyons, the idol of the fleet, had sustained a compound fracture of the



leg on the 18<sup>th</sup> and had begged the Surgeons to save the limb - He was brought down to Therapia in his own ship the *Miranda*, but before he reached the hospital mortification had set in, and he died in a few days, to the great grief of his men, and all who knew him. From his relationship to the Admiral, his bravery, and character, his burial was to be with Naval honours.

Overhearing Dr Davidson address his <sup>friend</sup> as Mr Brodie, after their business was finished, I presented a card of introduction from Mr James Blair with whom he had been acquainted. We had some conversation together and I met him occasionally afterwards. He was an attaché of the British embassy.

I dined at the Hospital Mess with Dr Davidson, Dalby, Stewart, Irvine and Ward and Mr MacKenzie, interim chaplain, son in law of Dr Chalmers. It was very quiet - they all seemed affected at the loss of Capt Lyons. He must have been a brave and noble man, for his influence to have been so widely felt.

It was a luxury to taste the old home diet, Soup, roast Mutton & Potatoes - pudding & a glass of cherry.



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The funeral took place at six o'clock. So the first episode of the war which I saw was the funeral of a brave & lamented Officer. I felt melancholy and depressed. An hour or two after landing from my tour, hitherto of pleasure, I only felt that I was among the dread realities of war. Every one seemed touched; they all seemed to have had a personal loss.

It was an imposing ceremony, the sailor's funeral. They collected on the bank of the Bosphorus where the pathway was broad, in front of the Kiosk where his remains were lying. They marched along, slowly past the quarters and as the windows looked out to the path I saw every one as he went by. First came a party of Marines, English, French, Turkish & Sardinian. Then the band playing the "Dead March", the drum muffled with crape; then the men of the *Giranda*; then the coffin, with his hat & sword on the top, borne on hand-spikes by his Marines & sailors; then his officers in full dress, with crape mourning - Next Admiral Grey accompanied by the French, and Turkish Rear Admirals, and the Chaplains; then the hospital staff in full dress, then a crowd composed of, sailors of all the fleets



the attachés of the embassies &c. - I mixed with the crowd and followed up into a little glen shaded with trees, where the new made graves showed that this was the cemetery.

Mr Mackenzie, at that time acting in the capacity of Chaplain, read the Burial Service of the Church of England. Beside him stood Mr Pyddick chaplain from Ocutari, and also the priest of the French Admiralty ship. I have often seen clergymen of different Protestant denominations on the same platform and joining in the same services, but surely it was an evidence that his loss was very deeply felt, when a Roman Catholic priest said Amen to a prayer read by a Presbyterian Minister over Capt Lyons' grave.

The burial service over, the people dispersed and the band led the way playing up a cheery tune, and there was a bustle to get into the boats and row back to the ships, and the officers of the Miranda came to tea to the Hospital, and things moved on as before. O Corbet of the Miranda a stout man nearly smothered in crape recognised me. I had seen him when he was on a visit to Glasgow.



26<sup>th</sup> — Left by the Steamer at 10, and on arriving at the Hotel de Globe in Pera I found my companions Bikelas and Borkheim in a state of frantic grief. They were on the point of sending out a crier or some such herald in search of a lost man. Not knowing that I had a friend at Therapia they imagined I had fallen among thieves and was kidnapped or tipped into the Bosphorus or some place of durance. However I told them to be in no anxiety about me for I had plenty of companions going about. Borkheim introduced me to his brother who was returning home from the Crimea and was ailing. Being rather afraid of his health he asked me to prescribe for him which I did.

I now set out alone for a stroll through the streets, or rather passages for they do not deserve the name of streets. Pushing straight for the bridge of boats which floats on the Golden Horn I stepped on<sup>to</sup> the Turkish Quarter or Stamboul. Gorgeous when seen from the water or even from the other side of the harbour, the whole illusion vanishes as you thread your way through the lanes between rows of shaky, cranky wooden houses of one or two stories. The road is paved



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with irregular rounded stones two or three inches apart, which forms a path admirably suited for doing penance on, and peculiarly adapted for twisting your ankles out of joint. When ~~it is~~ remembered that the sun is beating with scorching heat and that not a breath of air can penetrate into that labyrinth of passages some idea may be formed of the pleasure of walking in Stamboul. Ponies may be had for hire with a boy guide to whup them up from behind, but being no great equestrian I feared the "Sella Turcica". There are a few carriages belonging to the pashas and harems, but a ride in those conveyances even if attainable would be far from desirable. The mode of progression is of the most spasmodic kind; the machine bolting from stone to stone like a cricket ball on a polished field. I have seen a pasha jolting along in his state carriage holding on with a hand on each door to prevent his being pitched right out like the pellet of a tow gun. It reminded me of the countryman who being escorted in a sedan chair which had lost its flooring, remarked that if it were not for the honour of the thing he would much rather have walked. I have heard of the advice



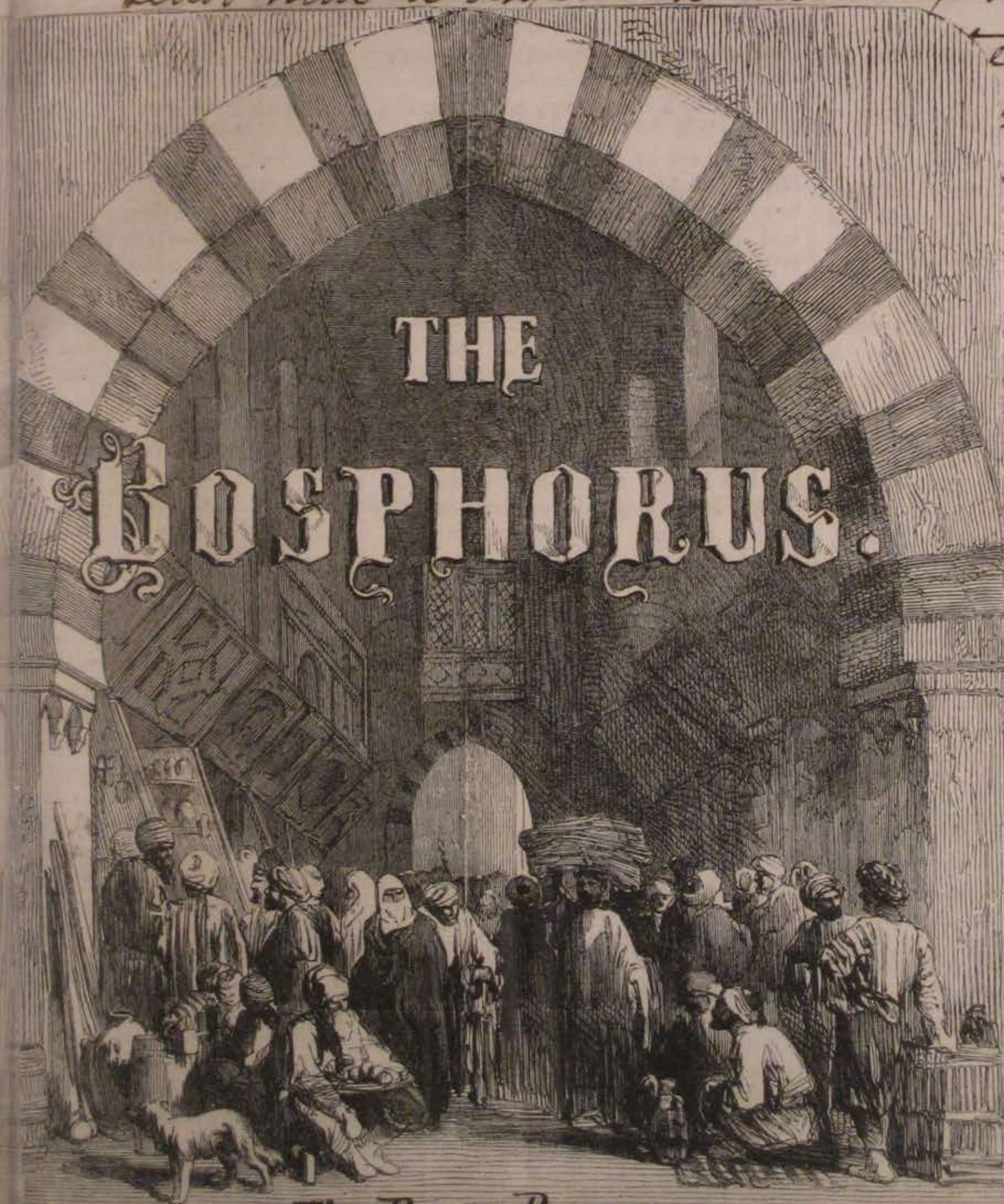
being given to persons afflicted with fall stones to take a ride in a cart on a rough road, I am sure there need be no fall stones in Stamboul, the jolting in one of these cars is enough to shake out the liver itself. So I loitered on, staring like a country bumpkin at every queer sight which presented itself. The first place I visited was a mosque. The door was open and the devout were at prayers. Knowing the custom of the country I merely peeped in, as I had not the proper apparatus for putting on my shoes, which I must have taken off if I had gone inside. The mosque was a large square building, without seats and no altar or any other erection to catch the eye. But all the people who were at prayers on their knees, were bending & pressing their brows on the ground looking in one direction which I presumed was towards Mecca.

Next came to a large lofty Arcade with a few windows on the top, and by the peculiar rich & aromatic odours, I at once knew I was in the Drug Bazaar. This consists of a double row of stalls of the most primitive kind. Little boxes which can be shut up by a folding door the hinges of which are about two feet from the



ground. When the salesman opens his shop, he folds down the door, supports it on two legs, and thus forms the counter, on which he spreads samples of his wares, then placing a little carpet on one corner, he squats there with his *telibouck* and smokes away till providence sends him a buyer. In the drug bazaar the

# THE BOSPHORUS.



The Drug Bazaar.

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for the view of the great city, by descending the Bosphorus you see transcendent beauty around you; but little to interfere with the grand effect produced by entire novelty—you obtain one strongly-marked, clear-cut idea of the city, and it remains with you while you have a memory left.

As we are by no means writing a guide to Stamboul, or anything of the kind, but merely setting down some reminiscences which may be agreeable both to those who have "swum in a caïque" and those who have that pleasure in store, we abstain from a rapture of mosques, cypresses, minarets, fezes, seagulls, boatmen, camels, eunuchs, bazaars, pipes, coffee, kabobs, sweetmeats, agas, yashmaks, floating-bridges, sultanas, brown dogs, storytellers, backsheesh, embroidered slippers, firmans, blue pigeons, dervises, fountains, dragomans, and all the other bits of Constantinople, which, like the morsels of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope, one rolls round and round for the delectation and boredom of one's friends when recounting one's Oriental experiences. A reader who under the ordinary conditions of life has become so must have expended a certain amount of the coinage of the realm to acquire possession of one's ideas, and therefore, in common honesty, has a right to better treatment than the acquaintance who sits sneering beside you at dinner, and wishes you would hold your egotistical clack, which you pour out as if nobody had ever been to Turkey but yourself; or as if anybody who wanted to know all about it would come to you while he could go to Miss Pardoe or a dozen other cleverer people than yourself. Give your neighbour the kaleidoscope chatter, but keep better things (if you have them) for your purchaser.

Happily for the success of our good resolutions in this regard, artistic friends come to our succour with the sketches to which these remarks are, however unworthily, annexed. The pencil gives a text, and ensures the reader against a rambling sermon from the pen. It reminds one of a contrivance by a celebrated light of that department of the Anglican Church to which the epithet of Evangelical has been applied, the late excellent and revered Charles Simson, who managed to do much good in days when the hierarchy would have shuddered to find even one of their number preaching in an unconsecrated building like Philadelphieion Hall. He had observed with regret the help- less efforts of young clergymen to state and illustrate an argument; and he therefore prepared a series of skeletons of sermons, which bones it was the easy business of the incipient minister to clothe with such flesh of oratory as he might be Frankenstein enough to manufacture. *Sauf* the important difference that there is anything but dry bones in the admirable sketches before us, and before the reader—the four ladies in the Harem picture, for instance, are in no wise suggestive of the skeletons we all carry about us—the invention of Mr. Simson



ground. When the salesman opens his shop, he folds down the door, supports it on two legs, and thus forms the counter, on which he spreads samples of his wares, then placing a little carpet on one corner, he squats there with his Telibouck and smokes away till providence sends him a buyer. In the drug bazaar the men are true original Turks of the most phlegmatic kind, never exhibiting the slightest sign of anxiety for a purchaser. It was most delicious to lounge through this arcade, the aromatic odours, the subdued light, the pleasant coolness being such a contrast to the heat & glare outside.

Coming out of it I was assailed by a host of boys, "Vile show you bazaar Fare". "Go to St Sophia Captain?" and a lot of equally polite offers, so to save time and get quit of the rest I got an urchin to lead me to the Grand Bazaar. This curious and wonderful market has been so often described that it is well known. It consists of an enormous square cut into an ~~enormous~~<sup>vast</sup> number of arcades each similar to the drug bazaar just mentioned and lined with stalls for the sale of every sort of manufactured goods. There are quarters for the different kinds of goods, there



place for stalls for the sale of slippers, caps, robes, sashes, perfumes, pipes, &c. It is a most amusing sight the traffic, but I had not time to see it all at once; it required repeated visits to understand the Turkish system of doing business.

In the afternoon I stepped on board the steamer for Soutari to find out my own quarters. A Bosphorus steamer is a study in itself. The vessel is just similar to one of our old fashioned Clyde steamers. The engineer is usually an Englishman or Scotsman retaining his frock coat & his honest accent among the motley crew around. The Captain is dressed like a Turkish officer and uses a speaking trumpet else he would not be heard amidst the babel howling of the port. The after part of the deck is divided into two. Quite at the stern a part is railed off and covered top and sides with canvas for the women. It is not etiquette in Turkey for the men to associate with the inferior beings as they are thought. So there is a sort of pen cut off, where they are packed in without any regard to comfort. I have seen women, handsome delicate girls, you would call them ladies in



our country, standing packed together in this little corner, while men outside, were sitting on chairs without the slightest regard to the requirements of the ladies. Then the men as the customs are so jealous that they cover up their <sup>women's</sup> faces in a white veil to hide them from the vulgar gaze.

The boat was much crowded with people of all sorts, but principally Turks, as Scutari is principally inhabited by bona fide Moslems. On the way over I spoke to a man, in French, who knew the whereabouts of the quarters and in company with him I made my way through the lower parts of the town. He directed me to the main street of the hill part, at the end of which is the great gate of the Barrack hospital, called in military lingo "The Main Guard". I found numbers of soldiers in uniform lingering about and asked several of them for my quarters but I need hardly say that no one seemed to know anything about anybody but himself. I found it would be a hopeless task to ask for the quarters of the Russian Staff. so I enquired at the Main Guard for Mr McNamee the protestant chaplain and for



I sat then the pathologist neither of whom seemed  
 to be known any better than myself. However  
 I was directed to Chaplain House where I  
 hoped to get some definite information - Pro-  
 ceeding to it I found that the only man I  
 could find never had heard of Mr Mc Nair  
 and I was just in despair when I caught  
 the words "Dr Pincoffs up stairs" and I went  
 up to make a last effort. Dr Pincoffs out, but  
 Mrs Pincoffs I saw, I might describe the  
 luxury of the house but at all the quarters  
 were much alike and I afterwards came to  
 make some allowances for the exigencies of the  
 war, it would not be fair to put down the  
 heart sinking I felt at the prospect of living  
 in that state. Mrs Pincoffs never had heard of  
 Mr Mc Nair but to my delight knew Dr Aitken  
 well and directed me where to go - On the way  
 through a labyrinth of narrow streets among  
 wooden houses I met Aitken and another man  
 and was soon partaking of a nice pudding  
 at his table. We had a long chat about our  
 affairs and we arranged that I should come over  
 next day and be introduced to my colleagues  
 at my own quarters. In the evening



I stepped into a Caïque meeting another man who was going across - and soon was skimming over the swift dark stream - Landing at Tophana I climbed up the steep street to Pera which is directly above the quay of Tophana or the Arsenal.

27<sup>th</sup> According to appointment went to the Admiralty office to meet S<sup>r</sup> Davidson. They are on the quay between Tophana and the pier at Galata. What clean trig men there were on duty, compared to the lazy greasy men that were hulking about the vessels in harbour. Davidson introduced me to Capt. Powell who was the conductor of the first vessel into Balaklava. He is the Superintendent of the Transport Service and readily promised me a passage in the first vessel going up the Black Sea. He handed me over to Mr Sheppard who had charge of making out the orders and who I found afterwards a very obliging man. I got an order for a passage on board the "Queen of the South" No 135, which was to sail next day for Balaklava.

I next repaired to the bankers where I got some circular notes changed into Turkish money. The money current in Turkey just now is of



various kinds. By far the most useful is just our own English money or French - Austrian silver & copper is also current but it is more difficult to calculate. The Turkish money is all in notes of 10 and 20 piastres each. The piastre varies with the exchange but usually seven piastres to the shilling was the amount.

There are some larger notes but the 10 & 20 pi. were most used and the bankers have them made up in little bales which they count out in paying a large sum. I saw a man come in for the payment of a large order and he brought a good sized sack to carry away the notes. I was in about an hour waiting for the Cashier who was out at luncheon and the man who had been drawing the notes was all that time counting the little bales and had not half finished.

Hansom & Co are the principal bankers, in the hill street leading up to Galata tower, and they set apart a pleasant darkened room for English newspapers where their English customers can sit and read the newspapers. There is a Turkish Cafe open the way where you can get a glass of fresh lemonade and a slice of sponge cake which they make very nice in Constantinople.

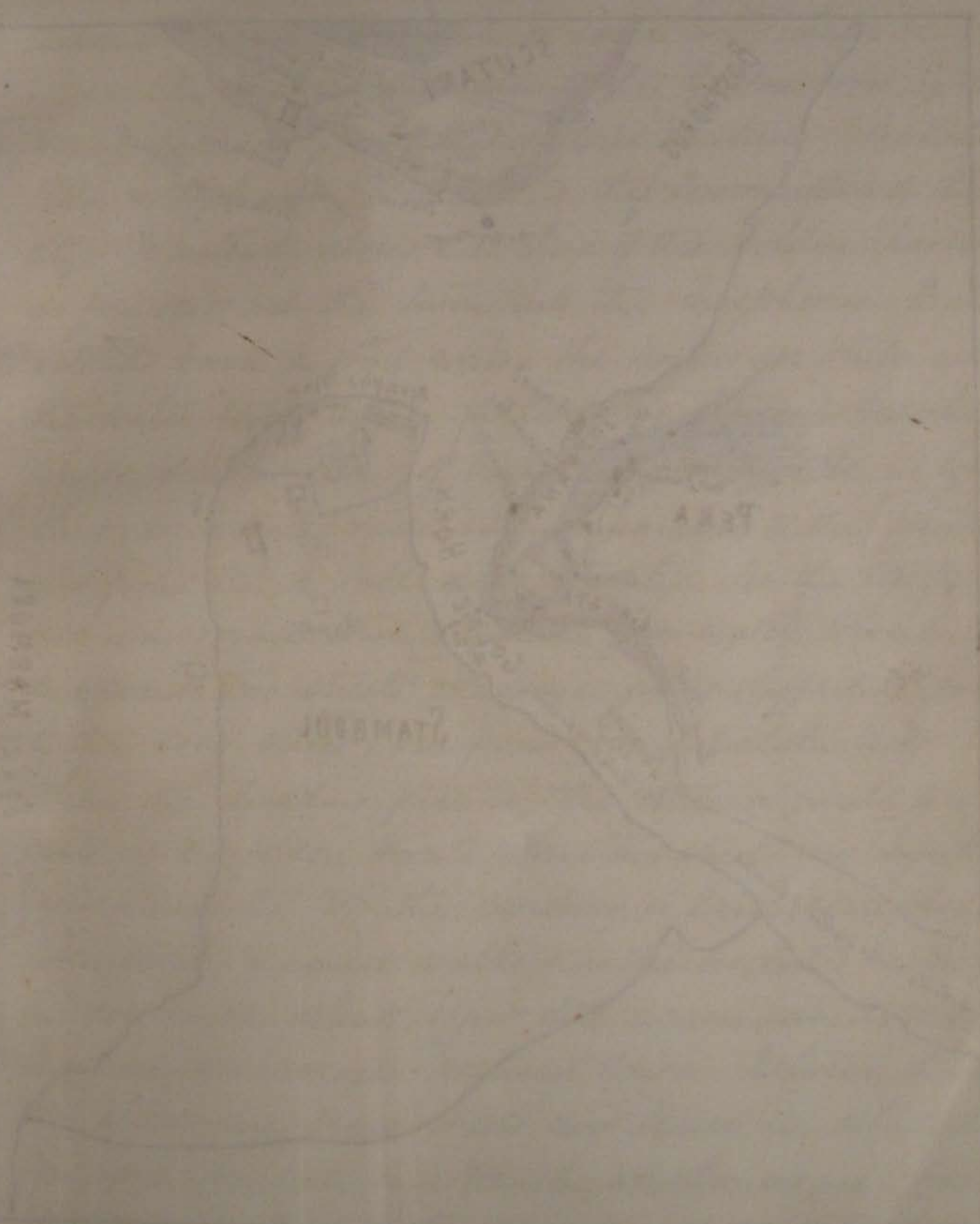


Met S. Atken at Hanson's by appointment and went a shopping with him. In the street close by are the principal English shops and offices. Agents of steam vessels and parcel delivery companies, and stores of provisions. The "English Stores" and that of "Gordon & Darglington" are most amusing. You can get almost anything you can think of, from Irish butter and Scotch marmalade to hams, cheese, wine, porter &c. "Stampa" an Italian has the largest business having been established there before the war, and having had the first of it. Besides all sorts of provision he deals in article of furnishing and can get an outfit of any sort without much delay. He therefore puts his own price on his article and must have made an immense fortune. None of the Turkish shops have any signs written over the door, and Stampa is said to have procured an immense amount of business, by the simple expedient of painting up his name. It was always a most amusing occupation to go about shopping, the only difficulty was to know when to stop, for you saw so many things that you just wanted that it was a hard matter to pull up. After doing the shops we went down to Galata to take a boat & cross to Scutari with our purchases.

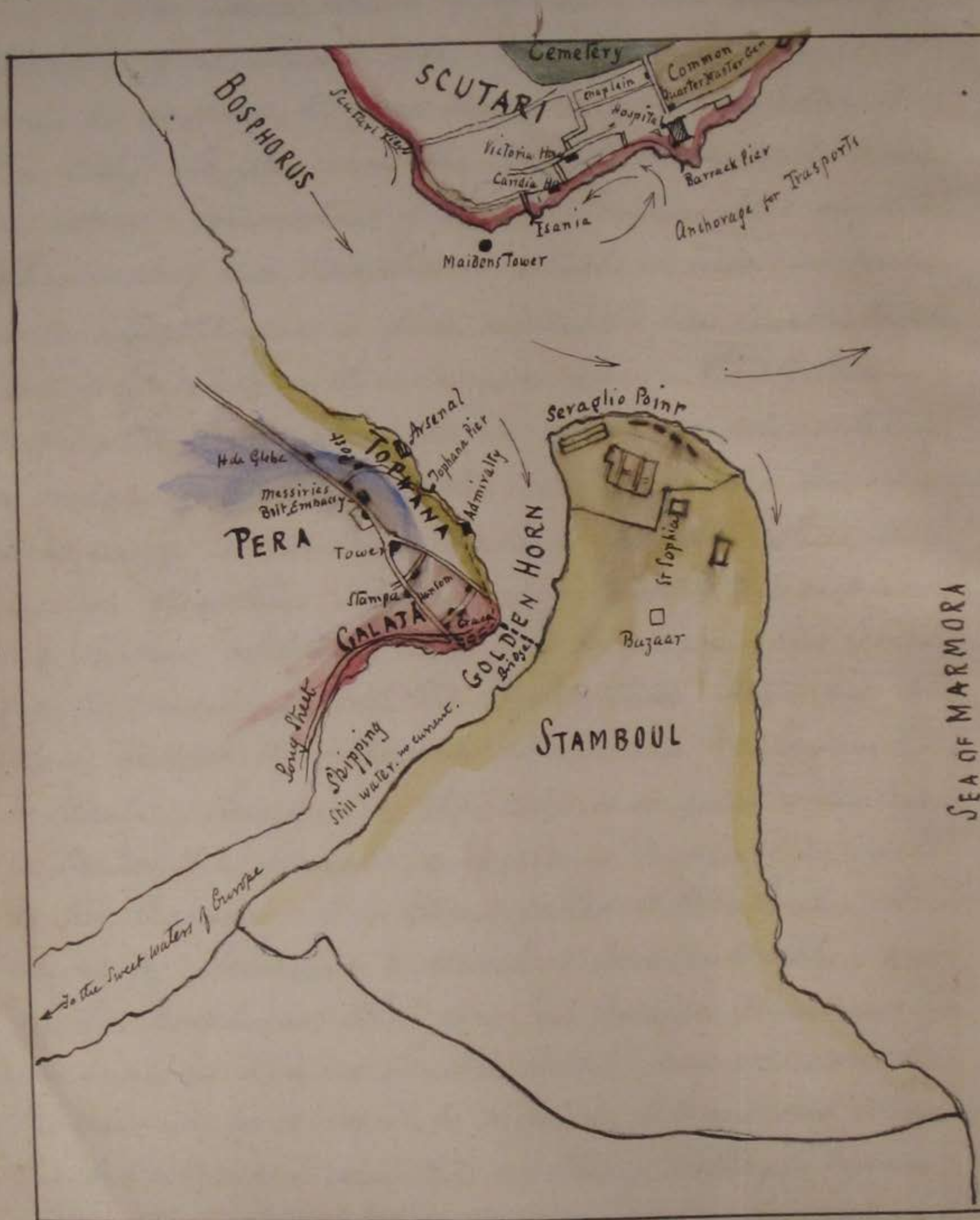


As I soon came to speak of the several districts of Constantinople by separate names, it may be as well to put down a general idea of the city. A glance at the ground plan will give a correct conception of it. Scutari lies on the other side of the Bosphorus which is here a mile wide and therefore is quite separated from Constantinople. The city itself is divided into two, by the Golden horn, the two banks of which are now connected by a bridge of boats. On the side next the Sea of Marmora is the true Turkish quarter where there are no Christian residents and most of the shopmen are Turks, although now the Armenians and Greeks are so mixed up with the Turks that there are no places except the Mosques which are exclusively Turkish. This part of the city is of great extent and contains the Seraglio, and many Mosques as well as the Bazaars. It is always called Stamboul. It is usual for strangers to speak of Constantinople, but on the Bosphorus that has no precise meaning. You are supposed to be at Constantinople, any where on the Bosphorus, for it would be difficult to point out where the suburbs end and the adjoining village begins. Although it looks like affectation to a new-comer, he soon learns that if he wishes any precise meaning









PLAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE.  
Currents indicated by Arrows.



to be attached to his words he must specify whether he means to go to Stamboul or Pera or Galata &c.

On the opposite side of the Golden Horn is the Frank quarter, composed of three districts, Galata, Pera & Tophana. Galata is the Broomfield of the city - It extends along the shore of the Golden Horn as far out as the turn into the Bosphorus. It also extends back a good way. The houses are built into the water so as easily to serve as stores for merchandise which is hoisted out of boats lying alongside. A long street, at least a mile, extends parallel to the <sup>city</sup> bank and from this a hill rises steeply. At the top of the hill is a round tower, Galata fire-watch tower. To this point two streets converge from different points of the long street, one point being Galata bridge, where the landing pier is, the other a quarter of a mile up the Golden Horn. These two streets are very steep and towards the top the causeway is laid somewhat like steps, to assist walkers in the ascent. It may be conceived what effect that arrangement would have on a carriage coming down. Between the two streets are cross streets and lanes in which the principal English and French warehouses are: Grace the Agent for Burns' steamers, Wheatly & Co - The French Messageries Impériales, Bankers &c.



The bank of the Golden Horn beyond Galata and round along the shore of the Bosphorus is Top-hana or "the Arsenal". So called because at its further extremity is a Turkish arsenal. Like Galata it contains a number of mercantile warehouses but principally consists of little workshops for the manufacture of trunks, furniture, quilts &c &c. A very winding street leads up the steep hill which rises from Top-hana, along which are endless little workshops for the manufacture of pipes, and pipe tubes. In this street also are the Army Post Office and the Hotel d'Angleterre, and quite at the top of the hill at the corner of this street is the far-famed well known resort of the English in the East, Messirie's Hotel.

The hill above Galata & Top-hana is Pera. The houses are built of stone of the French shape and altogether it looks like a little French or Italian town. Pera is the residence of the European Ambassadors, and of the Frank Merchants. The views from the windows of the hotels are very fine, commanding the Golden Horn, Bosphorus, Constantinople and the opening of the Sea of Marmora...

Crossed to Scutari and dined at Akther.  
Introduced to Mr Robertson. Purveyor to the Army,



Mr J.O. Hager, Purveyor clerk, and Dr Doyle & Pathologist.

Dr, pleasant man, Hager a  
Doyle a red hot Irishman  
& strong rich boyne. The  
spiced with unknown herbs  
kissed by a Maltese but the rice  
cellent. In the evening

my Reskioi friends who  
quarters. "Candia House"

name of our abode was a large  
of ancient date, at least  
as you could see out between  
es. You entered by a large  
to an earthen floor, from  
kitchen or servants room and  
yard. The habitable part of  
second floor. The character  
is the immense size of the  
rooms are used as the dining  
bedrooms opening off from  
the stair. There is there a

the current of air through the house. which  
is kept pleasantly cool. Of course there is a great  
waste of space but the cool breeze blowing through the  
hall is a great comfort in the heat of summer.



THE TOWER OF GALATA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



The bank of the Golden Horn beyond Galata and  
 round along the shore of the Bosphorus  
 or "the Arsenal". So called because  
 at its extremity is a Turkish arsenal 34

contains a number of merchants  
 principally consists of little work  
 factories of trunks, furniture, &c.  
 a winding street leads up the steep  
 from Topkapi, along which are  
 shops for the manufacture of silk  
 In this street also are the, &c.  
 the Hotel d'Angleterre, and just  
 hill at the corner of this street  
 well known resort of the English  
 Messiries' Hotel.

The hill above Galata &c.  
 the houses are built of stone &c.  
 and altogether it looks like a  
 Italian town. Pera is the residence  
 Ambassadors, and of the Frank  
 from the windows of the hotels  
 commanding the Golden Horn, Bosphorus,  
 the opening of the Sea of Marmora...

Crossed to Scutari and dined at Scutari.  
 Introduced to Mr Robertson. Purveyor to the Army,

Western Europe, while the rapid rise of large commerce in the  
 Danubian Principalities has diverted much of the trade  
 was once carried on through this port.

Odessa is, next to the two capitals of the Empire, one of the most im-  
 portant cities of Russia. Its position on the Black Sea, and the  
 increase of its population, its commercial wealth, and the  
 have enabled it to outstrip the other half Slavonic, and  
 the Empire. The Russians themselves prefer it to Moscow, as  
 they enjoy greater liberty, and are relieved from many of the  
 capital. Odessa is the Paris of the Russian ladies, who  
 indulge their taste for dress and their luxuries without the  
 which they entail on them at St. Peter-burg.

The town is defended by a wall and ditch; but in 1793, when  
 Suwarrow, in 1793, is now used as a quarantine. The town  
 city is built of stone, is paved with granite, and has a cathedral and 21 other churches.  
 roads. It has a bazaar, "le petit Paris," among the chief buildings is the bazaar, "le petit Paris,"  
 open boulevards, botanic, and other gardens. The town is  
 two moles, bordered by a quay, on which is a bronze statue  
 of Richelieu, erected in gratitude for his services in 1792.  
 Odessa was founded in 1792. It affords a remarkable  
 commercial prosperity. In 1802, its population was only 10,000;  
 a free port in 1817; in 1837 its population had increased to 100,000;  
 in 1846 it amounted to 70,877. It is still rapidly increasing.  
 trade is the export of Russian products, and the import of  
 goods; and it has two steam navigation companies.

Kustengee is a fortified town of Bulgaria, forty miles  
 at the termination of Trajan's Wall, of which it is a part.  
 It has some trade in corn, abundant supplies of which it  
 neighbourhood; but its harbour is exposed, and ill adapted for  
 Kustengee is supposed to have been originally a Greek colony.  
 mouths of the Danube, the passage of which river has, in course of  
 years, become filled up; but the distance to be accomplished by  
 resorting hither to the present circuitous route by Sulina Passage,  
 has been and the late Sultan, as well as his successor, has at-  
 tained the project of re-opening a line of traffic in the  
 by means of a canal or railway. These projects have been  
 industriously opposed by the Russian Government, as the  
 realisation would fatally interfere with their present  
 important river.

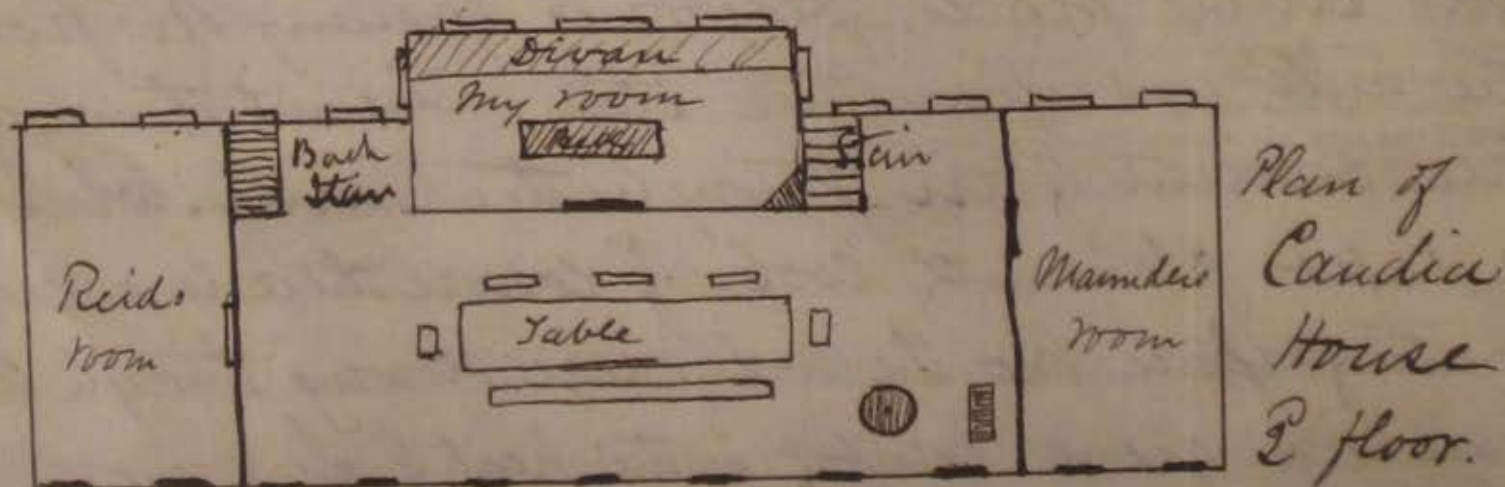
Varna—the ancient Odessus—is situated in Bulgaria, and has  
 been repaired and strengthened since the approaching hostilities  
 with Russia. As a naval station, the possession of Varna is  
 almost indispensable. The bay is deep, and of great extent;  
 the anchorage is deep, and of great extent; the anchorage is  
 completely protected against the winds of the north, and is  
 disastrous to shipping in the Black Sea. Varna has a great  
 advantage over its great rival, Odessa, in Southern Russia,  
 is never interrupted during the severest winter, and the  
 through which the products of the vast and fruitful provinces  
 of Europe find their way.



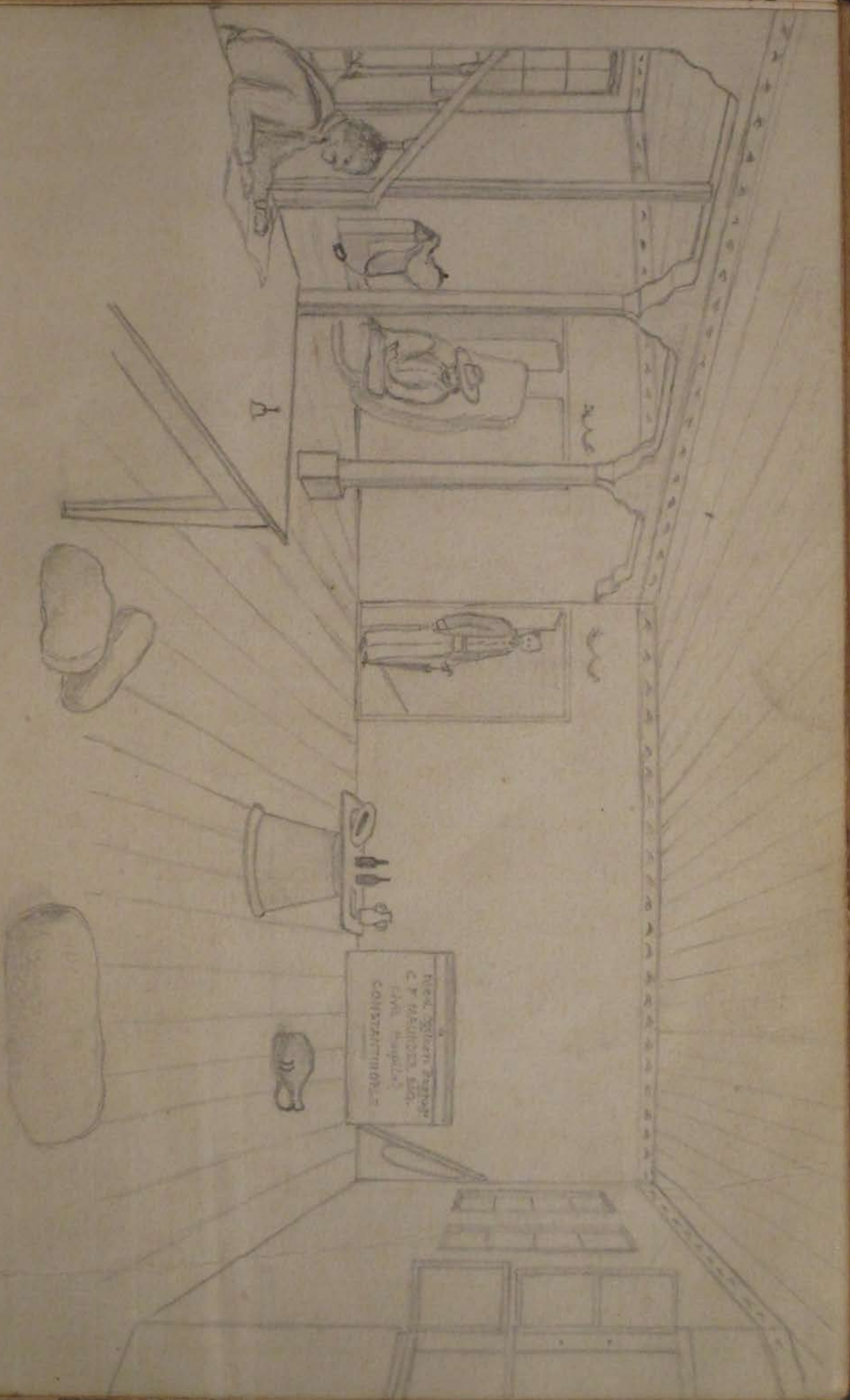
Mr J.O. Hagger, Purveyor's clerk, and Dr Doyle & Pathologist. Robertson a clever, quiet, pleasant man, Hagger a young rather fast man, Doyle a red hot Irishman vulgar, dirty with a strong rich brogue. The dinner was too highly spiced with unknown herbs for my taste, being cooked by a Maltese but the rice pudding and wine excellent. In the evening Dr Aitken took me to my Renshi's friends who introduced me to my quarters. "Candia House" such was the dignified name of our abode was a large wooden rickety building of ancient date, at least it was the worse of wear, as you could see out between the planks of the walls. You entered by a large gate into a hall, with an earthen floor, from which doors led into kitchen or servants room and into the garden and yard. The habitable part of the house was on the second floor. The characteristic of all Turkish houses is the immense size of the lobbies or halls which are used as the dining and sitting places, bedrooms opening off from the hall and up another stair. There is thus a free current of air through the house which is kept pleasantly cool. Of course there is a great waste of space but the cool breeze blowing through the hall is a great comfort in the heat of summer.



From this large hall bedrooms lead off at each end and in the centre. It seems to be an object in all Turkish houses to have the rooms as free as possible from the centre part of the house so as to have a part at least of three sides of the room projecting from the main hall. There can thus be windows on three sides, and that is usually the case. Being only a temporary residence Candia House was neither fully nor elegantly furnish, the hall furniture consisting of a table with a packed up saddle at each end for a chair, and a rude bench at each side; while a gigantic flower pot turned upside down served for a sideboard. My bedroom, which was formerly used by one of the Staff at present absent on an excursion, boasted of a bed and nothing else.... The present occupants of this house were Dr Dixon, Dr Reid and Mr Mamble with whom I became better acquainted afterwards.













28.<sup>th</sup> Went to see my travelling companion Borkheim at Hotel de Globe. Found he had got a passage for Balaklava. Went with him to visit his brother who was on the way home to Germany on business. The firm of wh. he is partner is making a great deal of money as general dealers in the Crimea... He consulted me medically being in great terror of Cholera which has been in camp before he came away.

29.<sup>th</sup> Next to Hotel d'Angleterre to meet Davidson. He is coming to stay a short time in Pera to meet his intended wife; who was on her way out from England. The Burn's steamer was due this afternoon and Davidson was to be in waiting to be married next morning. The Ambassador was to give legal effect to it, and the Revd Mr McKenzie from Therapia was in attendance to solemnise the marriage in due form.

As there was no news of the steamer and no prospect of her that afternoon D. D. Mr McK and I took a caïque and visited the new Palace of the Sultan in process of finishing about two miles beyond Topkapi. One of the first things which strike a stranger on the Bosphorus is the immense



number of palaces. It seems that it is the policy of the Sultans always to have a palace in an unfinished state. Popular superstition has it that when the Sultans cease to build palaces Turkey will be on the decline and it is the endeavor of his ministers always to have one of the palaces in a progressive state. The one we went to visit is a most magnificent affair, built of pure white stone and in many parts faced with white marble. The Minarets are pure marble as also the pillars, pilasters and gateways. Many parts of the exterior are gilded and the whole has a most dazzling appearance. The quays in front lining the Bosphorus are marble, and when reflected in the water the scene is enchanting. Rowing up to a part where the buildings seemed unfinished we jumped out on the marble quay made our way into the railed enclosure in front of the Palace. We walked up to a part where there was a scaffolding in the interior and tried to get some way of entering. There seemed to be no way of getting in except by the regular Custodian and we had no firman. But looking carefully I espied a door only fastened



by a plank laid against it inside, which I soon threw down and pushing open the door we walked into the forbidden ground. We soon came to a large hall, the main hall of the place, where men were at work, but no one seemed to challenge us now we were in. I can't describe the interior of buildings but this was a splendid hall, like a mosque, with a Cupola at the top, and the marble pillars and cornices richly carved, and the walls painted in the richest-Italian style. From this we made our way into a number of other apartments opening out of a corridor, all ornamented in the same rich way, till ascending a staircase of white marble we came to a small hall of varied marble and lighted by a cupola of red and blue glass which threw a stream of variegated light on the floor. Two doors opened off from the hall and we were about to poke our way on, when two black slaves made their appearance and promptly thrust us back with great indignation. Presently a Turkish attendant came up and with much jestulation and speaking under his breath motioned us away. We coaxed him with



the usual "Bono Johnny" and exhibited some coins, when after a little todo he made us take off our shoes and carry them in our hands and led the way further on. We were now visiting the baths which were of the most luxurious description — Further on I will describe a Turkish bath but at present all I observed was that we passed through a series of little chambers, the floors, walls and roofs of which were of pure alabaster of the most costly kind. Only a subdued light came in through little blue glazed windows, and you could not conceive anything which could give a more vivid idea of Eastern luxury. If the tenth part of the money which must be spent annually on the finishing of that Palace were laid out on repairing and improving the streets of Salata and Pera the city would soon become a different place from what it is.

Returning to Scutari in the afternoon I told the Caïdji or rower to take me out to the "Queen of the South". Several vessels were lying moored off Scutari waiting for sailing orders but none showed the name of my ship nor showed No 135. I spied out one very hand.



some vessel without either name or number and on hailing her, she turned out to be No 135.

The men, in disgust at the transport service, had painted out her name & number, I was much astonished that this was permitted. for serious mistakes might have occurred from it.

Going on board I found she was a large and very elegantly fitted ship with every luxury suited to a warm climate, having been on the South American Station. Presenting my Admiralty order, I was told to be on board next day at 12.

Spent the evening at quarters with the three Rengkivi men, and being tired we retired early to bed. partly because we had no work to do and partly because the candle barely lighted the great rambling hall in which we sat. I had been mysteriously fed the last two days and in my ignorance wished to pay my share of the mess. but was informed that the viands were provided by government and that there was no need of me getting rations as they drew more meat than they could consume, three of the party being away on a tour at Porvosa.

We were waited on by three men servants. who had been brought out from Edinburgh. in one



of whom by previous arrangements I was to have a share, when we reached our destination at Renkioi. In the meantime I was waited on by one "Gibson" whose laborious duties consisted in carrying away my shoes at night and bringing them back clean, for which toil he was paid the salary of 2 guineas a week, in consideration of his becoming a voluntary exile from his native Edinburgh.

29<sup>th</sup> This morning called on Dr Aitken and found his clerk Hagger ill, symptoms of dysentery. Aitken and he slept in the same room to leave a spare one for the mess room. Found Hagger had been a pupil of Mellarzials at Lille and therefore took some interest in him.

Went, accompanied by Aitken, on board "Queen of the South". Steam not up. horses being hoisted aboard for Artillery. Captain away to the Admiralty for sailing orders. While there and uncertain when she would go we had luncheon with the officers of the vessel and a Capt of Artillery. Luncheon was not over when a shout got up "the Captain has come aboard" and has brought orders for "Home". What a buzzing, and capering about! the poor fellows seemed to be



frantic with joy at the prospect of getting back to England. So here was a large transport now laden with artillery waggons, and several horses and all ready to start with a draft of recovered men for Balaklava, suddenly ordered to wheel about, discharge her cargo and sail for home. No chance of getting to the Crimea in her so I got a caïque and without more ado went straight to the Admiralty where I told Capt Powell the state of the case. He again handed me to Mr Sheppard who at once gave me an order for the vessel in which the passengers of the other were to go. viz the Brandon.

On going out to the Brandon I found her a Glasgow & Limerick <sup>Steamer</sup> Screw, of small dimension compared to the other. She had just come in with sick from the Camps, fever, dysentery &c and they were going to send her off instantly. But the Captain said they would take the whole of that day to unload and tomorrow morning to ship the goods from No 135. So I went ashore and again appeared to my Renskiwi friends. We spent the day in a "douce far niente" way. The heat was too great for going out and we just lounged about in the cool of the evening.



30<sup>th</sup> This morning I repeated my visit to the *Brandon* but the Captain properly refused to take men aboard till she had been aired for a day. So he said I need not come aboard till I saw the steam up, and he would hoist the "blue Petre" some hours before sailing. Once again I returned to Candia House; and these repeated visits to transports in the hope of getting away, and reappearances with my little knapsack on my back, gave great amusement to the others, and now they vowed I would never get up to the Crimea, I had made so many false starts.

To vary the monotony of this kind of life we sometimes bathed. I could not go far away as I might miss the vessel, and I was determined that the first thing I w<sup>d</sup> see was the Crimea. We bathed at a little pier which projected a short way into the Bosphorus, near our house. This landing place is called Isania and is very convenient when crossing from Galata. From this jetty you can jump into deep water and so avoid the necessity of wading in from the shore, a proceeding attended with great disadvantage in consequence of the foul state of the water. I need hardly say that the stream



of the Bosphorus runs down at a great rate out of the Black Sea so that the current in the Centre is rushing at the rate of from five to seven miles an hour. At the sides partly from the resistance and friction partly from projecting points the current is slow, or still or in some places retrograde. (See ground plan. page 27).

The rapid water strikes against Seraglio point and one part of the stream rushes into the Golden Horn thus forming an enormous eddy, which has the effect of keeping the harbour pretty clear. Close to the banks however the offal and filth are difficult to clear out. On the Scutari side the current is broken by a remarkable rock called the Maiden's Tower or Leander's tower, so named from a tower on it, a conspicuous object in the Bosphorus, in which, as the legend goes, a maiden was confined to prison, and was visited by her lover, swimming out during dark. This rock parts the stream, the part nearer Scutari being much broken in force. The strong part outside sweeping round toward the point on which the Barracks are built, strikes on it and is deflected round a little bay, so that the stream now turns up the Bosphorus. The boatmen take advantage of this counter current, when they row



across to Galata, first skirting the shore up beyond Isania, under lee of the Maiden's Tower, and then being whirled down into the Golden Horn by the rapid current and then the eddy at the Leraglio point. These counter currents while they are of great service to the boatmen are no advantage to the shore. From whatever source it comes, there is always a great accumulation of filth near or in a large town. But on the Bosphorus where there are no sanitary police, the bodies of dead animals are never buried or removed. In many instances the carcasses of cats, dogs, horses and even sheep and oxen are left where they have fallen, worm out it may be with heat or thirst in that burning climate. They are allowed to rot and putrify unless the droves of wild dogs have devoured them to the bones. In many cases of these carcasses happen to be near a house, which suffers from the smell the proprietor gets the body hauled down into the stream and it is left to drift down. Ten chances to one that it is caught in one of the eddies referred to and by it drawn in and cast on the shore. There is no tide to remove it, and there it lies stinking for weeks till the carrion dogs have picked it



clean. It is difficult to believe that a current of 6 miles an hour would not clean off these nuisances - but I have seen a carcass towed out into the stream and in a few hours cast up on the very rock from which it was removed. If these impurities of the bank and shoal water are found at ordinary times, they were very much increased during the war, when so many vessels of war and transport were lying at anchor and passing up and down the channel ... In going to and coming from our bathing place at Samia the stench was most overpowering, and it was only when we got out upon the pier that the air was pleasant, and the water flowing clear and cold, and really the luxury of a plunge was very great.

(Mem. Passed a little dwelling which we called the <sup>we</sup> parish ministers). Also used to see an imposing old Turk who carried a stool and tray and small can, crying in a musical tone "Kaimak". which being interpreted means "ice cream". This he retailed at a small Inn.

After dinner at Candia House. We have good meat and excellent plums for stewing and fair wine. The evening - a quiet game at Whist



July 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday. At 11am to Chapel. A large airy ward with forms, at one end a table & two arm chairs - for the Altar. Mr Lawless head Episcopal Chaplain officiated. Whether it is that the attention is more roused when away from home, or that you feel a sympathy with those beside you, or that you are worshipping in a hospital filled with disease, to the causes of which you are yourself exposed, I felt then and have since felt, especially in similar circumstance, that the English Service, where the congregation take a large share audibly in it, is both very striking and affecting. When we came to the prayers for the Queen, the sick, the War, and those exposed to peril by sea & battle, not a motion was heard but the marked and distinct response of the whole congregation at the Amen.

On dismissing we had leisure to see the congregation and it was very interesting. It was mostly Officers & their wives. There is a second service for the sick men at three after the visit and dinner. The officers were mostly in dress and the ladies in the lightest summer dresses and the whole assemblage was very cheerful looking and gay.



Taking an early dinner, Arthur Mander and I set off to have a ride in the afternoon. Striding down the long street which leads to the old town and quay of Scutari, we saw many queer Turkish sights. The Frank traffic is a good deal interrupted on Sunday but most of the provision stalls were open. But one stall caught our especial attention. It was a Turkish doctor. Seated, at the side of the street, cross legged on a little table, he was waiting for patients. Two women came up. One of them we judged by the signs was suffering from headache and he put her through some handling like Mesmerism, when she went away putting a small coin in his hand. The other was quite evident. She had a well marked and severe whitlow. Judge of our surprise when this Surgeon merely gave a few rubs on the finger and sent the poor girl away with the finger in the same state. We could not speak to her else our civility would have made us interfere with the quack, and relieve her effectually.

Scutari even more than Stamboul is infested with dogs. They are in appearance



between a Scotch colie and a bull, but without the spirit of either. They are fierce and angry-like but rarely attack a person till driven to it. In the principal streets you will sometimes pass a dozen in fifty yards. They belong to no one and no one interferes with them. During the day they are lazy and lie sleeping in the sun and will not get out of the way unless you strike them with a stick. It is hardly safe to walk fast along the streets without a stick, for if they see you unarmed they sometimes make a snap at the legs. They are not provided with food in any regular way but pick up all the offal which lies about the flesh shops and where a carcass is left, as it always is, where it falls, they have a rich feed. Curiously, they have certain beats, a dozen <sup>or so</sup> dogs being the proprietors of a certain district, and if a dog from another quarter driven by hunger interlopes ~~on~~ a neighboring beat, the dogs of that part unite and drive the poacher off. I have seen a poor brute rudely handled by a band of others, and sent limping and howling off. These encounters most often take place during dark when



the poacher has more chance of success, and when caught the most prodigious yelling is set up, and after the offender is driven off the invaded dogs keep up a chorus of barking for hours. I know nothing so disgusting as being kept awake during the night with these brutes. You can manage to keep clear of them during the day, but when they begin howling and barking at night it is most annoying. Some of our men tried shooting out at them but it had little effect and was dangerous. They are considered in a sacred light by the natives who do not interfere to prevent their increase. It is curious that in the great heat they do not get rabid, yet cases of hydrophobia are rare. Some of the more religious Turks keep little pans of water at their doors for the use of these prowling dogs.

At the pier of lower Scutari, we found a number of ponies saddled. By means of signs and a few words of Turkish and "lingua franca" which Cotten had picked up we began to bargain for ponies with the keepers. I did not interfere but remained a passive spectator. After a great deal of haggling they came to some agreement and we mounted.

A Turkish saddle is very comfortable to sit on, when



the brute is standing but not conducive to ease according to our mode of riding. There is a high pommel in front and a long peak behind, and you sit pommel in a hollow. Then the stirrups are great flat plates of iron with the straps so short that the knees are bent up. Of course we made the leather as long as we could, still with me who was no equestrian the progression although rapid was decidedly painful. We rode up along the Propontis about 5 miles to Kallithea where there is a large Hospital occupied by us. The banks are very beautiful. but the first-half hour I had little leisure for admiring them, my whole energies being directed to relieving the inequalities of my seat and guiding my quadruped. Gradually I came used to it and had leisure to look round.

We made a short visit to the Hospital and returned home by another road a mile or two inland from the Straits. This road leads up to the heights of Boulgarloo a range of hills behind Scutari. From the elevated part of the road the view is truly magnificent. On one side you see the valleys running into Asia Minor, with their fertile fields and rich shrubbery, rather burnt up, however, for want of moisture. On the opposite direction you look over Scutari







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the dark locks of Mignon,  
ne with each one.glorified, God;  
playest abroad;  
of all might,  
as with delight,—a dost grow:  
hou.from Lord  
adored;  
favour doth show  
aker will glow;rain,  
doth reign.  
ful I deem,  
a dream.high,  
the sky:  
as in light  
e sight:is no end;  
comprehend;  
grand,  
them understandport?  
age is short;  
elf, and that is Thyself.  
ave been  
n;  
hold,y grew old;  
complete

under all circumstances and changes  
the small bits of rubber so changed  
all kinds of experiments in the direction  
th ascertained that the desired alteration  
by exposing it to the action of sulphur  
Had I known," he says, after he had  
simple mode by which this result could  
made the discovery at once." How  
or Nature has instructed us!

sulphur retains its perfect elasticity in all  
ed under pressure, can be made in all forms,  
turned in a lathe and cut into screws,  
which sound easily and sweetly, and are  
ony. It is a substitute for walking-sticks  
icate mountings of all descriptions. It is  
like wood, at the handle, and flexible, like  
t the thong. It has some most remark-  
pass through it, and the hole closes so  
have tried the experiment would not be-  
emonstrated by the ball striking objects  
ce two inches thick and a foot square  
nder Mr. Nasmyth's steam-hammer at  
nd shot was placed on the rubber,  
to fall on the shot with tremendous force,  
es, while the rubber on which it was  
and uninjured as when it was placed on the  
inary still, the shot had come into contact  
slightly but the rubber

uncovered even at the lowest ebb tide.  
The crab is taken in abundance not only on our own and the  
tish shores, but also on those of Norway, whence it is imported  
well-boats to the Nore, and thence to Billingsgate. Very fine  
are obtained off the Isle of Wight, and many of a superior quality  
caught off Cromer and Mundesley (coast of Norfolk). In the la-  
places the fishery begins in May, sooner or later, according to the s-  
of the weather. It is, however, said that although crabs in good e-  
dition may be obtained in May, June, and July, they are during the  
months generally out of season. Much depends on circumstan-

When the crab is in bad condition, probably preparing to cast  
shell, its flesh becomes soft, shrunk, and watery, and, when shaken  
close to the ear, the fluctuation of the fluid within may be distinctly  
heard, especially in boiled specimens. At all times the male is pre-  
ferable to the female; the latter may be known by the greater expan-  
sion of the tail, and on comparison by the inferior size of the claws.  
Crab-fishing is conducted much on the same principles as lobster-  
fishing: a boat carrying lines and creels (cruives\* or crab-pots  
as they are termed in various counties), with two men to  
manage the business, is rowed to the fishing-ground. Here  
the creels, properly baited and loaded with weights, are let  
down, sometimes even to the distance of twenty fathoms. To each creel  
a line is securely attached, its free end being supported by a cork or  
buoy, which floats on the surface of the water, indicating the spot  
upon which the creel is sunk, and also affording the means of raising  
it. These creels are made of dry osiers, and resemble basket-work.  
Sometimes they are made of strong network stretched on ribs or sup-  
ports of wood or iron. They are constructed on the same principles  
as a wire mouse-trap—the aperture of ingress being at the top. This  
overhead entrance renders the exit of the imprisoned crab almost an  
impossibility.

We cannot leave the crab without alluding to a small species, not to  
be despised, known by the French as l'Etrille, and called in some parts  
of our country grubbin, or crabbin—in London havill. This crab  
inhabits low, sandy, or muddy shores and bays, in the estuary of  
rivers. We have seen it caught in abundance, by means of a bait at  
the end of a string, to which it so resolutely clings as to allow itself

\* Cruive and Creel.—See a passage on "Etymology" in the

For thou art the sole intercessor, thou, thou!  
The prince of the prophets, to whom the rest bow;  
In the world's judgment-day, when all nations are met,  
When good deeds and bad in the balance are set,  
Intercession I hope for from thee, only thee,  
So breathe intercession for me, wretched me.  
'Tis true, my misdeeds I'm unable to count,  
But I know that thy goodness exceeds their amount;  
Like one that's defunct I a long time have been;  
My body is drown'd in an ocean of sin;  
My rebellions they be of so dreadful a dye  
That to wend to my Maker no courage have I:  
Now save I in dust at thy feet myself throw,  
And thy footstool I strike with my agoniz'd brow,  
And save thou for me dost benignantly speak  
What for me will remain but despairing to shriek  
For unless I thy kind intercession procure  
My soul with the caffir's will torments endure:  
But I trust thou wilt that for thy servant employ,  
And that rest I shall gain and unspeakable joy.  
Unto thee without end shall be praises and prayers,  
And also to them thy disciples and heirs,  
The voyagers noble who trod the true road,  
And to others the path of salvation who show'd,  
The four elect friends of exalted degree,  
Who of our religion the four pillars be.  
First of all the good king of the kingdom of grace,  
The just Abou Bekir with truth in his face:  
The next the stout lion so bravely who warr'd,  
The lion of the Mussulman, Omar my Lord;  
The third a high Emir, renown'd midst our clan,  
The child of the moment, the Emir Othman;  
The fourth of the pillars, my Lord Ali dear,  
Inspector acute of the dark and the clear;  
Then the light of our eyes, the delectable twain,  
The lovely Prince Hassan, the Emir Hoseyne;  
Nor unnotic'd by men shall be suffer'd to pass  
Those excellent uncles, Hamzah and Abbas:  
Unto each of that band be a thousand salams

reached land.  
boat; and they  
The people drew  
house, where ev-  
or with the frie-  
evening the art  
illuminated the g  
and joy which  
through the op  
he knew to his  
There was a gl  
The flowers  
death declared  
in the heart  
will remain,  
of the warmth  
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of Copenhagen  
good English  
languages, in  
opinions on t  
to prove his  
the current  
than "fin."  
"seedy" and  
to whom he  
he left us—  
And now  
their Archb  
weeds for it  
of that spl  
and the du



and see the domes and sparkling minarets of  
 Stamboul. On one hand you see the sea of  
 Marmora opening out dotted with the Princes  
 Islands, on the other the serpentine Bosphorus  
 winding towards the Black Sea, its banks brilliant  
 with Mosques, Palaces, and gardens. — Now and then  
 along the way you pass a place where the pre-  
 sence of a stream or spring has caused the grass  
 to spring with richer verdure, and here shadowed  
 by trees, groups of women with their families are  
 to be seen squatted at leisure. A rich woman  
 with her servants, blacks, and children, playing  
 on a holiday afternoon is a nice sight. They seem  
 to have a family life, but it is confined to the  
 females, You never see a man mingling in these  
 Analogues to our Picnics. Proceeding to and from  
 these shady "rendez-vous" parties of women & children  
 are seen walking along — and the richer classes  
 driving in their queer springy carriages, with  
 blacks and footmen walking or running beside them.  
 Having no scruples we often rode up beside these  
 coaches and stared at their occupants, and not  
 infrequently the objects of our admiration, drew  
 down their Yasmaks or face covers to leave or give  
 a better view. ~~of~~ These women out of doors always



cover the face with the exception of the eyes, with a veil of white muslin called a Gas mask. The dress is very beautiful being a loose flowing robe of brilliant colour, yellow, scarlet ~~blue~~ or green. When a group of ladies sit together the contrast of the colours has a very picturesque effect. They wear loose ill fitting boots of soft yellow leather and over these a pair of wide slippers, also of yellow leather, and as these have no heels they need to walk in a constrained and shuffling way which is anything but graceful. These loose robes and feet appendages, completely conceal the shape, and it is only when the hand is held out in raising a fan or parasol that you can see the contour of the arm. They are effectually muffled up from vulgar gaze. They disfigure the only part of the body visible, the hands, by putting the juice of a nut, henna, on the nails which dyes them of a dark reddish brown, which to an English taste is very un-seemly. The youngest girls use it even children. Their eyes are usually dark and brilliant and appear even more sparkling from the contrast to the pure white gasmask. Their features are regular and often beautiful but want life and expression.



July 2. In the morning the Brandon showed signs of lighting the fires, and I therefore kept near at hand during the day - enjoying in the intense heat a very pleasant state of keef or drowsy lounge, and in the afternoon driving this off with a bathe to prepare me for dinner. The funnel of the steamer smoked all day and in the afternoon the black petre appeared at the mast head. Embarking once more in a Caïque I soon was aboard the Brandon. I found that all the berths were occupied by officers returning to duty but the Captain said I might have a sofa, which was more comfortable than the narrow dens.

It was dusk when we weighed anchor, and just as we were setting off a large screw steamer came in full of troops for the war, a hearty cheer came from her which our convalescent draft returned, & we moved on up the Bosphorus. <sup>As</sup> We glided along with the smooth waving motion of the screw, the banks seemed a nearly continuous line of illumination, for it being quite dark but still early, the villas, villages &c had all lights and as there are no chatters used, the <sup>reflected</sup> lights were seen twinkling in the rippling water.

It was a quiet, sombre, rather melancholy thing, this first start for the scene of strife. The officers were



cheerful, most of them returning to duty after recovery from sickness at Runtari; and the prospect of undergoing what they had previously come through, did not tend to cheer them. The pleasantest of them was an officer in a light dragoon regiment, I believe a man of station but I forgot his name. The most amusing was a heavy dragoon surgeon, who was in charge of the draft, a decided Yaw-Yaw, who despised his profession and longed for a cornetcy.

The Captain was not in the best humor at first - having just arrived with a cargo of cholera & dysentery and not having had time to purify his ship. The Brandon being a small but fast & commodious vessel was harder worked than any other transport. Being easily laden & unladen, she was turned to service in every emergency, and hence her crew was continuously at work - To add to the gloomy omens of this first start of mine, while we were at tea an hour after starting, the surgeon was sent for to see a man who had taken ill. As we were just passing Therapia, the Captain slowed & hailed a boat and the sick man was put ashore to the hospital - so the passengers were still all in health.

At night the dragoon officer & I and two more took up the Sofas. I was much amused at the efforts



of a man servant to give assistance to his master in dressing in the morning, but as the cabin was very small he had to retire and leave us alone. We had to come to an understanding and take the vacant space in the centre, in turns.

3 July. Crossing the Black Sea.

In spite of the bad name it gets, I found it perfectly calm. A forenoon day. No incidents of travel.

"There's not a sea the traveller ere pukes in,  
Sends up such dangerous billows, as the Euxine."

In the morning we were inclined to be in good spirits - when, the heavy Chagoon came in, in a seedy condition, told us with rueful face that he had been twice out of bed during the night; that another man had taken Cholera, and had died in four hours, and that they had just thrown his body overboard. The Surgeon of the Brandon had also been with him, and now came in to say that another man had taken the disease and was fast sinking.

This checked all attempts at amusement and the day hung heavy on our hands - The second man died during the day & was thrown over at night!

Was the Admiralty Agent not responsible for the death of these men - employing the Brandon within 48 hours of her arrival with sick from the Camp?



At dinner & next day had a slight blow up with the Captain who began to denounce the civil surgeons, but I told him I was one and he confined himself to satirical hits at the civil service.

4<sup>th</sup> July. Land in sight. The hills of the Crimea perfectly plain and by midday, we were steaming into the bay. Some ships were seen at anchor at several points along the coast, now we are at the seat of war. The dull booming of a gun is heard in the distance, the top of a hill before us is speckled with white tents. One ship with ports is anchored in the bay, two steamers and a few sailing vessels are tossing about in the same basin - but no other sign of the war that is convulsing Europe. Most astonishing of all, here we in the Brandon, a little trading vessel, a Glasgow & Limerick steamer, are coolly sailing into a harbor of the Crimea, the stronghold of Russia, without the least concern, with less anxiety to the Captain than he would have to berth her at Glasgow. Let people say what they may about our Navy, the safety, nay the existence of our Army depended on its presence as a blockading force. Of all curious sights to a civilian, this approach to the hostile



Vying, by some  
the Russians  
in outlying  
we were  
not be within  
if force was so  
near.

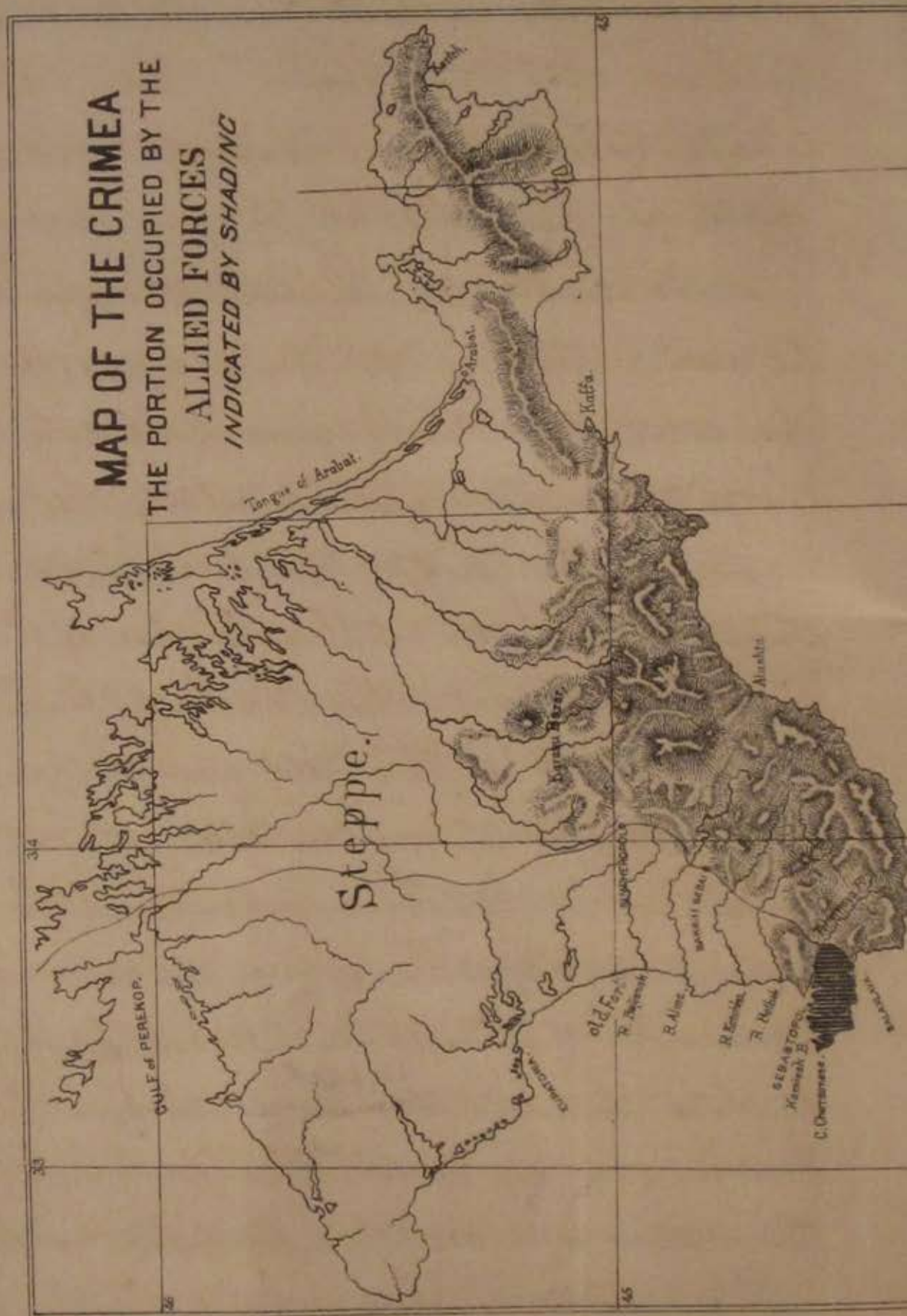
the curve  
miles apart.  
bound, the  
water. From  
pointed cones,  
stands an  
va, the water  
to close to the  
ground for  
the wreck  
had drifted  
rings, and  
When the  
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renders the

there was a  
did not anchor



As den  
with the Cap  
civil Surgeon  
confined his  
service.

4<sup>th</sup> for  
Crimea pier  
steaming into  
at anchor a  
how we are.  
of a gun is  
hill before us  
ship with po.  
and a few.  
the same bu  
that is cover  
all, here we  
a flash of  
a harbor of  
within the  
Captain than  
Let people be  
safety, may the  
its presence a  
light to a cir





shore in a little steamer, without saying, by your leave, struck me most. Not that the Russians were driven away for the tents of the outlying pickets were pointed out to me. (Say we were sailing into Kilmun, the tents would be on this side of Addentum). But the blockading force was so effectual that the Black Sea was our own.

The bay of Balaclava is a gentle curve the two points of which are about two miles apart. The whole of this bay is perfectly rockbound, the cliffs rising perpendicularly out of the water. From the top of the cliffs the hills rise into pointed cones, on one of which in the centre of the bay stands an old ruined fort, the Castle of Balaclava. The water is very deep in the bay and even quite close to the rock, vessels can scarcely get holding ground for their anchors. This was the scene of the wreck of the Prince; the wind blowing in-shore drifted her and other vessels from their moorings, and dashed them to <sup>pieces</sup> ~~smash~~ on the rocks. When the swell sets in from the open sea, the rebound of the waves from the precipitous cliffs renders the bay very unsafe moorage.

When we got within the bay there was a gentle swell, and a drift in-shore. We did not anchor



but remained steaming slowly about, for an hour or so. When a vessel comes in, she is not allowed to go into the inner harbor till signals appear from the Castle to apprise the Captain that the course is clear. A vessel on one occasion through some mistake going in without due permission by signal was fired on by the guns of the fort. I was curious to know, how we were to reach the harbor. In skirting close to the rocks, in one of our rounds, I saw, over some low cliffs at the base of the hill on which stands the Castle, the top masts of some ship, but how the vessel got there seemed a mystery.

At length about two o'clock the signal was given to come in. Letting on steam the prow was turned to the fort and as we crept in, the opening became visible. A low cliff on the left projected out and hid the entrance till we came quite up to it. On this cliff was painted in large letters "Point Powell". On reaching this point the steamer turned sharp to the left and <sup>the masts of</sup> the ship above spoken of was seen to the round top. The low cliff concealing the hull, now on our right was called: "Castle point".

The breadth of the entrance was about the length of the steamer - It very closely resembles the entrance of Loch foyle - out of Loch Long in the Clyde.



Immediately within the entrance, the passage widens out a little to the left, forming "Collach bay" situated at the foot of a shallow ravine.

When we reached this, the steamer again turned sharp to the right, and slowly steamed up the harbor, a narrow strip of sea, running up into the land about half a mile, and at its broadest, sufficient to allow three large steamers to lie stem to stern across. This basin was quite full of vessels, which were moored stem to the bank on both sides, with the bow projecting outwards, leaving a passage between the two rows wide enough to let a ship pass through, but not turn. The bank is so steep that the vessel can come quite close; in some parts a plank can be placed between the vessel and the shore, at others she lies 20 or 30 ft off.

When we got to the head of the harbor I got ashore in one of the Maltese boats which were plying for hire in the harbor. I did not take leisure to look about me much as it was now near four o'clock and I knew I had a good walk in prospect. I only remarked a considerable confusion, owing to a lot of laden mules having got jammed into a corner of a railway shed, in order to let some artillery waggon plougher past. The noise, the row, the dust, the



Scramble reminded me of what I had seen in the Levant, only all were Englishmen, and the requests to move on & get out, & were in the most forcible style of the Saxon tongue. I landed at a little pier, near which I found a railway line, and knowing that the beasts would not come there I set out to trudge towards my destination. There is but one narrow road out of & into Balaklava & I took it joggling alongside of persons in every variety of costume, from Cavalry officers to railway navvies. Everybody seemed in a hurry-scurry on some pressing business, and nobody seemed to care for anyone else but himself. So I had to look out pretty actively for wheels of ammunition carts, prancing horses, laden mules, & railway waggons. The whole scene conveyed a most vivid impression of the vast scale on which the war was carried on; still it was difficult to realize the idea that I was in the invaded territory and the hostile army a few miles off. When I got half a mile on, the crowd lessened, the waggons diverged, riders took different roads over fields and I began to desire a knowledge of my shortest way to where I was going.

Before me lay a vast plain gently ascending towards its extremity before me, on my right were the high hills of Balaklava, on the left lower hills



prolonged out of the hills on the left side of the harbor. These hills were continued on in nearly a semi-circle so as half to surround the plain in front. I at once recognised the well known plain of the cavalry charge and now knew that the General Hospital was somewhere farther on. With more precise information as to my course, I made up to a soldier and asked him where the 3<sup>d</sup> Division was stationed. He told me he could not tell but knew it was somewhere "in the front" and said I should first go on to "the front" and I would soon find out.

This term "the front" is applied to the scene of active operations. It does not mean any exact spot but is used relatively to the position of the speaker. Thus at Scutari, they speak of the Crimea as the front. In the Crimea against Balaklava they speak of the front as that part where the lines are, and where the active warfare is carried on. I continued to walk on alongside the single line of rail, till I came to a clachan of wooden booths called Kadikoi. Here servants & soldiers were buying all sorts of things at these booths - just like a large fair, only that eatables & drinkables took the place of trinkets. A clunch of few stone buildings point this out as a Crimean village.



I then found two waggoners about to start on the  
 rail and asking leave of the Driver I mounted on  
 one and had a ride for half an hour up the  
 line. They stopped at the bottom of a steep incline  
 and the driver pointed out the way over some  
 fields by which I could join the main road to the  
 "front" which is carried round the hill to avoid the  
 steepness of the ascent. On getting up these fields  
 which formed a continuous ascent of half a mile  
 I found myself on a considerable elevation, which  
 looked down on the plain of Balaklava which I  
 had left, and before, a very slightly undulating  
 plain on this higher level was intersected in all  
 directions with tracks of horses and wheels, these  
 paths were of hardened clay apparently of great  
 firmness, and ~~seemingly~~ formed merely by the beating  
 of the horses feet. At the extremity of this plain  
 I could see groups of tents, and it was easy to  
 recognise the "plateau" on which was encamped  
 our Army. I did not take time to scrutinise the  
 view just then, but seeing a man leading a  
bat-horse, or baggage pony. I asked him to direct  
 me. He knew what I wanted and leading me  
 on through the fields came to a little elevation  
 where a vast number of tents were pitched.



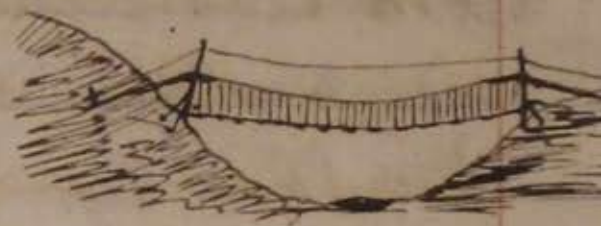
I asked for Dr McLeod's hut, and going up to a wooden booth, he opened the door and I entered. No one being in I opened a book and found evidence that this was the place I wanted, so without more ado took off my knapsack and spying a bottle of rum & some water soon made a glass of grog. While I was so engaged Dr McLeod came in and the surprise at seeing me was amusing. He had not the least conception that I had left Glasgow - To my great joy he told me Dr Cowan was then with him so by the most extraordinary coincidence - here were Cowan, McLeod and I - all fellow students & friends, suddenly & unexpectedly gathered at the Seat of War.

McLeod occupied a hut along with Dr Lyons, Pathologist, and Cowan was staying with them so that they were full; but I had a letter from Davidson to Dr Cotton of the Rodney, now with the Naval brigade. I therefore went to the camp of the sailors, and found the mess hut of the Rodney men, where I presented my credentials to Dr Cotton. He at once made me welcome and said he would get me a bed during my stay.

The crew of H. M. S. Rodney were drafted on shore with their guns, and were working at the batteries. They were camped on the side of a steep little glen



called the Sailor's ravine; along with the crews  
 of the ships - During the first part of the Campaign  
 they were posted in the bottom of the little gully  
 to avoid the cold winds; but this situation proving  
 damp & unhealthy during Winter - they moved  
 up the sides to the brow of the hillock. The bottom  
 of the ravine becoming impassible, from the snow  
 water & mud - they had ingeniously  
 contrived a rope bridge to cross  
 when occasion required.



When on shore each ship's company was  
 posted together, their officers messing together as on  
 board ship. Not being submitted to such strict dis-  
 cipline as the soldiers, and having more of a roving  
 and free and easy disposition; both officers and men  
 had many more comforts than their land fellow-  
 combatants. They drew stores from the fleet, in-  
 dependent of their ordinary rations, and their mess-  
 mates afloat had sympathy for Jack ashore, so that  
 when they visited their floating home with "yarns"  
 from the batteries they usually came laden with  
 something to their comrades. Their tents were posted  
 on the slope more irregularly than those of a re-  
 giment and they seemed to have been allowed to  
 make all sorts of contrivances to keep out wind &



cold; though I must say a peep into a tent of a morning, with half a dozen great fellows, lying tumbled up with sheepskins about them, conveyed an idea of warmth rather than cleanliness.

The mess tent of the Rodney men was a mass of comfort. It was 10ft long by 5ft broad - partly dug out of the slope of the hill, partly built of stones and mud. The wall was 4ft high, and a much peaked roof had been constructed of spars and thatched with branches of brushwood which was the job at an early part of the campaign. Over the top was drawn an old tarpaulin so that it was watertight. The interior was lined with sailcloth; the floor beaten hard. A table extended the whole length with a sort of locker at the end - From the roof hung a ~~swing~~ table, a bottle & glass rack - and one or two things which can only be seen in a ship's cabin. The whole arrangements showed that the occupants knew how to take care of themselves.

J. Cotton introduced me to some of his messmates who were there, Lieutenants Palmer, Bosangait, and Jack Byng a rare specimen of the sailor ashore. My presence seemed to act as a check to a slight altercation which had been going on, Jack having been on a visit to the fleet that day, and returning a little springy



without some expected stores. As they had hard work they retired early to rest and I was handed over to Mr Palmer, who gave me a bed in his tent. I found him a pleasant, gentlemanly man of quiet manner, and <sup>he</sup> gave me some interesting information before we retired to rest. Excepting the occasional eccentricities of friend Byng, I found all the naval officers I met, of the same quiet, dignified manner, but of a kind frank, open hearted disposition. My friend Davidson seemed to be well known to some, and on that account I was received all the more heartily.

When Palmer led me to his tent it was quite dark and I could only see that we groped among irregularly pitched tents, from which not a sound escaped except a frequent enough deep snore. The fatigue during day was too severe to allow them to trifle with their resting time. In Palmer's tent were two bressels, on one of which I placed myself and over me he threw some Sheepskins by way of cover which were a grateful bedding as the night was cold. Being tired out I soon fell asleep, but on waking again I found it still pitch dark. The novelty of the situation, and incidents of the day kept me from sleeping and I lay listening awake. Suddenly bang went a tremendous report, followed by a whiz and



and there was a perceptible concussion. Bang. bang went two or three more, and then all was quiet. Then a duller report, and shortly an illumination like sheet-lightening, that was a shell bursting. Nobody but me seemed disturbed by the noise. Outside I could hear a man pacing up and down - the sentry. Shortly came a curious substitute for a bell - ting, ting - ting, ting - five bells, then a hoarse voice calling out something - Curious, on shore the sailors still counted their hours & watches by the number of bells. These sounds kept me awake till the day began to break, when a sailor opening up the tent called in, in a hoarse voice "No Palmer Aye, Aye. Seven bells gone, Sir". So Palmer got up and trudged away out, down to his watch in the batteries.

5<sup>th</sup> July. After breakfasting with my Naval Chums went for Cowan and he conducted me to see the Allied position from Cathcart's Hill. Cowan had been in the Grimes about a week, having arrived from Sinope. Whither he had been sent to examine its suitability as a site for a hospital. I Hall who at this time had an aversion to all Civil Surgeons would not receive his report. and he was just looking about for a few days before returning to Dardaneller.



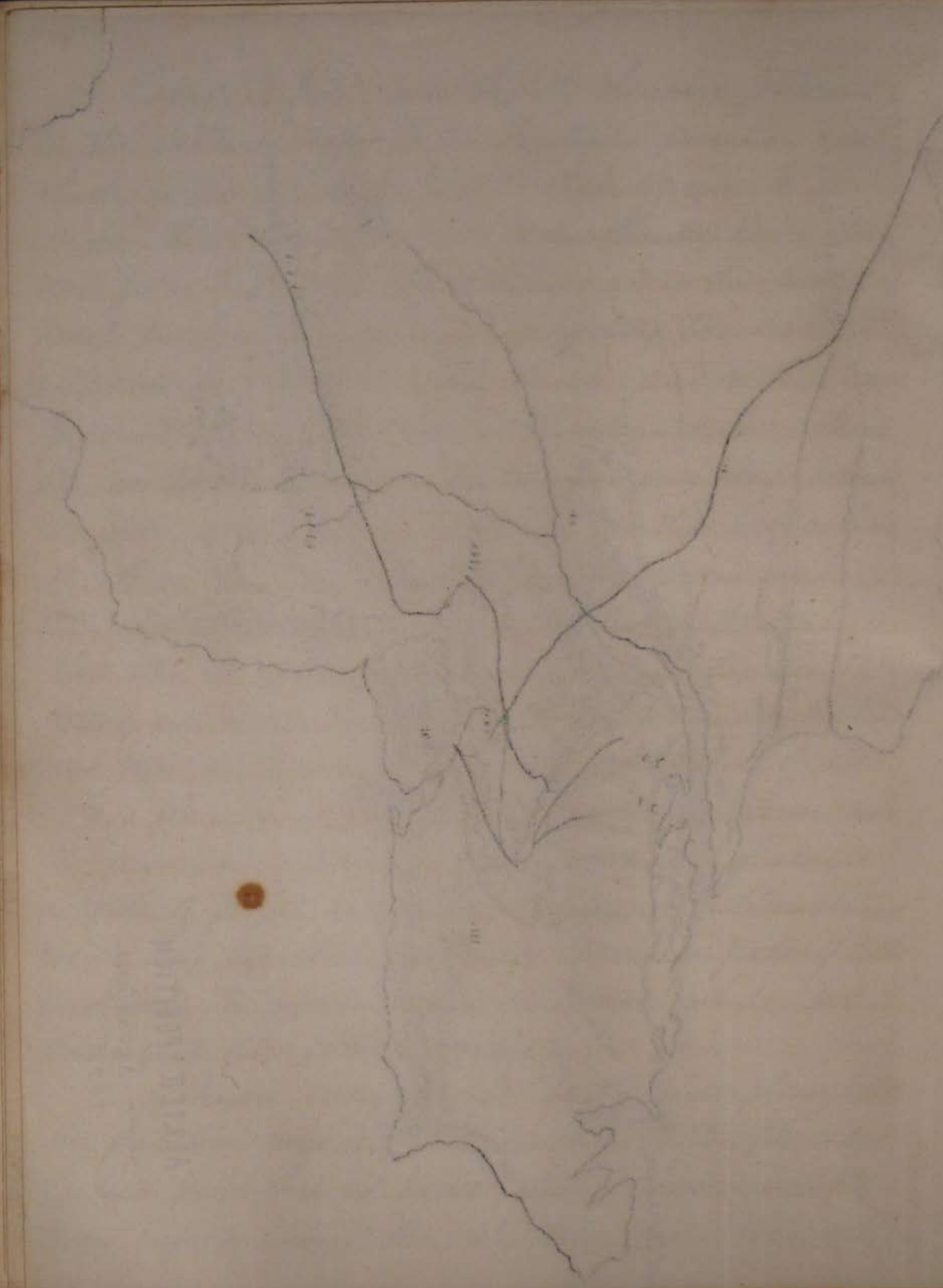
Cathcart hill is a slightly elevated mound on the extreme right of the British position, on which is the grand yard of British Officers. It is higher than any other part of the Camp, hence the view from it is very commanding. It is the most exposed point of the position projecting somewhat in front of the body of the Camp, and within range of round shot of the largest Russian guns. There are no tents on it - but the camp begins close behind it. There is always a sentinal on the look out, on it, whose duty it is to observe the movements in the harbour. The 57<sup>th</sup> regiment supply the sentries. Also there is a telescope on a stand for the use of Officers and those on duty. Close by almost the last hut near the Russians is a store for the sale of all sorts of provisions. Oppenheim's was well known as the principal purveyor. Cowan and I procured a bottle of porter and getting the loan of a tumbler, went and squatted ourselves down in front of Cathcart hill, to examine the landscape while we discussed the bottled porter.

I knew every object at the first glance. The position was so well known by the plans and maps published at home, that I needed hardly any information. The only thing that I was not











aware of was, that the batteries known as the Redan  
 Malakhoff &c are distinct isolated hills, surrounded  
 with earthen walls. I had fancied them more like  
 the entrenchments round a fortified city as Lille.  
 They are however quite distinct elevations although  
 they are connected by entrenchments. From the  
 point where we were stationed we could see clearly  
 a considerable part of the harbor with fort  
 Constantine guarding the North point. With the  
 glass we distinctly saw the Russian Centinel pacing  
 along its roof. Also we saw the mouth of the  
 Admiralty Harbor, running at right angles to the harbor  
 its entrance guarded by fort Nicholas. and off this  
 the fleet of which there were still four liners  
 afloat; one the huge "Twelve Apostles". There are  
 few buildings on the North side but several earthen  
 batteries. It was a brilliant day and the houses  
 churches and buildings on the hill of the South  
 side of Sebastopol glittered in the sun. One  
 magnificent building like our Exchange in Kazan  
 stood out prominently - With the glass I could  
 see men walking in the streets and carts going  
 along. In the morning there was not a shot fired;  
 all was so still and beautiful, that I could not re-  
 alize that this was the seat of war.



The Russian batteries were about two miles in front of us, and ~~about~~ rather more than half way between us and them, the British batteries were placed on two mounds. On our left before us was Chapman's or the Greenhill battery; otherwise called the "Left attack". On our right, Gordon's or the 21 gun battery or the "Right attack". We could not see the batteries, they being placed in front of the bullocks, but we could see into the rear where the men were moving about. About midday they began to fire some shots. I don't know on what principle, but when one battery fired it was answered, then a peppering at each other at intervals of half a minute for half a dozen rounds then all would be quiet again. Away on the left, where the French were, opposite the flag staff battery of Sebastopol, the ground of the allied batteries was not so hilly but a more level sweep of country. In the centre of this plain stood a white house known as Lupton's house, the residence of a Mr Lupton "Callker" in the Russian clocks. It was very curious to watch the Russian practice at this point. The flag staff battery fired toward the French lines at this point. When the shot struck the earth work, you only saw a single





SEBASTOPOL

Great Harbour

Inkerman Heights

River Tchernaya

Aqueduct

French Parallels of Right Attack

Mamelon

French

Battle of Inkerman

Quarries

Victoria Bt.

Gordon's Battery

RIGHT ATTACK

LEFT ATTACK

Valley of Death

Catheart Hill

Sailors Ravine

Naval Brigade

General Hospital

Railway

Wronzoff Road

Telegraph

Intrichments of Defence of Plateau

Position of the Allies before Sevastopol

17 miles







cloud of dust at the point. But very often the ball flew wide, over the French parapet and then it was seen, dick-duck-drake - skipping away over the fields behind. Sometimes rising and striking again three or four times.

After listening to the firing for a short time, one can soon tell the sort of gun that has been fired, by the peculiar kind of report. The sharp, penetrating, twing-g-g of the round shot - the railway whir, tweet, tweet, tweet, of the Lancaster - the tearing whir-r-r of the huge rockets - the dull boom of the mortar, followed by the scarcely perceptible whish-ih of the shell, ending in a loud but diffused explosion of the missile. Watching these and noting where the balls struck was a most exciting and interesting occupation. We were too far off to find out, what gave rise to the firing, but during the day, almost every battery sent out some shot, including the fleet.

They seemed to be most active down in a hollow on our left - concealed by the green hill - the situation of the Cemetery.

The ground between our batteries and the Russian defences was waving, slightly hollowed out and intersected by ravines - one of which known as the Sailor's began at the camp, wound round on the left of the green hill and continued down to the cemetery at the



head of the Admiralty harbour of Sebastopol. Another began at the right of Cathcart hill, and wound round the left of Gordon's battery down to the head of the same harbour meeting the former in the flat ground which intervened between the hill part of the fortress known as Sebastopol proper, and that part in front of our batteries called the Karabelnaya. Down this ravine the Woronzoff Road from Simferopol led into Sebastopol. In going down to our batteries the men marched in a subsidiary ravine leading to the Greenhill in one side - and on the other to Gordon's battery. These two ravines, being frequently occupied by troops on the way from or to the Camp, drew a great deal of the Russian fire, and were literally speckled with round shot - and shells entire and in fragments. In some parts the missiles lay piled like a heap of ~~casualty~~ stones having rolled down from higher parts when they hit. In consequence of the continual fire kept up on these routes to the trenches, and the number of casualties that occurred in them, they were known by the name of the "Valley of Death".

On the ground sloping down from the Redan and Malakoff were numerous little mounds of earth out of which occasionally came a little puff of smoke followed by a smart crack - then from the ground in front



of our position was heard a decided ping-g of the Minie. The little mounds were Russian rifle pits, which kept up a desultory and spasmodic skirmish with the men in our advanced sap. Although too far away to see clearly the exact position of our men, we did not care about sitting down leisurely within clear sight and range of the Russian guns, for although at present we were two innocent non-combatants, yet there are so many freaks in war, that we considered a fair share of discretion the more sensible part of valour. We were near enough however to see the vast advantage, the Allies had gained a few weeks before. The battle of the 7<sup>th</sup> June had advanced our position two thirds towards the enemy. After a cannonade of 24 hours the Allies stormed the outworks of the enemy, and retained possession of them; so they were now fighting within the Redan and Malakoff their first but strongest defences.

These outworks taken were, the Mamelon Vert by the French the "Quarries" by our men. The former was 500 yards in front of the Malakoff - the latter little more than 300 from the Redan. These two positions were now converted into batteries against the Russians, and from them our riflemen could mark clearly ~~at~~ the enemy's gunners.

Already our men were forming zig-zags and parallels towards the Redan - the French up to the Malakoff.



The unsuccessful assault on the 18<sup>th</sup> June, showed that the attack on the place must be made from a much nearer point than even the Mamelon and "Quarries", for the Russian fire from batteries and fleet is not enough to break an attacking party, unless it has a very short distance to run. The allies therefore are pushing their approaches; the British "sapping up to the Redan".

This we were told is a laborious and costly task, for the ground, a few inches from the surface, is hard limestone, and the men can neither dig the ditch deep enough, nor get stuff to fill the sand bags and gabions. The work therefore was advancing slowly and the French were getting faster up to the Malakoff owing to the softer nature of the soil.

From the forts on the north side of Sebastopol, a few shots came at intervals. On examining with the glass and even with the naked eye, we could see long trains of waggon wheels winding along towards the harbour, on the road which leads from Simferopol, corroborating the report that we had heard, that they were daily in receipt of fresh supplies. We could see that they had erected large earthen batteries on the heights above the harbour, so when the south side was in the hands of the allies, they might expect a warm reception from the higher ground opposite.



Cathcart Hill. Groups of officers and soldiers came at intervals to watch the progress of the firing. With some of the men, on this and other occasions, we fell into conversation. In almost every case, there was an evident gloom, melancholy, and even discontent. Not many days after the unsuccessful affair of the 18<sup>th</sup>, the camp was thrown into dismay by the death of Lord Raglan, of Cholera. His funeral had taken place with military honours, a few days before I arrived, and the depression caused by the death of the Commander in Chief, following the issue of the assault, had not yet passed off. Besides, the men were convinced that the attack had been ill arranged, and worse conducted. They threw the whole blame on their commanders, and said justly, that taking them out in dribblets against such a work as the Redan, was sheer massacre. Every one we spoke to, was confident, that if a whole division, had been let loose on the place they would have swept the foe into the harbour. Such were the men's views. They seemed exasperated at being kept any longer burrowing in the limestone pits, as they called the trenches.

One Irish man of the 5<sup>th</sup> regt said, "if once they let us at it again, it's not all the officers of the army, that



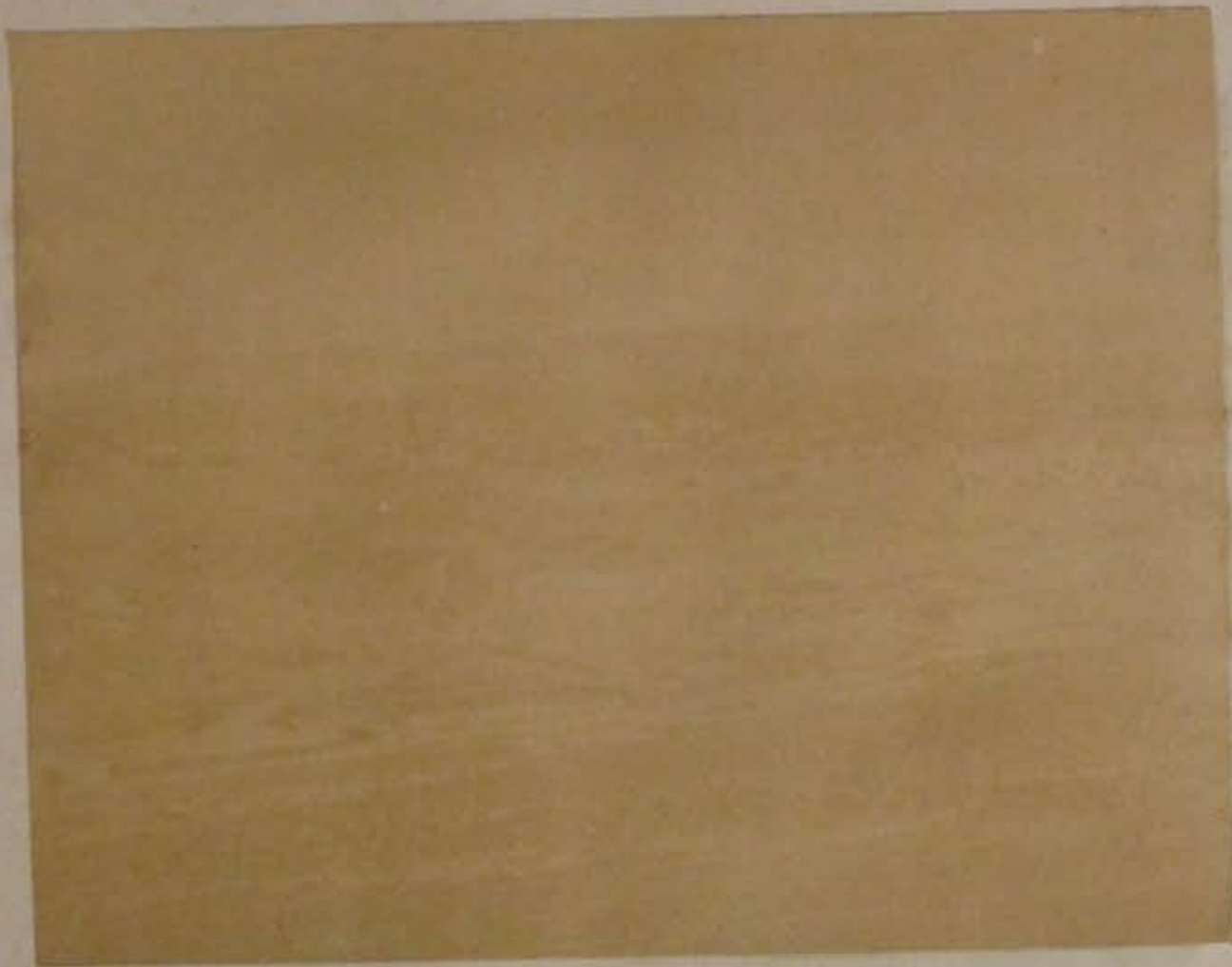
wild keep us out of the town". We heard many a story of the former part of the campaign, melancholy or jolly according to the temper of the narrator, but they are not worth putting down.

Of the many curious sights to be seen from Cathcart hill, not the least astonishing to a newcomer is the great extent of ground covered by the Allied Camps.

When we turned our backs to Sebastopol and looked towards Balaklava, we saw the tents speckled over a vast area of country. I formerly said that the extreme right of our position was Cathcart hill - but this is not strictly correct. for the British Camp at this point bends to the right and extends across a ravine to the right of the hill. The Right-Scize train and the Magasin of Supply for Gordon's battery were kept at the top of this ravine and behind it, on each side, were artillery and the 4<sup>th</sup> Division. Altogether from where we stood we could see of the plateau, about 4 or 5 miles with a breadth of from 2 to 3. The whole of this was covered more or less with tents - Here and there only dotted, in other parts gathered into thick clusters - as in regimental camps. As we stood and looked in towards our camp, the view was closed in on our left by the heights of Inkerman, & Mackenzie farm, which were speckled with Russian Camp tents.



We dined at six o'clock, having spent the whole day in studying the details of the siege. Dr Smith of the General Hospital kindly had permitted his hut to be used as dining & seating room. Dr McLeod and Lyons ~~joining him in one mess~~ <sup>with him</sup> ~~we~~ had a fair dinner and wine - but the detail of a camp life I have not experienced before.



The Camp - as seen, looking towards Balaclava

to the Rodney tent and took up quarters again with Mr Palmer.

5<sup>th</sup> July. Repeated the visit to Cathcart-hill and other places of interest in the Camp. Saw an operation in the hospital &c.



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In the cool of the evening, moving about the Camp, we noticed the Sailors enjoying themselves in a very sensible way - having fancies of foot-ball and rounders. When it began to get a little dark the firing commenced anew. This is the time chosen to change reliefs in the trenches, and the roads leading down to the batteries are full of men going or returning from duty. The Russian batteries open out on them throwing shot and shell into the partially protected "Valleys of death". Our guns return the fire to drive back the gunners and so there is a pretty sharp cannonade for nearly an hour.... At night I went back to the Rodney tent and took up quarters again with Mr Palmer.

8<sup>th</sup> July. Repeated the visit to Cathcart-hill and other places of interest in the Camp. Saw an operation in the hospital &c.



7<sup>th</sup> July. Last night slept alone in the tent, Mr Palmer being on duty in the trenches. I was awake before day break by a great noise. Listening I found it proceeded from the lines. It was sharp and continuous musketry - sometimes a continuous roll, at others a more interrupted volley. Rising up I looked out at the tent door but nothing was visible except the occasional track of a shell with the flash of explosion following. I asked the Sentry what was the row, and he coolly said he supposed it was a sortie. It continued for half an hour and seemed to come nearer; so I got up and dressed and hurried in the direction of Catcote hill. It was grey light of morning when I got there but by this time the firing had ceased, all was over. I asked the Sentinel on guard what it had been, and he said it was a pretty sharp sortie, in the direction of the Cemetery - but the intervening hill hid the actors; however they had again returned into the town and all was quiet. A cloud of white smoke hung over the part where the action had been. I never learnt what had taken place: these little skirmishes, as they are considered, not being noted.

As I was afoot I sat down to take a look of things in morning aspect. They were not moving much in the town but soon the chimneys began to smoke



and the little Steamer in the harbour began to take her trip to the other side.... About six or seven o'clock our camp became nearly invisible from the smoke of the fires, kindled for breakfast, which curled lazily up, but from want of wind hung like mist, among the tents.

At breakfast I found a new-comer, who had come up to the Naval brigade the night before. Lieut. Wilkinson, who was sent to take a correct survey of the trenches for the Admiralty. He was a pleasant frank man, and offered to take me all through the parallels - but even the officer with whom I was, advised me against it, as the risk of being hit was considerable in moving from trench to trench. He however said he would get me a pass to the batteries and as the danger is less there, than in moving about, I asked him to leave word for me at Head Quarters.

After a short time I got a pony from Cowan which he had part share in, and rode to Head-Quarters, about a mile off: the residence of the Commander in Chief - General Simpson - and his staff. It consists of a rather nice - one story house with some others beside it in the form of a square, and a number of huts for the offices of different



department. I soon got the Quartermaster, and found that my name had been mentioned, so I at once got an order or passport to the trenches.

Leaving the pony at the stable I walked down towards the Greenhill or Chapman's battery. When I got outside the camp the shot and shell began to get thickly strewed on the ground, and presently I got a fair view of the teeth of the Redan and of the Flagstaff battery one on each side. I had some misgivings as to the propriety of walking down in this way, especially as I did not see a being on any side, but soon I saw a man coming out from the Greenhill and striking across the field to the valley of death. I therefore pushed on quickly and felt relieved when the batteries were concealed from view by a hillock behind our attack. In rear of this hillock were several cannon, one or two entire and ready to be taken out to supply the place of any that might become injured; a few broken or clipped which had been brought here from the work. The absence of anything but broken bits of shell, shows that this was much out of reach of fire. So I sat down and took a rest here, as my rapid walk in a fearfully hot day had tired me somewhat.

Chapman's battery is <sup>on</sup> a gentle slope or hillock



PASS FOR THE BRITISH TRENCHES, FOR THIS DAY.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
HEAD QUARTERS.

Mr Buchanan

Civil Medical Staff.

7 July 1855

Has permission to pass through the Trenches.

My order

Wm Pakenham

Major. A.D.C.

77.

The trench in which I was perfectly cut a ploughed  
mounds, by the shot and shell  
are lying in masses and in  
rear. They were so numerous  
I had been fixed close to each  
passway. As I began to ascend  
which the guns were placed,  
against a pile of shell, read  
to me, and before he had time  
- which they always do of a  
ce - I told him I had come to  
and asked for S Cotton. Being  
new that I was accompanied  
me to a little hut constructed  
all sides and top with sand-  
heaped clods of turf and it  
was quite shot-proof. This  
I found S Mason the other  
and in dressing a wound whi  
the trench outside. He took  
who shewed me the whole place.  
part of the mound is a mile  
high and nearly as thick as the  
turf and sand heaped together.  
The outside is rough and hardly shaped at all. Slightly



department. I soon got the Quartermaster and found that my name had at once got an order or pass.

Leaving the pony at the towards the green hill or Chap I got outside the camp the to get thickly shrouded on the I got a fair view of the teeth the Flag staff battery one on some misgivings as to the in this way, especially as I did side, but soon I saw a man green hill and striking across of death. I therefore pushed or relieved when the batteries were by a hillock behind our attack lock were several cannon, ready to be taken out to supply snipers become injured; a few which had been brought here, absence of anything but broke that this was much out of reach down and took a rest here, in a fearfully hot day had.

Chapman's battery is <sup>on</sup> a gentle slope or hillock



77.

the declivity of which was perfectly cut & ploughed up into out, pits and mounds, by the shot and shell of the enemy - which were lying in masses and in perfect confusion in its rear. They were so numerous that in some places, they had been fixed close to each other so as to form a causeway. As I began to ascend the slope at the top of which the guns were placed, a man who was lying against a pile of shell, reading a paper came up to me, and before he had time to ask for my permit - which they always do of a stranger in civil costume - I told him I had come to visit my sailor friends and asked for S Cotton. Being a sailor he at once knew that I was acquainted with them and he led me to a little hut constructed of spars and covered on all sides and top with sand-bags over which were heaped clods of turf and a quantity of sand. So it was quite shot-proof. This was the Surgery where I found S Mason the other Naval Surgeon - engaged in dressing a wound which a sailor had just got in the trench outside. He took me to Mr Bosangait who shewed me the whole place.

In front of the highest part of the mound is a rude wall about 8 or 10 feet high and nearly as thick at the bottom - formed of stones, turf and sand heaped together. The outside is rude and hardly shaped at all. Slightly



sloping - at the bottom of which was a dry ditch about three feet deep and a little wider - out of which the earth had been scooped to make the wall. In the inside the wall was perpendicular being built of gabions at the bottom & sand bags at the top. Gabions are large baskets, or creels made of twigs, open at both ends - which are placed on end and filled with sand. Along this wall at intervals are openings called embrasures for the guns to project from. There were about 18 or 20 guns almost all large ship guns. These were all worked by sailors of whom a great number were gathered behind the wall, usually one or two standing beside the gun but the most lying in any place they could get a shade from the intense heat. There was no firing going on. Not a gun was fired the whole time I was down. The flagstaff battery fired one or two guns but that was on its other face toward the French and our men did not consider it their duty to spend powder without a definite object. At a short distance behind the wall were placed at intervals large 13-inch mortars, worked by the artillery-men. Every few yards was a pile of shell or shot ready for loading, and in a little bomb proof den, a canister of powder. One of the guns I remarked painted half-black and half pink.



This I thought a freak of some sailor who had got a pot of paint - but I was informed that it was the gun belonging to the Captain's Cabin - the half protruding into it being painted similar to the other parts of the Cabin. There was nothing to detain us in the battery; all was quiet. I should mention that every two or three guns are isolated from the next by a part of the wall running in for about 12 feet - well faced with sand bags. This is called a traverse, and prevents shot coming obliquely from raking the battery.

We now walked down a covered way into the first parallel. A covered way is a ditch with the earth thrown on the side next the enemy, which leads obliquely from one battery to another, so that any one walking in the ditch is concealed and protected from the enemy's fire. My conductor did not think it necessary for us to walk in the trench as it was out of rifle range - and the Russians knew better than to fire a shot or shell with the chance of hitting a single man. The cover however is used when bodies of men are crowding down to the trenches and the danger of the position was evident by the grape and canister shot which had collected in the bottom of the ditch.



The battery in the first parallel was about 150 or 200 yards in front of the Greenhill. One part was called No 9 Sailors battery, the rest was occupied by artillery and contained heavy siege guns and mortars. The embrasures of the guns were more regularly made and as it was much closer to the enemy, the guns were concealed by folding gates of wither work which fell down when the gun was drawn in; but when thrust out the muzzle of the gun lifted it up. Here the men kept close under cover being within Russian range and quite visible, but as there was no expectation of firing this morning, Bosanquet took me outside the parapet and we sat down and leisurely examined the redan before us. With the glass I could plainly see some men at the embrasures and now and then a black body moving in the rifle pits. Occasionally a puff and ping-g. came from these but my conductor seemed so confident that they were not shooting in our direction that I gave myself no uneasiness. Having pointed out the position and the principle on which they aim and fire at the enemy. My conductor invited me to come into parallel No 2 a stage nearer the Russians and I was now so used to the place that I was just step



ping into the covered way, when a stretcher was brought out of it carried by four men, on which lay a man who had just got a rifle wound and was being carried to the rear. This satisfied me and not being on duty I went no further.

In the evening as usual visited Cathcart Hill. Amidst the music of the bands, the relief from the various regiment marches down the valley of death to the trenches carrying gabions &c. And no soon had the noise produced by this change become general than bang-bang went all the Russian batteries, and ours in return opened up. And there was a smart cannonade for nearly an hour. Guns going at intervals of half a minute or less.

<sup>24th</sup> July - When at breakfast this morning my Naval entertainers asked one another if there was parade to day - Sunday. No said one "it is Muster and Church". So at 11 a substitute for a bell was struck - a table was brought out and covered with white. the part of the brigade not on duty formed three sides of a square - the officers in the fourth round the clergyman who then read prayers and gave them a discourse - the men squatting on the ground. They were very quiet and attentive, but the sun was too hot to allow of much comfort.



In the evening I got the pony and rode over to the right of the plateau, occupied by the French and through their camp to the scene of the battle of Inkerman. This part, at one time without defences was now protected by a trench, and one or two redoubts with some cannons in each. I rode on to the brow of the hill up which the Russians made the attack. It is a rough irregular steep, but the brushwood which grew so plentifully at that time was now mostly cleared away - having been used for firewood during winter. Towards the bottom however where the men were exposed to the Russian fire of batteries on Inkerman height on the other side, it still was covered with shrubbery. Away at the bottom was a plain with the river Chernaya flowing into the harbor, and alongside the road past Inkerman into Sebastopol.

Returning towards my quarters as it grew dusk I drew rein again at Cutheart but I see the change of reliefs for the trenches and by the time I set off for ~~the~~ Naval brigade I could just see the sun dipping into the sea in the west. It is always a difficult thing to find one's way in camp, every tent being exactly like another and if no "bearings" have been taken, one is



apt to wander out of the way. I set off towards the hospital which I could see far off but thinking I was keeping too straight from Cathcart hill I swerved a little to the right into a gentle hollow where I could see nothing but tents on all sides. I pushed on in hope of getting view of some landmark but only to lose myself in fresh rows of tents. A few lights springing up on each side apprised me that the little light left-would soon be gone so I became anxious to find my way out of this labyrinth. Afterwards, at a subsequent stay in camp came to know that if one has anything like a good pony the best way is to let him find his way home, as I have frequently been obliged to do; but at this time I did not know the dodge - so I pulled rein and looked about to see if I could get a known object - but in vain. Just at this juncture three soldiers a little merry came past, and I said "Lads can you tell me how to go to the General Hospital - didn't know - I said it was in rear of the third division. They said "this is the third division"; but I saw no sign of the huts. There were in view three Russian forts. but from the Canon sweep I had taken I could not recognise them



So I asked the soldier to point out which was the Redan and which Gordon's battery as I did know from that which way to go. One of them at once did so, but another said "Sure if you don't know that, you've no right to be here, I take you for a spy. Come along to the guard house and we'll see what story you'll tell to-morrow morning." And without more ado he seized my bridle and led me off a prisoner. Now though I knew it would be all right when I came to be examined I did not care to be treated as a spy through the camp - nor did I choose to be cooped up in the guard house among the drunk soldiers - knowing that as it was now late there might be some difficulty in getting an officer to look after guard house prisoners. So I used every argument to induce the fellow to leave me to find my way to the hospital. But he seemed determined to keep his own counsel. I told him I was a Surgeon to the Eastern Expedition but my want of uniform and ignorance of the camp seemed not so positive to him that I was not in order - so on he led me. At last feeling my pocket I found a calling card and telling him to let go my reins I said I would report him if



persisted in his obstinacy - and gave him my card to shew I was in earnest. When he read it he seemed to think that he was wrong and said he was sorry he had made the mistake, left hold of my pony and let me go. By this time we had got on an eminence from which I at once saw the hospital huts, to which I rode and recounted my adventure to the great amusement of my friends.

July 9<sup>th</sup>. At 5 this morning Cowan & I started off in company for Balaclava; we made this early start to avoid the heat of the day. Although it is an almost continuous gradual descent we were fatigued when we got to the village about half past eight. On enquiry we found that the Office for business did not open till ten - so we began to look out for provender. Fortunately the Transport Steamer "Foyle" was in harbour, and as Cowan had rendered the Captain some medical service on coming to the Crimea, we went on board and were invited to breakfast which we got in the Saloon. I shall never forget that meal. The vessel was used as a transport for cattle, and the odour which pervaded her may be imagined. We were now in the hottest season of summer and to add to the



discomfort of being cooped up in an airless cabin the atmosphere of which was scented with the effluvia of cattle refuse - and the fumes which are constantly disengaged from the nearly stagnant water at the edge of the harbour - above all this was the season of flies. No one, who has not seen these creatures in such circumstances, can have any idea of the punishment inflicted by the Egyptian "Plague of flies". One is apt to suppose that as they do not sting, they can be no great trouble; but seen as we saw them, they drive one nearly mad with annoyance. I never saw so many creatures crammed into one place. The white table-cover was absolutely invisible with a moving mass of black or rather blue dots. The plates, cups and every eatable were invaded, and when we wished to cut a bit of ham we had to whisk them off with a napkin; and even then before the slice was cut it was covered with these insects. Add to this that they were whirling in clouds round our heads and keeping up a perpetual buzz - on all sides - lighting on the most irritable parts of the face and even resting on the bite of meat on its way from the plate to the mouth. and some idea may be formed of the nuisance. It was hard work



eating a meal. for while you fed yourself with one hand it was absolutely necessary to ward off your little enemies with the other. This exertion in the state of the heat, soon brought on such a perspiration that I soon desisted and contented myself with a very moderate meal but the Captain soon supplemented it with a delicious glass of cool Sangaree.

After tea we went out to H. M. S. S. Triton which was moored in Cossack bay; the quarters of Capt. Heath who had charge of the Transport service at Balaklava. I had a letter to him from my Naval friends and he at once furnished ~~us~~ with an order for a passage in the Albatross. We found however that she was not to go for a day or two and being anxious to get out of the place without delay we got the order changed to the Ottawa. Having bestowed our traps on board, finding that the vessel was not to sail before evening and that we were rather in the way ~~for~~ we got on shore about noon to see how we could pass the day.

From the landlocked nature of the harbour the heat was stifling and we moved about from place to place to try and get shelter from the sun. We called on a Land Transport agent, a friend of



Cowan's but he was suffering from an attack of  
ague so we were let loose again into the heat  
and stink and malaria. We loitered about the  
piers looking at the vessels unloading shot, shell  
& stores of all kinds and at last the day wore  
on. We did not wish to go back to the ship because  
we were decidedly "de trop" so I, remembering  
that my former fellow passenger Mr. Borkheim was  
at Kadikoi, resolved to go and get our dinner  
from him. We walked out from the crowded  
port and reaching Kadikoi went to Borkheim's  
wooden store. He was one of the firm of  
Richards, Ramsden, Borkheim & Co successors  
to Oppenheim the well known Crimean Storekeeper.  
He at once welcomed us and invited us to dinner.  
We dined with the firm at a restaurant which  
was part of their establishment where we got  
a good feed of fresh roast lamb & champagne.  
Soothed & comforted by this refreshment we returned  
to Balaklava and were glad to get on board the  
Ottawa. At nightfall when all the bustle of  
the harbour was stilled, and nothing was heard  
but at intervals the distant boom-m of a ship  
gun, it was a curious feeling to sit on the deck and see  
around the vast fleet filled with the materials for the war.



10. This forenoon the vessel being filled, moved out into the bay. There, after waiting some hours we took in tow the "Great Tasmania" filled with sick for Scutari. Our passengers were most artillery officers sick or done up with the work in the batteries since the beginning of June. One miserable specimen a mere boy was lamenting his condition, saying that when he got his commission he expected never to leave England.

11. Moving slowly across the Black Sea. Calm as glass. Great heat. The vessel in tow keeps us back so much & destroys our course, that the Captain threatens to cast her off.

12. On rising today we saw the coast of the Bosphorus ahead. We had gone many miles out of our course and were now coasting along the south shore of the Black Sea. The Great Tasmania is away astern drifting like a log. The Captain cast her off having spoken a vessel with no sick, not coming out of the Bosphorus. Being thus lightened we glided easily down the Straits and anchored off Scutari at mid-day.

Having gone ashore we found S. Atkin and we went in company across to Galata where Cowen took a ticket & set off at 4pm for Dardanelles in the



Messageries Impériales Steamer. Atten and I re-crossed to Soutari where I got a bed in his quarters.

13. As I had sent word with Cowan to Dr Parker at Reukioi, that I would remain at Soutari and the Bosphorus till I was wanted at the Hospital, I today made arrangements for lodging and food. By night I should have called on Lord M<sup>r</sup> Paulet, to report myself as waiting at Soutari for orders from Dr Parkes, but that nobleman had no good name among the civil staff, acting in a very gruff and unpleasant way to them. However I was saved all annoyance through the kindness of Dr Atten & Mr Robertson Purveyor in chief. Atten got my order for rations from the Quartermaster and Robertson gave me the use of his room until Atten got a second bed for me. So after this I was lodged and boarded by government.

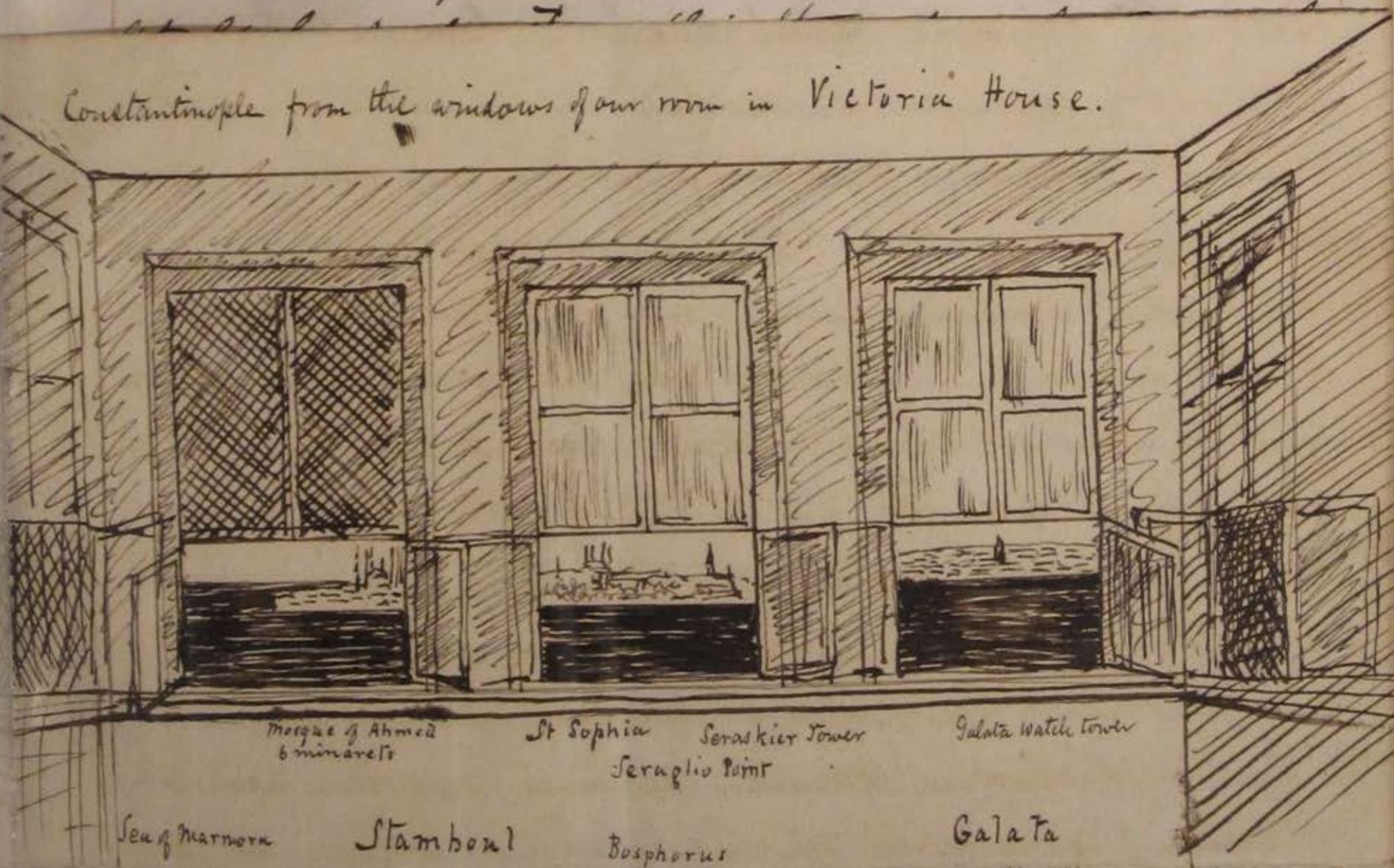
Victoria House, so ours was named, was a very favourable specimen of a Soutari House. It belonged to an old Turk who lived with his family in a house next door. He let it to the government who quartered officers in it. Like all other Turkish houses it was built of wood and was so constructed as to leave very large & spacious



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entrance halls and lobbies with little rooms off these, the rooms having windows on three sides. The large entrance gate admitted to an eastern hall at the end of which doors opened into sleeping places for the servants and kitchens. Half a flight of stairs led into the first floor and a flight above that opened upon a large hall with windows

Constantinople from the windows of our room in Victoria House.



is occupied by the males, another called the harem by the females and no intercommunication exists except by the door mentioned the key of which is kept by the master. A house such as we lived in would be occupied by a wealthy man and his servants



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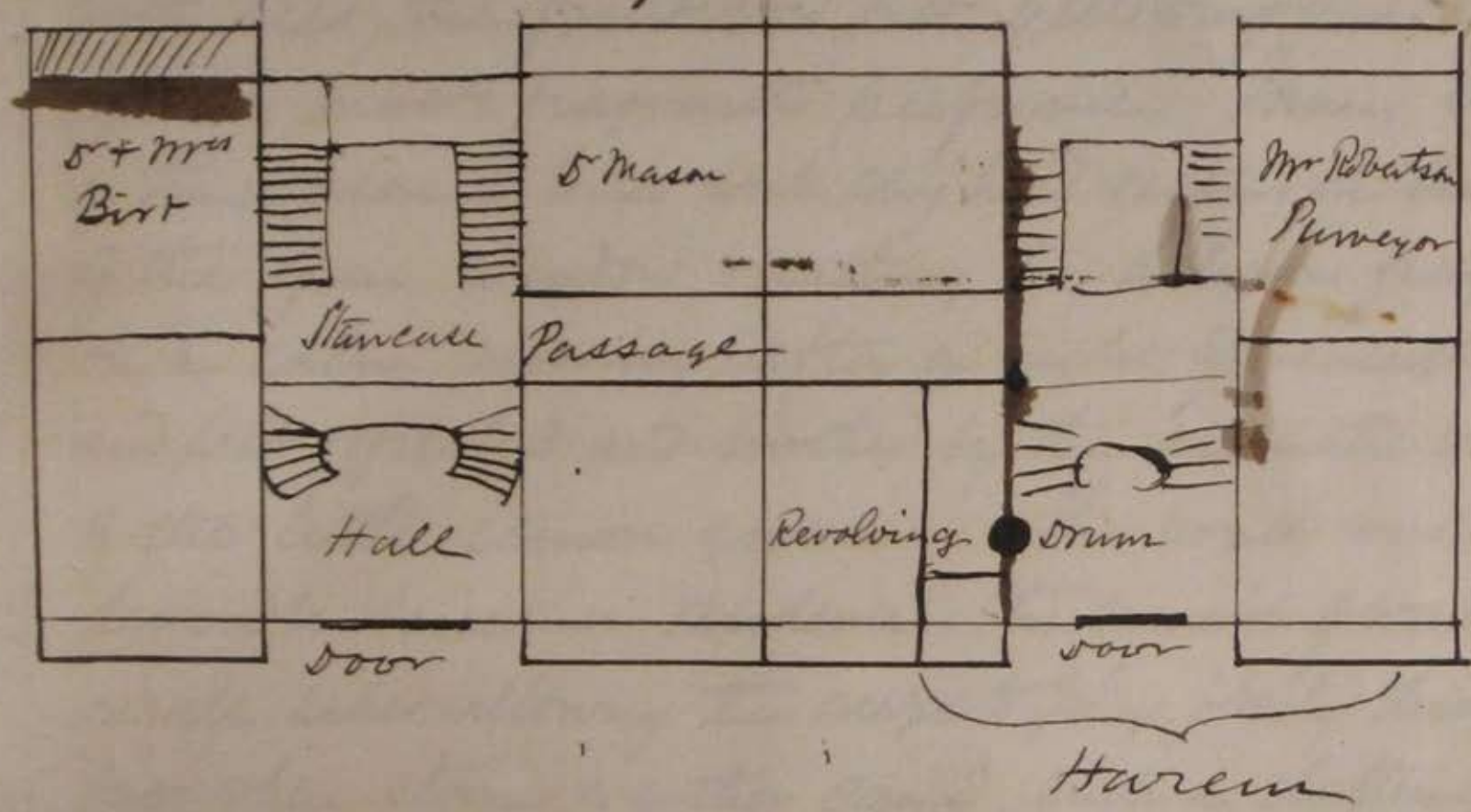
entrance halls and lobbies with little rooms off these, the rooms having windows on three sides. The large entrance gate admitted to an eastern hall at the end of which doors opened into sleeping places for the servants and kitchens. Half a flight of stairs led into the first floor and a flight above that opened upon a large hall with windows at each end. From this three doors led off at each side. Atiken and I had one room each - ~~two~~ another was occupied by a Dr Robertson Staff Surgeon and his wife; a fourth ~~by~~ was used as the nursery of a Dr Birt who had a room down stairs. The other two doors led into a washing room of ours, and a closet. ~~The~~ house was double so to speak, that is there were two entrance gates on the low floor each leading to the accommodation above described. A single door in the centre compartment formed a communication between the two divisions of the house. This curious arrangement depends on the Turkish Manners, One half of a house is occupied by the males, another called the harem by the females and no intercommunication exists except by the door mentioned the key of which is kept by the master. A house such as we lived in would be occupied by a wealthy man and his servants.



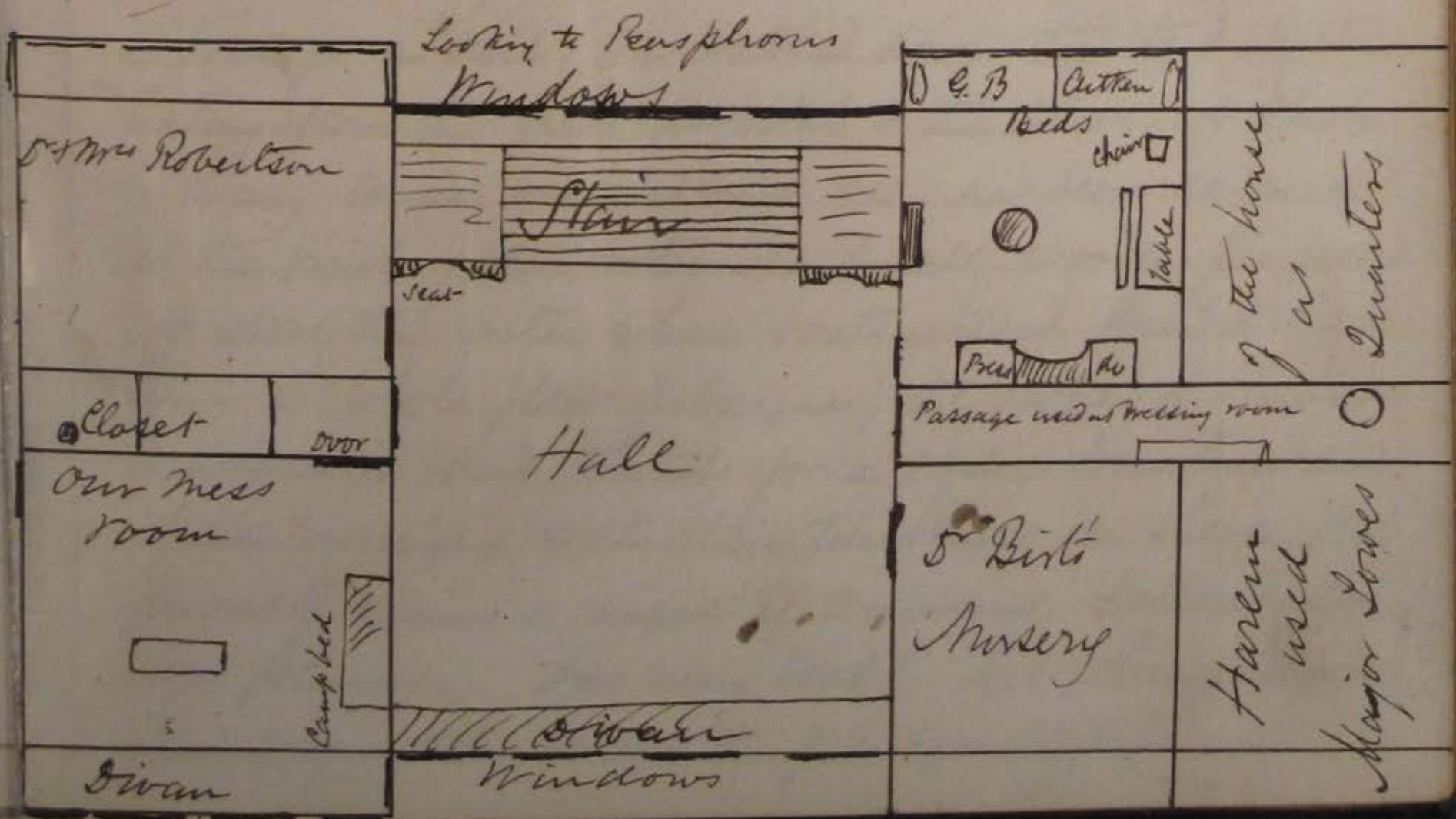
would be numerous. The cooking is done by men and in order to allow the ladies to be fed without the admission of the male cook into the harem there is a hole in the wall into which is fitted a revolving drum, into which the viands are placed, and it is then half turned till the opening in it looks to the harem. I had no idea that the seclusion of the females when at home was so strictly maintained. - Atken & I agreed to occupy one room as a bedroom and take the other as a mess room, and so that as one of our rooms looked to the east and the other to the west, by changing rooms we could keep in the shade. The house was situated on the brow of a steep hill leading <sup>rising</sup> up from Sania pier, and commanded a magnificent view of Constantinople the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. We could also see out into the Sea of Marmora and used often to watch with a telescope for the Burns' steamer bringing news from home. The transports anchored just off our house and we could see all that was coming ashore or going aboard. In front of the house was a garden of the Turk containing Indian corn, vegetables, gorgeous flowers, and just below our window was a lemon tree house, filled



# Ground plan of Victoria House 1st floor



# Upper floor Victoria House









with trees, the fruit now just yellowing and sending up the most fragrant perfume. Many many a time have I lain with my head resting on the sill of the open window, breathing the delicious fragrance on a calm morning, after a night of feverish tossing and felt refreshed and soothed by the aromatic odour of the little lemon grove. The house was a very desirable summer residence, the number of windows on all sides allowing the breeze to play freely through it but when stormy weather came, such a clattering of doors & windows never was heard.

The heat of the weather now at its fiercest, was too great to allow of any moving about for pleasure during the day, so in the evening Arthur and I took a boat for a sail. We walked down the steep street leading from the great hospital to the shore, up which so many brave wounded & sick men has been carried. At the brink of the water is a small wooden pier, raised 2 ft above the water where boats unload. Round this are lying a whole fleet of Caïques, the owners of which are sometimes on board, touting for a fare, sometimes and oftener bringing with them their banks on shore. The process of hiring a caïque is amusing. "Hollo. Caïdji!" "Yes Johnny." "Two man boat?" "Yes Johnny. A four-oared caïque then comes to the pier & you step in.



The rowers first set the boat well trimmed and will not move a peg till you sit to their satisfaction. A Caïque is a shallow canoe with a very long and sharp prow. It draws very little water and is about 3 ft broad so that the least motion would upset it. The Caïques have a most superstitious fear of "Johunnys" upsetting their boats. The passenger sits on a cushion in the bottom of the boat at the stern, so that only his head is above the gunwale. The rowers sit on ~~a~~ thwarts and each has two oars, which are ballanced by an oval ball of wood beside the handle. There is only one rowing pin and the oars are fixed to it by a thong of untanned hide, well greased, so that in going along not a sound is made by the oars. The smaller boats plying in the golden horn have only one rower but most of those coming over to Soutani have two.

We rowed about three miles into the sea of Mar Mora, and landed at a low flat promontary on which a lighthouse is placed called the Phare or Pharos.

This flat promontary is a favorite spot for the natives to visit and enjoy the sea breeze in the evening while taking their smoke. In crossing it we passed several groups of families, enjoying themselves in a very simple way. Their little cups of coffee heated by an extemporaneous fire and the inseparable pipe were the



d years praise to Thee pay,  
 glory a ray;  
 l years homage refuse,  
 'thou would'st lose.  
 to been,  
 in sin;  
 my desires,  
 stice requires,  
 true road,  
 t to be trod.  
 y eye render clear,  
 ledge a rose-garden fair;  
 arkness of night;  
 ntain of light.  
 n remove,  
 at of Thy love.  
 wherever they flit;  
 ay heart that is writ;  
 ighty, my breast,  
 arkness distress'd,  
 e being known,  
 thing I look on;  
 e waken'd-up soul  
 led and whole.  
 y spirit drink deep,  
 e may leap;  
 of the Lord, ever I  
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 th and the things of the clod,  
 God;  
 soul to come o'er  
 in of it more.  
 ident and old;  
 s with gold;  
 I wear;  
 the coinage I bear;  
 it's to falsehood allied,  
 ce and pride;  
 alter them all.  
 Thee will I call:  
 c remove,  
 I love;  
 nee to storm;  
 e it conform;  
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 or to me,  
 tice agree;  
 onfidence lend  
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 esence of God.  
 oul dost array,  
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 m in me,  
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 ry respect;  
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 p all, all when I pray,  
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 e stable and good;  
 ocrisy clear,  
 ne sincere;  
 aw till I be  
 w'd Sunnee;  
 s rays o'er my soul,  
 or extal.

LAHOMET. †

TURKISH.

salaam!  
 ec; be blessed thy name:  
 a for sinners dost plead,  
 iniquitous deed

people who showed this respect for the living poet, would build up a Thorwaldsen Museum.

We passed along the streets of the picturesque city, now threading our way among its gaily-dressed inhabitants, now brushing past pretty Amagra girls, and now glancing at the ships alongside the canals in the street, forming floating market-places. Then we crossed a noble square—the Kougensuytorf—ornamented with a statue of Christian V.; and, lastly, within the shadows of the Palace we discovered the sculptor's noble grave, in the midst of the countrymen who loved him.

The building is a facsimile of an Etruscan tomb, only, instead of barbarous figures of heathen worship, groups of stalwart fellows fall into gay procession, and bear along in triumph the sculptor's works. Every stone, every inch of cement, bears marks of honour to the great Dane. Elbowed by dapper soldiers, sturdy country folk, and ladies clad in furs—for the wind was icy cold—we passed under the high portico, into the many deep-coloured chambers into which the great tomb is divided. Here all effect is given up to the one noble object of displaying the sculptor's work. Just as Wren lies, surrounded by his great productions so Thorwaldsen rests, with his creations gathered into deep-blue chambers about his grave. Here Paganism has its beautiful types from his glowing fingers; and here Christianity is interpreted in masterpieces of devout tenderness. Here is Venus with the apple; here, the solemn, the grand, the simple figure of the Saviour, with sermons in every fold of the garment, thoughts of heaven in every line of the wondrous head. Yet, shame to us, according to Exeter Hall, our eyes fell upon these works on Sunday! Yet, could the coldest eyes remain dull before the sculptor's fine figure of Byron, with his pencil at his lip, and his eyes turned upward, seeking a thought. Nor shall any one fail to see the majesty of Thorwaldsen, chisel and hammer in hand, as interpreted by the great master himself. There is great grace in the stalwart figure; there is deep and tender thought in the expression of the noble countenance. We passed silently through the chambers till we reached a sitting-room, furnished with bureau, table, &c. And here we found a massive lump of half-fashioned clay—the undeveloped head of Luther—with the thumb and finger marks of the sculptor deep set in its ragged outline. Before this work Thorwaldsen's fingers failed him, his eye grew dim, and he died. The last efforts of the sturdy Dane were bent upon the completion of this most promising beginning. Looking about this room—filled with his furniture, arranged as in his veritable studio—we feel as though we were admitted to hold private conversation with the man. And then, when we leave this room, and, passing once more through some of the rooms, we reach an opening to the quadrangle (of which these rooms form the four sides) our eyes fall upon the grave! It occupies the central ground of the edifice, and is covered by a plain massive block of stone. Wreaths of fresh flowers lay upon the cold marble—just dropped from warm fingers in grateful honour of the dead sculptor. Could an Englishman forbear contrasting this vital reverence over a long-closed grave with the cobwebs that alone honour Sir Joshua in the crypt of St. Paul's?—with the neglected graves of greatness in Bunhill-fields?

That in the sculptor's lifetime he was honoured is proved by Andersen, who has described his landing at Copenhagen in 1838. "Thorwaldsen," writes Hans Christian, "whom, as I have already said, I had become acquainted with in Rome in the years 1833 and 1834, was expected in Denmark in the autumn of 1838, and great festive preparations were made in consequence. A flag was to wave upon one of the towers of Copenhagen as soon as the vessel which brought him should come in sight. It was a national festival. Boats decorated with flowers and flags filled the Rhede; painters, sculptors, all had their flags with emblems; the students bore a Minerva, the poets a Pegasus. It was misty weather, and the ship was first seen when it was already close to the city, and all poured out to meet him. The poets, who, I believe, according to the arrangement of Heiberg, had been invited, stood by their boat; Ehlerschlager and Heiberg alone had not arrived. And now guns were fired from the ship, which came to anchor, and it was to be feared that Thorwaldsen might land before we had gone out to meet him. The wind bore the voice of singing over to us; the festive reception had already begun. I wished to see him, and therefore cried out to the others 'Let us put off!' 'Without Ehlerschlager and Heiberg?' asked some one. 'But they are not arrived, and it will be all over.' One of the poets declared, that if these two men were not with us, I should

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than you, the infidel, but still as dirt; and he has a whip stuck in his belt, with which we have seen him inflict the most merciless slashes upon any plebeian who did not get out of his way. The carriage in the picture is an English-built one, and may have been seen in Long-acre. It has all the improvements ("waust improvements, Ma'am," as old Cobbett used scoffingly to say), and the inmates are members of a family of distinction, possibly of Royal connection. The vehicles which crowd the narrow ways of the bazaar, while the owners are shopping, are usually of a much heavier and clumsier kind, and remind one of the family coach which used to be the joke of the penniless wits who wrote our old comedies. You will often find one of these carriages impeding the passage in the bazaar, and the lady and her favourite negress cheapening goods. The process in Turkey is a slow one. The ladies are not "sharper" in the impudent fashion of a London establishment; nor, so far as we know, do they find, on reaching home with their bargains, that they have purchased an inferior quality of goods to that which they supposed themselves to have bought, so that an appeal to the sitting Alderman is necessary. But the Turk asks anything he pleases, and the lady bids anything she pleases, and then he says "Tst, tst" (a sound like a feminine expression of regret), until she mends her bid. But sometimes she loses her temper, which, indeed, is easily lost if he will not accede to her terms; and, just as we have heard English-bargaining ladies declare a charge to be "preposterous and ridiculous," she opens fire upon the vender, only that, in place of mere abuse of his wares, she often assails his own character and that of his parents and other relatives, with strong vituperation, in which she is ably supported by her lieutenant, the black woman. We once heard a lady in Constantinople abusing a shopkeeper during the period in which we smoked two pipes at an adjacent mart, our companions interpreting with much gravity as she proceeded. "The lady says he is a frightful rascal." "The lady says he is fit to be hanged." "The lady says his family are all miscreants and thieves." "The lady says she should like to spit upon the face of his soul."

In this Engraving you will notice the projecting house above the carriage. That is the outside of just such an apartment as that in which the ladies are reclining, and that is all that you are likely to see of it. Ladies are doubtless looking down from it upon the gilded carriage, and considering whether it will be possible by any amount of pouting, or other fascination, to obtain anything of the sort from their proprietor. This subject they discuss in comparative silence. But you may possibly have the happiness of hearing the voices of Turkish ladies if you happen to be in the line of any religious procession that passes through the streets. As some favourite dervise, very brown, holy, hairy, goes by, you will notice a curious noise, something like one of the sounds in which a particularly idle child, in no proper awe of the governess, occasionally indulges over lessons. It is indeed produced in the same manner as that in which the objectionable child emits its interruption of its brothers and sisters. The forefinger is put into the mouth, and while a monotonous sound is uttered, in a high key, the finger is moved rapidly about, so as to break up the utterance; in fact, to make it *staccato*. It bursts out with amusing effect as the procession advances, then subsides either into an occasional "Loo, loo, loo, loo, loo," or drops, and then, again, at the appearance of some favourite religious performer, a whole hurricane of shrill approbation is rained down. We strongly advise you, O reader! however much you may be entertained by these sounds, to avoid recompensing them by endeavouring to throw Maltese oranges in at the ladies' window, an instance of such gratitude on the part of a young midshipman a few years ago having resulted in his barely escaping with whole bones from the wrath of the multitude. We are better friends with the Mussulman now, but the experiment would still be dangerous. "To ladies' eyes a round, boy, you'd best refuse, you'd best refuse." S.

HYMN TO THE DIVINITY.\*

FROM THE TURKISH.

O God, the Creator of man and of Djinn,  
Of the clear and the dark, of the outside and in,  
Far nobler is man than all creatures that be—  
In beauty and nature made perfect by Thee:  
When him Thou didst form, Thou his face did design  
As a glass to reflect Thy effulgence divine;  
In making his loveliness lustrous and clear,  
The sun of Thy beauty Thou madest appear.  
Thou, Thou in the charms of the creature dost blaze:

Should he world for  
The world could not  
Should the world for  
No ray of Thy glory,  
O Lord, disobedient I  
But let me no longer  
If I have not centred  
If I have not done  
Point out to me kind  
And make Thou it  
With the light of Thy  
Make my heart with  
Let my soul not go  
Illumine its path from  
Exterior love far from  
Its excesses fill all wi  
Let my glances ne'er  
Let Thy name be the  
So fill with Thy love,  
So lighten that cell lo  
That, the secret of sel  
I my Maker may vie  
In each thing whereo  
God's face be apparen  
Of the cup of Thy lov  
That I out of death t  
And that, drunk with  
No object in na are  
That my heart, wean  
May testify ever of  
Else cause such dest  
That no portion or vi  
My spirit with truth  
My heart with religio  
Make verity ever the  
Make thanks for Thy  
Keep my heart free f  
And make it a stran  
On my qualities worl  
Now for other great  
From my bosom all  
But waken my pious  
Suffer not in my sou  
To the dictates of ch  
Consume me not, Lo  
With the water of ch  
I pray not in darkne  
But let all my action  
As a guide in Thy w  
Till I reach the caal  
Be content the prov  
Till I reach the pav  
When Thou with rel  
In all things Thy la  
Let worship to Thee  
But let not mere car  
In every kyan "ma  
And upright my we  
In every rakoua my  
Till the centre of bl  
Be my thoughts in  
To nothing less nobl  
Let me rise with fre  
Be the ground of my  
My devotion do Tho  
And with Thy since  
My obedience increa  
Entitled to rank wit  
Let the sun of Thy l  
And let my heart ev

HY2

O, Envoy of Allah,  
With my whole hea  
At the high throne  
Who forgives for th



then refreshment and then amusement was chanting in  
 choros some simple airs. They were Greeks or Armenians  
 for the party consisted of men women & children.  
 All along the shores there abounded small snails in great  
 numbers. The place we visited was covered with a prickly  
 shrub and the animals above named were so numerous  
 that not a stone blade or shrub could be seen for them.  
 They incrustated every branch and twig so as to make it  
 look like a bit of coral. Aithen and I hoping to secure  
 a specimen by dipping it in gum or glue, took home  
 a shrub like a gooseberry bush covered with these  
 shells. AB. We were disappointed in the result  
 for the snails disliking the atmosphere of our room  
 detached themselves during the night and in the morn-  
 ing the floor was covered with them ~~snails~~. Some  
 more enterprising than others made long voyages  
 & hid themselves in unexpected nooks, and even  
 after it was a common thing to see a snail creep-  
 ing about the floor - getting tired of its hiding place.

In rowing home it got dusk before we arrived.  
 There is a curious feeling in sailing on the Bosphorus at  
 nightfall and it has the reputation of being haunted.  
 Towards evening especially if a little breeze springs up  
 flocks of little water birds, emerge from their day  
 resting places and skim along the surface of the



water uttering peculiar shrill chirpings. They are called the "restless spirits of the Bosphorus," and are believed by the Superstitious to be occupied by spirits of those who are drowned in these waters.

14<sup>th</sup> - Today I made a systematic examination of the Scutari Hospital. All the horrors described by the "Correspondent" of last winter had given place to the most perfect order and cleanliness. The kitchen had been much improved since the recent visit of Lord the Cook - and the nursing department was perfect under the superintendence of Miss Nightingale. In going among the wards I met a surgeon Mr. Cullen, who had been one of our students. He spoke highly in praise of Miss Nightingale. He had had fever, and he told me that the attention he received from that lady would never be effaced from his mind. Many a time had she brought beef tea broth &c with her own hands. Whatever may be said on the general question of having female nurses in military hospital, one thing is clear that under such guidance they are an inestimable boon. The amount of good done personally by Miss Nightingale will never be fully known but the influence she exerted is admitted on all hands. And she did every thing so quietly & unostentatiously.



I saw her going about the wards, and tending the sick like the ordinary attendants. and though latterly she confined herself more to administrative than active duties, still she continued the latter till her health began to give way. She dressed in the simplest way, not rigorously <sup>nor</sup> ostentatiously severe. An old, large scooped, straw bonnet, trimmed with black a black frock, and black & white checked shawl or none at all, was her usual costume. . . . Another lady, not so well known, did a great deal of good at Scutari Mrs Blackwood - who organised a staff of washerwomen - soldiers' wives of respectable character. This was an immense boon to those officers who could get their washing done at this place. Such imposition was practised by the voluntary washers, that Mrs Blackwood's establishment was constantly in requisition. I have seen washings given out and not recovered for weeks - Indeed we were often reduced to great ~~expenditures~~ expenditures, and paid exorbitant prices. but those who had the good fortune to get their washing done at the above named establishment were always well satisfied.

15. Sunday. Attended service in the barrack chapel in the forenoon.

In the evening got a mount and rode with Aitken



some miles into the interior. The country is undulating and from some of the elevations pretty peeps of scenery are obtained. We rode up a little valley watered by a burn, along which there was a track - not a made road: indeed as there are few wheeled vehicles, the roads are of the most primitive description. On the way we passed several carcasses of sheep and horses which were left unburied on the road. As we came near one, a carrion dog which had been devouring it, left off and eyed us with a very fierce and savage glance. The huge, bloated, ill-favoured beast seemed disposed to dispute our passage, and as these brutes are known to be excessively dangerous when pressed with hunger we made a short detour to avoid its attack. Seeing that we were not about to disturb it, it recommenced its foul repast with savage rapacity.

Coming back about sunset we had an opportunity of seeing an example of the attention the natives pay to their religious duties. In a spot, away from any houses we noticed an honest Turk going up to a tree, under the shade of which he stripped off his coat, and taking off his shoes knelt down with his face towards Mecca, thus making it a sort of temporary worship - and here he <sup>performed</sup> all the becking



and bowing motions, I have seen them go through in the Mosques.

16. Messrs McVair, Ferguson & Drinnan the Presbyterian chaplains, Dr Aitken and I, went in company to visit some places in Stamboul.

Landing at Seraglio point we <sup>visited</sup> ~~performed~~ the gardens of the Seraglio. At present occupied by huts as a French Ambulance or hospital. The British had their large establishment on the Scutari side, while the French had several buildings around and in Constantinople. The Seraglio hospital was temporary of wooden huts. From the gardens we pushed our way on through the courts and buildings. We first came on a large Area surrounded with low buildings, and in the centre of which is an old oak hollow in the centre of traditional interest. The entrance to the proper buildings of the Seraglio is through a gate in a kind of guard house, known as the "Sublime Porte". This, which is the synonym of the Turkish government is a very shabby affair. Entering this we came to another court and peered about among various buildings but were not permitted to enter many. Some however we did get into but there was nothing of interest to see. However we did get <sup>into</sup> interesting quarters for entering a low range



of buildings we found we had penetrated into the kitchens. There were 5 or 6 rooms opening into each other and two or three cooks in each evidently preparing food for a number of persons. We were not hindered moving about, and when we said our "bonsojour" "Inceles hakim basha" they seemed quite pleased at our visit. One tremendously fat chap, who was devoting his energies to shelling a kind of pea, was amazingly delighted when Arthur took out his measuring tape and took his dimensions. Ticked with this compliment he took off the lids of the pots and let us taste the viands - but they were far from tempting - greasy.

It is well the place is dark, for the proceedings are far from cleanly, and anyone who was to partake, if the least fastidious, might well take a Scammer at his dinner, if he saw it in preparation. I don't envy the person who took soup that day, for in groping from one chamber to another I accidentally stepped into a pot of soup and splashed it all over the place. However I judged it better to let things take their course than get turned out for my awkwardness if I told the mishap.

Next to the Mosque, St Sophia, the grand and principal place of worship of the Turks.



In the court, as at all Mosques there is a fountain where the Moslems wash their feet before entering the sacred building. When we came near the Mosque we saw the door standing open. but some Dragoman who always loiter near, seeing us coming up, at once rushed in and slammed the door in our faces. Formerly no Giaour could enter without a firman; a small toll, since the war began, admits any one. We therefore tipped a Dragoman, and taking off our shoes, without which we could not enter, walked in. This magnificent building, formerly a Christian temple, is of great interest but any detail would be tedious. Architecturally the principal interest is the enormous size and height of the Cupola; but probably what strikes the stranger most is the unsuccessful endeavours of the Turks to efface all marks of its having been used as a place of Christian worship. The direction of the building is East & West - but as Mecca is to the South East. the worshippers face diagonally across when at prayers. And in order to prevent mistakes the floor is covered with a matting, the stripes on which are arranged in this diagonal way. In consequence of this when you look alternately to the symmetrical roof and the matting laid away - you feel an uncomfortable tendency to twist the neck on one side.



Another thing is the marking of the crosses, which were formerly placed in several parts, and which the painting and gilding has not effectually effaced. On one or two places on the roof, where it has been laid with mosaic of gilded glass, the mark of the cross is plainly visible.

In the afternoon Aitken and I sailed up to Beykdere to visit friends of the Turkish contingent but arriving too late to walk up to the heights before dark we dined & took lodging at the Inn - MB was kept awake nearly all night by the routing of a troublesome Cornopian player - who kept it up till far on in the morning to the annoyance of the natives.

17. Early in the morning walked up to the Camp and soon found the tent of O' McDowall whom I had left at Guep on my way out. The Camp is situated on the heights over the Bosphorus and is well placed for air and health. Was much amused at O' S. McFeyn a former student, who was engaged in making a medical inspection of those soldiers who were demanding discharge for some alleged physical incapacity. His Code of Signs was most original and the way he filled up his orders, per interpreter, with a running comment in broad Scotch was most irresistibly ludicrous.



We got the loan of ponies and took a ride for some miles along the brow of the heights - and had some beautiful peeps of the banks of the Bosphorus. In the evening returned to Scutari.

18. A day of shopping - laying in provisions &c. In Pera & Salata are stores of all sorts, but we preferred, those called, the English Stores & Gordon & Darlington, these being general warehouses, where the things were good and moderate in price. It was very amusing seeing the officers doing their shopping. It was not a business rapidly done. You went in, took a seat, and went about looking at the shelves for hints. Sherry, brandy, biscuits, marmalade, cheese were our purchases. We also got some Turkish wine, Broussa, in an old German merchant in a very queer little lane that led up from the pier.

We then crossed to Stamboul and made some purchases in the Great Bazaar. I purchased a silk scarf and some other Turkish things. It is a serious affair shopping in the Bazaar. I don't know a more amusing sight than to stand beside one of the many hundred stalls and watch the people buying. And when you engage in it yourself you must have a good stock of patience. For whatever formerly may have been the case,



nowadays the seller always began by asking many times more than he intended to sell his goods for, and the amount to be paid depended much on the pertinacity of the buyer. I have bought things at least at the half of what was asked at first. The dialogue was somewhat as follows. "Taking up some article I said 'Johnny! Catch enough? (how much). The merchant named a sum - and I referring to a little vocabulary - found the amount, and its value in our money. As a matter of principle I said at once 'Yok' (no). This at once showed that there was to be some higgling so he replied 'how much?' and I named about the half of what he had asked. He answered 'Yok' I then raised my offer a peg and if he remained obstinate I walked off to another stall and began as before. Usually however they did not suffer the customer to go so readily and we continued, I advancing and he coming down, till we left a debatable ground which was tedious to settle. If it was an amount of some little value, the exhibition of a sovereign or half sovereign or 5 franc piece in gold - usually settled the question. I have seen a Turk who had been higgling away at 10 piasters a bid - come promptly to the scratch by the offer of the gold. The Turks who were going about - hundreds were in the bazaar



at once - used often to stop and watch the "Inglees  
 Jummies" at their bargains. We might have lessened  
 the trouble by hiring a Dragoman to buy for us, or  
 coming to one or two Greek merchants with fixed  
 prices. *was good for doing the chopping  
 in style.* Fatigued somewhat with  
 we got a capital luncheon of arrow root-  
 made in one of the stalls.  
 curious traits of Turkish character &  
 in these excursions. In one place  
 close to the bridge of boats, are a  
 stalls where scribes sit, ready to write  
 who choose to employ them. From  
 those we saw getting that assistance  
 he able to write.  
 lled about in the shady parts of the streets  
 to no defined object, but inquisitively going  
 door, to see Turkish manners. Among  
 owner a Caravanserai or Inn, a vacant building  
 with a hearth in the centre, where any one, come  
 on a journey, can tie up his ponies or camels and  
 spread a mat for his own repose. The "bona fide  
 travellers" in the East never leave themselves at the  
 mercy of innkeepers as we know them. A very ordinary  
 person on a journey of a short distance - occupying pe-



nowadays the seller always began by asking many  
 times more than he intended to sell his goods for, and  
 the amount to be paid depended much on the per-  
 tinacity of the buyer. I have bought things at half  
 at the half of what was asked at first  
 was somewhat as follows. "Taking a  
 I said 'Johnny! catch a grouse?' (how a  
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at once - used often to stop and watch the "Ingles  
Jummies" at their bargains. We might have lessened  
the trouble by hiring a Dragoman to buy for us, or  
going to one or two Greek merchants with fixed  
prices, but it was good fun doing the chopping  
in the Turkish style. Fatigued somewhat with  
our labours we got a capital luncheon of arrow root-  
and iced lemonade in one of the stalls.

Many curious traits of Turkish character &  
habits cross one in these excursions. In one place  
near the mosque close to the bridge of boats, are a  
row of little stalls where scribes sit, ready to write  
letters for those who choose to employ them. From  
the numbers of those we saw getting that assistance  
few Turks can be able to write.

19. Strolled about in the shady parts of the streets  
of Scutari, with no defined object, but inquisitively going  
into every open door, to see Turkish manners. Among  
others a Caravanserai or Inn, a vacant building  
with a hearth in the centre, where any one, come  
on a journey, can tie up his ponies or camels and  
spread a mat for his own repose. The "bona fide  
travellers" in the East never leave themselves at the  
mercy of innkeepers as we know them. A very ordinary  
person on a journey of a short distance - occupying pe-



-haps a few days, has as many bundles with him as many a family in our country going to the coast for some months. They rarely have trunks - but huge misshapen bundles, which can be tossed about. In this they have some bedding. some clothes, of cleanly inclined which is rare, and a supply of meat, consisting of a pot of pilaff - i.e. rice boiled with some sort of grease - bread and cucumbers or melons - if they are off the beat of fruit stalls... All along the public roads are fountains whenever a spring can be found - but in many parts these are not numerous so that one can easily understand the hurry-hurry which takes place among the camels of a caravan when they approach these watering places.

So highly prized is a well of good water in or near a large city, that wealthy individuals in Turkey often leave large sums to build and endow a fountain. The endowment is to keep them in proper repair and to pay a custodian, whose duty it is to live in the building and keep the drinking cups clean, and attend to the drinkers. These fountains are among the most remarkable buildings in large Eastern cities and some of them are of most elegant design and costly finish. One close to the landing place at Senaki was much valued



by our men. There is always one beside a Mosque where the worshippers may wash their feet before entering.

Passing down one of the streets I heard a strange babel of tongues - and finding it proceeded from a top room the door of which was open, I walked in and found myself in a Turkish school. There was a large heap of tiny slippers piled at the door and across the room several forms, beside which, a large number of children were squatted. They seemed to be jabbering away much as children in a country school with us. The master an imposing looking patriarch, did not seem to notice me, but I soon attracted the attention of a few youngsters near me. By the offer of a sweetie I had in my pocket I got two or three to venture to me and they shewed me their books. I wanted much to get one and I offered them some piastres to get me one - but of course they could not. The Master now noticed me and came up. He at once knew what I was - and returned my "bono". But I did not wish to intercept his duties so I gave a few small coins to the children next me. This raised their enthusiasm to a most unexpected pitch for they set up a tremendous



shout of "Bono Johnny! Bono Ingles" and continued to cheer till I was fairly out of sight.

Another building I visited was an hospital occupied by sick Turkish soldiers. It was clean and well aired. The beds are quite close to the ground and it must be a very fatiguing thing for the surgeon to stoop down and attend to his patients. During the visit all who can raise themselves are made to sit cross legged on the bed till they are examined.

20. Dr. McDowal visited us today, on leave of absence from the Turkish contingent. In the evening had a tumbler of toddy, after G. R. I. fashion and "remembered absent friends."

21. Arthur and I crossed to Salata to get the steamer for Therapia. Waiting on the bridge of boats, which serves as a pier, many a queer scene presented itself to us. Several steamers were puffing off steam previous to starting. They lie with the stern to the pier and a narrow ladder leads to it. The bridge is guarded on each side by a low wooden rail; but outside this is a narrow path leading to the steamers. The planks of the bridge are much cut up by the constant traffic, but the flooring of the outside ledge is disgraceful. It was rotten in many



places and if you do not look to your footing you are apt to fall into the water. We saw one man put his foot through a hole and nearly disappear through the bridge. It is really in a disgraceful state.

I have before mentioned the disgraceful way the men treat women in public. It was painfully enforced on our notice in sailing up this time. The sun was scorching and a great crowd was on board. The women were jammed into the little pen at the stem till there was not standing room. The men were calmly sitting on stools in their own compartment. So crushed were the women that some were prevented entering their proper enclosure and remained standing outside the door of their pen. Not wishing to be obtrusive we remained for a while sitting on stools we had secured. At length a young woman evidently of the class of a lady, came on board accompanied by a black woman carrying a child. They had been hurried and were much fatigued. Seeing the nurse evidently worn out the lady took the child herself and the black squatted down on the deck, the men leaving the lady to stand in the sun rays carrying her child. I could not stand this, so I thrust my stool, past a group of men and said



- they knew what I meant - "if you have no politeness yourselves hand that to the lady". So she got my chair and Aitken handed his to another, much to the amusement of the "lords of the creation" who were not so civilized.

At Therapia we found Dr. Davidson who introduced us to his newly-married wife, and we were received with all that hospitality which a Scotchman can show to his countryman in "foreign parts."

In the evening returned to Pera where we dined in the Café Casino a restaurant. Dinner good, in the French style and a luxurious change from our ordinary rations... We crossed to Varna with two clean looking big Caïdjis by name Mahamet and Mustapha. In our kind of lingua franca we had some conversation with them. They always began; Inlees bono, Francais bono - Turco bono. Russe yok bono! Mahamet had been at Varna and Silistria where he had been wounded - but had a pleasing counter-recollection of having killed two Russe. We often crossed with these men afterwards. I told them I was Hakim basha (doctor) - but they seemed convinced that Aitken was a Papas (minister). And that was a standing joke when we ferried across with them, saluting Aitken with



Papas vasha.

22. To Episcopal service in chapel at 11. Ales at 3 to Presbyterian service Mr McVain preaching. Only a few present at the latter — In the evening visited Mr T Haggan convalescing from Dysentery.

23. This afternoon Atkin and I visited "Adda" or the Princes Islands, a small group in the Sea of Marmora, a favourite resort of the Greeks of Constantinople. They are five in number, in size somewhat like the Canaries, the principal one called Prinkipo. A steamer sails several times a day from Galata. On the way we met a little French boat, who told us all about them and with whom we spent the afternoon. During the sail which is about an hour and a half the passengers amuse themselves playing dominoes and drinking sherbets and smoking. At the pier was a great crowd of wives and children waiting on the Papas, much as we call them "down the water" on the Clyde. The place was in great repute when we went, every available room being let. At the Inn of Prinkipo we had to content ourselves with a shake down in the salon, but we were not displeased at this as it opened on a balcony overlooking the sea, and was cooler than the little bed chambers. After a famous dinner, we went out



to see the natives, the whole population seemed turned out to promenade. At one place a band of music was stationed, and when it got dark there was a brilliant illumination kept up with blue lights --- In getting to bed we were annoyed by the buzzing of dragon flies - ~~So~~ partly to rid ourselves of these companions partly to secure them as specimens we had a hunt and brought down several at least 3 inches long.

24. Returned to Scatari in the morning and after being knocked up we remained in doors for the day. Lawrence the man servant was very attentive to his master who was compelled to take to bed for that day and the next. Lawrence was an extra good specimen of a Maltese servant. He was thoroughly honest among a set of notorious scoundrels. He had his wife and a little child living down stairs with him. He had many curious traits of character - but was most attentive to his duties. He was not scrupulously cleanly in his person, but when dressed in his best, was a fine looking chap. He was a good cook and sometimes the stews he manufactured out of the native mutton were wonderful. Not that they were always edible, for he sometimes did them up with strange fragrant plants



which he gathered in the gardens, & which I always considered of questionable safety. He made a capital rice pudding, which we always fell back upon when his stews were too highly seasoned with the unknown herbs. He went every day to the Purveyors for meat and bread, and once a fortnight for tea, sugar, rice & salt. When I came to Athens the rations were doubled, and the means he adopted for carrying home the extra stores were simple but not choice. He came in with a face radiant with glee. "See, Sir, I bring home de rations." Of sugar, tea, salt. Where said I is the rice. "See, Sir, he is here." & taking off his straw hat he showed us the crown of it filled with rice. We roared with laughter. & not seeing the joke, <sup>he</sup> put on his hat again - to show how well he carried the rice on his head. However he was a little chagrined when we confiscated that part of the rations. .... In the matter of rations we were somewhat amused. When I arrived the civil Surgeons, paid the usual 2<sup>d</sup> pence per day, for which they got ample supply of meat, bread, tea, sugar and charcoal. Some of them thinking that by their Contract they should get free rations, made a requisition to that effect and out came a "General



Order "that the Civils were to get no rations at all. So we had to forage for ourselves. A few days after a counter order as mysteriously appeared, and from that time rations were supplied to the Civil Surgeons free of all expense.

25. Sat Some shopping in Pera & Galata. for a Colts revolver for Dr Scott which I had to sell again a few days after. he having provided himself with one in the interval. In Stamp's Street there was an al fresco market of linen and cotton goods all of Manchester make.

In the evening visited Surgeons Brebason & Knight where I met Dr Mc Donnell "en route" to Crimea from Smyrna. Met here also Mr Knight correspondent of the Morning Herald, his wife & sister in law. A strange place for ladies to be here. They seemed quite at their ease in the funny quarters they had got.

26. In the morning went over to Pera to breakfast with Mr Donnell at Mevins Hotel. While sitting in the Salon a gentleman came in who I at once recognised Mr Charles Taylor, my second cousin. Many strange rencontres take place here - Each did not know that the other was in Turkey. He was here in the capacity of J.G. (travelling agent) & had been in the Crimea a few days.



I accompanied Mr. Donnell to some shops to get stores for the Crimea and then came back for Taylor, whom I took over & showed our quarters at Scutari and then went back to Messine with him & saw him off by the steamer.

Messine is the grand hotel, where all the English go in Constantinople and the present year it was always filled. I often used to go in and take a walk up and down the hall to see if I could recognise any friends. On these occasions I sometimes noticed a curious old buck, dressed very smartly - who was to be seen for a day or two then disappeared for a time and reappeared. He afterwards found out was a British messenger.

27. Mr. Donnell visited us today previous to his departure to the Crimea.

28. Performed one of the institutions of Turkey. in other words took a Turkish bath. In warm climate where the perspiration is naturally great a bath of this sort is a great luxury. It is rather a complicated proceeding and is somewhat as follows.

Paying the entry money, I was led into a little room with a couch - the window open to admit the air - where I undressed and put on a calico robe. From this I proceeded into a large hall, heated to



considerable temperature, the atmosphere being kept moist by steam. After sitting here for some 10 minutes I perspired freely, and when one of the attendants saw that my body was bedewed, he led me into a smaller chamber, the floor of which - marble - was so hot - that I had to wear wooden clogs which are provided for the purpose. The heat here is so intense, that I at first gasped for breath but in a few seconds got reconciled to it, and then the moisture steamed from my skin in rivulets. This very copious perspiration relieved somewhat the oppression, and when I was supposed to be sufficiently softened, I was next conducted into a little recess of the room where the heat was still greater, and a slab of marble raised a little off the hot floor, itself comfortably warm served for a couch where I was made to lie down. A stream of warm water flowed over the surface of the marble and the whole chamber was filled with steam. An attendant at intervals dashed a pail of like warm water over me, so I was soon pretty well macerated. I was now fit to be operated on, and a boy came in and made a series of kneadings and manipulation of my joints, which were more amusing than pleasant. He certainly made some very odd cracks



out of my supplest joints. After exhausting the gymnastic process, he rubbed the surface of the skin in a regular way, beginning at the feet and going on to the neck. I was perfectly amazed at the peelings of scaly skin he brought off. I had taken a swim the day or two before and here he produced long rolls of black stuff that might have come off a negro. Then I was nearly drowned in a flood of warm water. Then a man came with a gigantic shaving brush like a mop and soaped me again. Then I was drenched a third time. At last I was taken out, positively half water, and left in chamber No 2 with my toga to recover breath. Another attendant brought a cup of coffee and I soon felt in a delicious state of freshness. When I cooled down I was taken into the first chamber, put on the couch, covered with soft quilts - packed well in to prevent cold and a tchibouk & sherbet handed me. I lay here for half an hour and then dressed feeling as light as a cork.

29. Thunder storm in morning. In afternoon delightfully cool & clear. Arthur & I took a caïque & sailed all round the sea wall of Stamboul. It is a very interesting structure, evidently built by the Turks out of the ruins of ancient buildings. Columns



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pilasters, arches, balustrades, urns, are all built into the wall topay-turnay - evidently the ornaments of once splendid structures. We landed at one part - but the filth and squalor were more wretched than I ever saw in Stamboul before.

On the way home I felt excessively drowsy and could not resist sleeping in the Caïque. I had felt used up all day and hoped the sail would refresh me. For some days back I had some slight premonitions of illness, but attributed it to the occasional diarrhoea of the hot season. I used to laugh at the others who wore belts or sashes wound round their waists, but a week before this while at Beykoz I was compelled to have recourse to one, which had a most beneficial effect and I wore one ever after.

30. Still sick and heavy. Wrote letters. No appetite. Had to take to bed.

31. Very feverish. Atken brought up Dr Pincoffs. There was no mistake. In for fever.... Was ordered an emetic which decided the business. If I was temperary before, the effects of the medicine drove me to bed where I remained.

From this time till the 7th of August the fever went regularly on. It was of the form called Remitting or



usually known as the "Crimean fever". I have no doubt that the seeds of it were laid that day I spent among the stench of Balaklava. I felt the first indications the day I went to Bujukdere, and at intervals they recurred. The fever was unlike any I had seen at home. Every evening about seven o'clock I felt increased uneasiness and desire to toss about bed. Then came on great heat of skin and shivering. After two or three hours I felt faintly prostrated and then during the night most profuse perspirations came on. For the first seven days I hardly ever slept - and when I did I awoke with the mind wandering. Only once was I fairly in delirium, and that of a wild kind. I remember distinctly of rising during the night in a great hurry and trying to dress, but feeling sick, began to stagger about, which awakened Sitten who soon got me quieted & put to bed. The only other indication were some very ridiculous wanderings with which I used to entertain Sitten when daylight came in. The first night or two I felt much uneasiness from lying awake all night but as I got weaker I did not feel it so much. I shall never forget the kindness of my friends, especially of Sitten, who tended me like a brother. He remained beside me every moment his duties would allow him, and sponged my hands



and feet with vinegar & water like the tenderest nurse. Dr Pincoffs at Aikens request came twice a day and was very kind, though I own most of his prescriptions went away untouched for I had no point for much medicine. Of course the rations were of no use to a sick man, so Dr Barr - the official attendant of sick officers - came to report on my case and ordered me "Sick rations" consisting of - chicken soup, fine bread - 3 bottles Soda water and 2 lbs ice per day. The ice & soda water was a great luxury of which the others partook - the neighbours sending in their wine to be iced for dinner.

In a few days a slight dysentery attack came on which helped to pull me down so much that I was quite unable to sit in bed.

On the 7<sup>th</sup> August the fever was better but left me very weak. The sun had been so hot after midday that this day Lawrence our man, carried me to the mess room at the back of the house, and laid me on the camp bed where it was much cooler. This change of room did me so much good that I was daily taken there, and soon picked up again. The fever was a short one, and though it had quickly pulled me down I soon began to recover. In three days I could make my way with Aikens arm to my



cool room. But these were weary days. It was a bare, empty room, with three white walls—the fourth being all windows, with no view. I lay on a camp bed, and, to shade the light, a blue net curtain was arranged round my head. Here I was laid at 12 o'clock, and left perfectly alone till about five, when Aiken came in to dinner. There was not an object to take up my attention, except one picture cut from the Illustrated News—“the Winner of the Derby.” I’ll not easily forget my friend “Wild Dayrell” and his rider. This had been pasted on the wall by the former occupant, and was now my daily object of view. I don’t know what I would have done had it not been for Dr Birt’s little children—Fanny and Franky—nice plump little fellows. Poor things, they were brought out to pine on the unwholesome food and air of Pentonville. They came in sometimes to see Sick Buchanan, and used to give me drinks. Dr Birt himself came in sometimes to sympathise with me; but he was an awful bore. His tongue went like a watchman’s clapper, and all about the most stupid nonsense. He argued with himself, seeing I couldn’t converse with him, so the best part of his visit was when he said good-bye.

10<sup>th</sup> A decided change for the better was



evidenced by my taking some solid nourishment. The great culinary triumph of the Eastern expedition was Aitken's manufacture of porridge. He got an earthen pot, glazed in the inside only. He got the charcoal chaffer into the bedroom, and with some meal he had got in Galata, lo! we had a plate of porridge. What a luxury to a sick man - especially a Scotchman. What visions of home. What a delight to see the "plopping" of the boiling mass. I made him draw the pot close to the side of my bed that I might see the whole affair. It was a perfect success. We never had anything else after. Aitken's porridge was known - in many quarters after that. Birt coming in next morning, while Aitken was at work, was fairly astounded at the proceeding. He said his wife was falling off her food, especially in the morning, and asked if he might let her taste some. It agreed with her well; and ever after, Dr Birt was to be seen coming up with a plate for some porridge for his wife's breakfast. This courtesy of Aitken was returned by the present of a plum pie.

B When Dr Barr called to report progress, and found that I was at the eating stage he changed my sick rations and I had half a curried fowl



Some frozen pudding and a bottle of Bass' ale instead of the former sick rations. So there was enough for Aitken also. The Curry & pudding was a pleasant change from ration mutton.

Although I was left in solitary confinement during the day, in the evening many friends used to visit me. But then Aitken was in and I was not fatigued with speaking.

One day during my illness there came the most tremendous deluge of rain I ever saw. It had been very hot  $90^{\circ}$  in shade and one of the days the Sirocco a most penetrating enervating wind, blew, when the storm of rain came and cleared the air. It was like one continuous waterfall and came in to our room through crevices in the walls and roof so that we had to have the beds pulled into the middle of the floor where they stood like islands. The country all around was flooded so that next day the country people could not come in & we had no milk to our porridge. ... *A propos* of milk, we bought it by the bottle full. I forget what we paid but it was dear. It was variable in quality like the same cornstible in our country. The Funks took a leaf from our books in various ways, adopting some of our customs wh. are least creditable.



I believe that naturally and at bottom they are an honest set of people, but the examples they got and the temptations offered for cheating, were not improving. Of course the increased demand raised the value of all sorts of commodities three or fourfold, and the sums given for eggs, fowls, butter &c were to the simple natives fabulous. But besides being in the habit of receiving prices which to them were astounding and must have somewhat confused their ideas of the relative value of money, they were shrewd enough to learn another lesson. With the increased demand came increased supply - the smart and roguish Greeks and Maltese speculating and outdoing the natives. They soon found out the system our caterers had of beating down, and experience soon shewed them that a buyer would rather take a thing which he had the pleasure of prigging down - than buy the same commodity as cheap if offered at that price at first. The result was plain, they always asked more than they intended to take, to make up for the beating down. By the time I arrived in the East, a man was considered a perfect Simpleton who would buy any article at the price asked... The natural consequence of the system is adulteration, and I need not add that the milk was duly watered. But they took no means to deny



or conceal the expedient, evidently considering it an authorised English custom. On one occasion we saw the milk undergoing the process. Our milkman sold us a bottle of milk, and no sooner had he measured out our quota than he coolly went to the well and added just as much water as he had given milk.

11. Dr. Davidson came down from Therapia to see me and invited me to come up to his delightful residence to recruit, after I had pulled up a little.

12. Sunday. Yesterday & today I had moved about the hall leaning on Aithen, my legs being very shaky, and in the cool of the evening, determined to qualify myself for getting soon to the refreshing breezes of Therapia, I took a short stroll with Aithen. Close by our house was a nice garden belonging to one of the Turk residents, and looking into the gate we saw a gardener to whom Aithen said I was a "kasta hakim" "sick doctor". He asked us to come in and we moved slowly round the walks admiring the rich flowers and eagerly inhaling the perfume, an immense luxury to me after my sick chamber. On leaving, the gardener kindly gave me a bouquet of fragrant flowers... Before turning in doors, I rested on a bench in our own garden - and our landlord from the next house came and congratulated me on my recovery.



He was a fine old Turk, and we often used to sit and smoke with him, and by dint of signs and a little "lingua franca" kept up a kind of conversation with him. He took a great interest in our doings in Victoria house, and his little boy used to come and play with Brits children. It used to amuse me much to see the weans playing at ball. They seemed to understand each other quite well and whenever at a loss, everything was made clear by the perpetual "bons journey".

13. I keep in doors during the hot hours of the day. Still I do not sleep at night, but do not feel the want of this so much having got accustomed to it. I got-habituated to watch the coming on of day break. And what a glorious sight I had to look on as the blackness gave way to the morning. The Panorama from my window was truly magnificent. When day fairly came on, about six o'clock I used to open the window at my bed-head, and laying my pillow on the sill placed my head on it, and breathed the fresh morning air, laden with the perfume of the lemon grove below. Sometimes it was quite quiet all night though or I slept an hour or two. But sometimes I was entertained by a chorus of those wretched wild dogs. Oh! the



misery of lying awake alone, when that desolate moan and howling was going on. Sometimes one solitary wailer kept up his dismal yell, but often others attracted by sympathy came, and each in turn or all at once kept on their melancholy wail.

Then the mosquitos. When the candle was put out they began. I need not describe the annoyance of these pests, but I have good reason to know what they can do to torment a sick man.

We used to hear some curious sounds in the evening. One was a very wild kind of music not far from our house. It was a Turkish band of a military station close by. Sometimes it was much harsher than others and of deafening intensity. We found out that when it was so very harsh and wild, there was a poor chap undergoing the bastinado, and the music was to drown his cries..... Then there was a patriarchal old chap who used to go about at dusk with a huge bamboo, with which he rattled on the stones. This we found was a policeman but unless we had been told, one would never have supposed that he was intended to keep the peace.

With these annoyances to imitate one, it may be imagined how I enjoyed the coolest and quietest



time of the day, early morning, with its perfect stillness, freshness and fragrance.

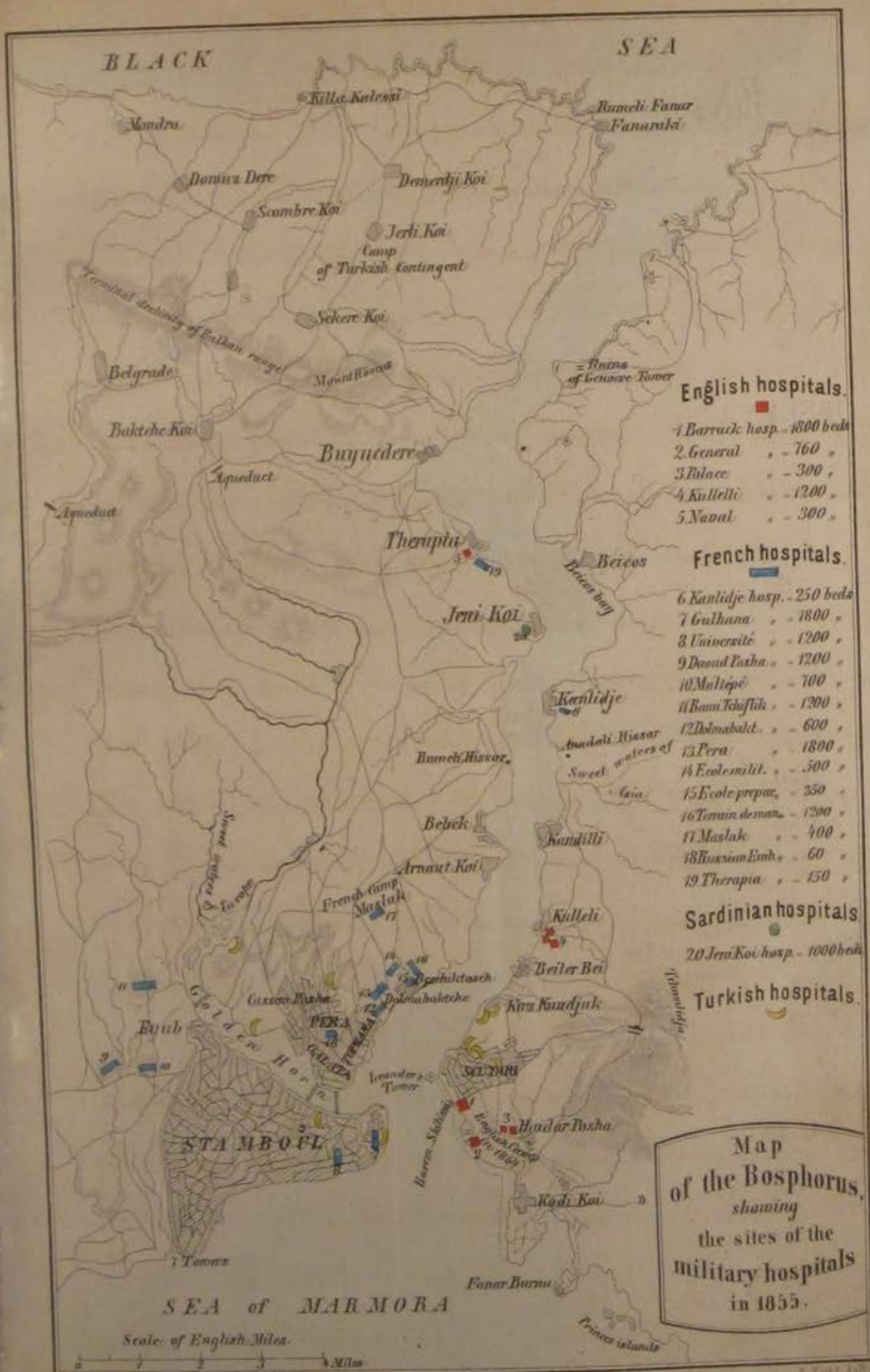
In the evening I got the length of Chaplain's house where I saw Mr Ferguson Presbyterian chaplain who had also been ill. He had some very odd & absurd notions about vegetarianism... As I required at pretty long rest, after even that short walk, it was darkish as we went home. Scutari streets are not well adapted for shaky legs, and the absence of any lamps rendered the use of a hand lantern almost necessary. When the natives go about after nightfall they carry paper lanterns. The streets are in sad dis-repair, in many places full of holes, and after rain a mass of muddy ponds.. Near the door of Miss Nightingale's house, was a well known hole of great danger as it extended half across the pathway, such as it was.

14. This evening with Dikken & Pincoffs took a sail in a caïque to the bay of Kadiköi, looking into the sea of Marmora. By the express permission of Pincoffs partook of a melon, The sail was delightful and the air invigorating.

15. Went to Therapia. Mrs Pincoffs had been ailing and was going to recruit at Büyükdere, so as it was always a fatiguing affair going over



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and waiting at Salata, we took a board Caigne to row the whole way. Nathan & Dr Pincoffs went also. It was a glorious day and we coasted up the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, The steamers go along the European side, but today we had a near view of the Rutar side. I formerly mentioned that the whole length of the banks, is studded with villages, villas, Palaces, Mosques, and cemeteries - and the endless succession of gardens with the most gorgeous flowers and fruits, urns, statue and columns, the pure white graceful Minarets rising from the massive domes of mosques, varied by the sombre but stately Cypress trees, make up a scene which cannot be properly imagined till seen. The Straits were alive with boats of all kinds. Huge French line of battle ships, steaming up into the Black Sea (they used them for want of handier transport-steamers, which we had in such numbers), our own well known Clyde built steamers with sailing vessels in tow, large Caigues like lighters, filled with passengers the passage boats of the natives, smart crack little Caigues gaudily painted private boats of the Turks, answering to our private cabs, and market boats laden with the most luscious fruits. One of these last we stopped, and bought a basket of grapes, peaches and figs.



At some parts the current running down from the Black sea is very strong. It runs with great rapidity and where any promontary projects far into the Straits the velocity is extreme. The Bosphorus is very winding, the shore being a succession of points and bays, and curiously enough where there is a bay on one side, on the opposite there is a promontary projecting out towards it. It seems as if the two sides had been forcibly separated from each other, and the waters of the Black sea allowed to flow down into the Mediterranean. In passing a promontory the current is so strong that the Caidjis are unable to row against it. Sometimes they row out into the centre, but that is a loss of time, so they usually come out and with a rope pull the boat up through the rapid, which they can easily do, as the water is quite deep close by the brink.

On arriving at Therapia Dr + Mrs Davidson gave me a hearty welcome, and Aitken returned to Scutari in the evening with Pincoffs.

I formerly (page 10) described the position of this charming village - charming for its situation. During the day the heat of the sun is moderated by a refreshing breeze which blows down from



the black sea and strikes right on the promontary on which the hospital is situated. Usually it becomes quite calm by evening but then the sun is shaded by the high hill which rises up behind the bay. It is well called the "place of health", for a more delightful residence it would be difficult to imagine. The change from the scorching heat of Lentari, which is out of the way of the sea breeze, was so invigorating that I daily gained strength. The first two or three days I strolled among the gardens of the Kiok, in the shade of the trees and was amused by the system of watering the garden, which is done by letting a stream flow from a spring into a rut, and directing it with a hoe into the various plots. a very necessary proceeding to give moisture to the vegetables, in that arid climate... In the evening Dr & Mrs Davidson and I went a walk a short way along the Bosphorus and we daily extended our walks as I grew strong. It was always a source of amusement to them to see me staggering as I came home, my knees refusing to obey my efforts to seem quite well... But I must not give all the credit to the fresh air. Above all I was here in the society of kind friends and was surrounded with all the comforts of home. Mrs Davidson



household affairs were managed in the thorough Scotch manner, and if you had dropped in, be it at breakfast, dinner or tea, you might have thought you were in Scotland instead of Turkey - barring that we dined in the lobby and had all the windows open. No wonder then that under the fostering care of my hospitable entertainers I soon gathered strength.... It was strange though that after I was able to undergo a good deal of fatigue - still the effects of the fever remained. I never tasted tea, but the perspiration broke out afresh in a most unnatural manner - and it was long before my sleep became continuous during the night - For a long time I awoke about one or two and had to change my clothes, being perfectly drenched with perspiration.

19. Sunday. Mr McKeuzie preached in the chapel of the hospital in the morning. His wife (daughter of the late Rev. Dr Chalmers) was at this hospital as lady nurse, and was one of the most useful of that devoted band of heroines. He being in delicate health had accompanied her from Scotland and the chaplain of the hospital falling ill, he had been officiating for him for a month or two. The room used as chapel was



on the ground floor of the Palace, and its windows looked out into the garden - lemon trees growing up by the window laden with yellow fruit....

Mr McKenzie read the service of the Church of England and then gave us a sermon, which in its matter, style, and earnestness of delivery was a strong contrast to anything I had heard in the East. His ministrations were much appreciated and all the English who were at Therapia used to frequent the morning service while he officiated - Lord Redcliffe was absent at that time, but Lady and family and the attachés were there - Also ~~Domville~~ ~~Pres~~ and his wife and many others.

In the afternoon we went to the wooden hospital where in the large ward, the beds were pulled into convenient position, and Mr Pyddock Chaplain from Pentaris on a visit to Therapia officiated at Mr McKenzie's invitation. His sermon was for the most part a panegyric on the efforts of the female Nurses. I believe after officiating for Mr McKenzie he took tea with that flatterer and no one would have thought that his express mission was to act as a spy and set Mr McKenzie into a snare - but that was the beginning of what we used to call the "Pyddockian Controversy."



It seems that Mr Pyddock, being of high Church views, had been greatly scandalised at hearing that Mr McKenzie a Free Church clergyman, was officiating with great acceptance at Therapia Hospital, I formerly mentioned having been present at the funeral of the lamented Capt. Lyons, on which occasion Mr McKenzie read the burial service at the grave. He had done so in the course of his duty as acting for the sick chaplain, but without communicating with Dr Davidson the Medical Superintendent, another chaplain in full Canonical presented himself to officiate. I believe he was chaplain in one of the vessels of the fleet ~~then~~ in the Porpoise. The arrangements had already been made and it was too late to interrupt them even if Dr Davidson had thought it proper to ask him to officiate. He was however present and either he or some one else had told Mr Pyddock an omission which Mr McKenzie had made in the service. For reasons which need not be detailed he left out the words "sure and certain" before "hope of the Resurrection to eternal life" in the service. This I believe was the exciting cause of the whole affair - and the supplanting the other chaplain was another element. No doubt Mr McKenzie's popularity



Admiral Grey

as a preacher, then well known at Scutari was another cause. Add to this that he had chosen as the subject of a series of sermons, certain doctrine of a controversial nature which he was handling in a very masterly style, clear and useful, but not quite in accordance with the views of the high church episcopal party. The sermon which Mr Pyddock heard seemed to have brought matters to a point for in a day or two a letter came I think to Dr Davidson protesting against Mr McKeuzie being allowed to officiate any longer. Whatever may have been his private reasons, he laid his ground of protest, on the disturbance which would be caused in the minds of devout episcopalians, at hearing the Absolution read by one who was "not to them a lawful minister" ~~Dr Davidson~~ handed the letter to Admiral Grey, who was the commanding officer on the Porpoise, and he returned an answer to Mr Pyddock which was a master piece and shut up the interfering chaplain. It was to the effect that Mr McKeuzie had not assumed the office of chaplain, but was acting with his (Admiral Grey's) permission and at his request. That he and every one at Therapia were indebted to Mr McKeuzie for his kindness and that



he would continue to avail himself of that kindness as long as there was no Naval Chaplain fit for duty. That the services were only <sup>intended</sup> for those of the Naval Service sent to Hospital at Therapsia, and that Mr Pyddock had no right there. That the residents were admitted as a favour but that if their presence was productive in any way of annoyance in future. he would require to adopt the harsh expedient of refusing them the benefit of the ministrations of the hospital Chaplain.

I believe one or two letters passed but that was the ultimatum of the Admiral which ended in the discomfiture of Mr Pyddock.

20. Dr Davidson and I hired ponies and took a ride to the Turkish Camp at Beyukdere. Being still somewhat shaky it was rather severe work at first, but after a little I got on wonderfully. The ride along the banks is beautiful - in fact to see the Bosphorus in perfection one must <sup>see</sup> it from the land as well as from the water. Just before entering the town there is a large valley where the Land Transport depot was quartered. In the middle of this plain is a magnificent oak tree, beside which as tradition has it, Godfrey de Bouillon, encamped with his Crusaders.



Buyukdere as a place of residence is as fine as Therapia. It is more frequented and gay. The Austrian, and before the war the Russian, Embassy had their Summer palaces here, and a great number of the Frank merchants had their country seats in and near the village. A large esplanade, used as a promenade in the evening, lies between the houses and the water, and a platform is erected on a pier, on which an orchestra performs. On a fine evening the place is alive with promenaders and rowers on the water, and the balconies and gardens are filled with pleasure parties... In the village and some of the outskirts are the same tumble-down, rickety, half rotten houses of all Turkish villages. I think I before stated that all the houses in Toky are built of planks, and though picturesque when freshly painted, very soon become tawdry and mean looking, if not kept in constant repair. A fire is a serious affair in these parts, and when I was there nearly the half of Kadikoi near Scutaria was destroyed in one night.

On arriving at the Camp I found my friends of the Contingent had shifted quarters and we had some difficulty in finding them out. At one officers tent where we applied for information, we certainly



were received in a manner, very dissimilar to those in H. M. pay. We found Dr. Mc Dowall at length and he showed us the Camp. Dr Davidson was immensely amused at the raw condition of the junior officers. You might have thought that a cavalry action was going on, to judge from the way, many were pounding through the Camp on ponies. True Midshipman style as he called it. The truth is that the attractions at Buzukdere were so inviting to the officers, that it was common for whole parties to be away from the Camp - so that a veto had to be put on this proceeding and now the officers were strictly cooped up in Camp - and like wild beasts in a menagerie were disposing of their superfluous energy by riding about in a frantic way but without any definite aim.

Surgeon McFeyn who had amused me so much on the former visit I found in his bell tent, with not a remnant of his smartness of a few weeks ago. The relentless dust had fairly invaded his premises and his uniform was given up to it, for as he said "it's no use lifting a brush to it, it is just as bad before you are well done cleaning it."

Returning home in the evening we found Dr Davidson with a meat tea prepared for us.



21. Being considerably shaken by the fatigue of yesterday kept near the house in the Garden. On a hill behind the house was a seat beneath an oak tree where we used to sit. It commanded a very fine view of the bay and Straits.

Dr Lisle and his sister Mr. Marrocordato called.

22. Beautiful walk among the hills behind the village. Brambles growing in the hedge rows reminded me of home. Reminded Dr & Mrs D. by recollecting ~~Hay! Bob, black boys -~~ (Crocker's alley.)

In the afternoon had an amusing rencontre. After dinner Davidson used to visit the hospital and I feeling tired, was left to take a nap on the divan in the sitting room, the breeze from the water blowing into the room. As I went about some household affairs, and no one used to come to visit at that hour. I, then, coiled up in a corner of the divan, was snoozing most soundly, when I was awakened by the door being flung open, and before I could uncoil & get up, the sailor boy in waiting, with a loud voice announced "Lady Houston Stewart." Being a little dazed, I got up rubbed & tried to open my eyes, and faced to her ladyship, but Mr Davidson coming in at that moment did the honours of the house. I was



amused at the conversation of the Admiral's Lady, the object of her call being to ask Dr Davidson to unite with her in resisting the exorbitant demands of a rascals Greek washerman.

23 Dr G. McLeod having been ill in the Crimea came to the inn at Therapia for a few days to recruit. Had a walk with him in the country behind the town.

In the evening Dr & Mrs Davidson and I, with Dr & Mrs Dalby of the hospital had a walk in the gardens and grounds in the moonlight. It was a magnificent scene.

24. Took tea with Dr & Mrs Dalby at their house in the palace gardens, yecept "the den". There was an anxious consultation as to what was to be done with a lady nurse, who proving quite unfit for the duty she had undertaken, had been sent home. On arrival in England thinking she had been too severely dealt with, she had taken a passage out again and was expected in a few days - I afterwards learned that Dr Dr, refusing to receive her in the hospital, had referred her to the Admiral, who immediately on her arrival, shipped her back again.

26. Sunday. To chapel to hear Mr McKenzie. Dr Dutton came to stay at the inn till Monday. He took a fit of indigestion & got medicine at the hospital. Sat with him in the inn in the evening.



27. We had a tea party at Dr Davidson's. Dr & Mrs Dalby, Mr & Mrs McKearie. (Mem. Mrs Davidson resisted my endeavours to put Cust. Ammon. into the cake, she had baked, and it did not rise.)

28. Having now gained strength and vigour, I took leave of my hospitable entertainers, and Dr Davidson accompanied me to Scutari. We went down in the Admiralty steamer, with Admiral Grey. He had been ailing a little and at Dr Davidson's recommendation had come to stay at Therapia in the flag ship moored in Beicos bay.

29. Atiken and I squared our complicated accounts in Piaster. Then across to Pera & Galata to complete my purchases of stores for Dardanelles, where I had the prospect of passing the winter. In crossing back to Scutari boarded a ship, from Ormuz where Atiken knew about the mate, and we succeeded in carrying off some genuine whiskey, which we converted into toddy at night.

30. Started in the Messagerie Imperiale Steamer "Linai" for Dardanelles. Before getting tickets we had a bother running about passports. We should have had three sets, English, Turkish firman, & French. We had only time to get the English, but Atiken helped me & Mr. Lee who was going to Smyrna, by speaking



to the clerk in the Steamer Office with whom he was acquainted... We started about seven pm.

31. We had a great many passengers, most sick or wounded officers in the French army invalided home - Also the Queens messenger I had often seen at Messorie taking British mail bags to Marseilles or Malta. One of the Smyrna Staff, Mr Mc-Donnell purveyor, was amusing. He was sick in various ways - He was recovering from an illness and he was love sick. He had fallen in love with one of the Smyrna beauties Miss Lauder daughter of the Consul - who had the credit of turning several of the young fellows heads. She was on a visit to her uncle Mr <sup>Calvert</sup> ~~Robert~~ Consul at Dardanelles and Mr Mc-Donnell was going there with the avowed intention of proposing for her. He had not much hope of a favourable reception and was preparing for a miserable retreat. The first thing I heard in the morning was the sound of a piano, and peeping into the Saloon, I saw the youth seated and perseveringly practising the song "He hang my harp on the willow tree".

Arriving off Dardanelles at mid-day, I got ashore in a boat and found Mr Cowan and Mr Mauncler waiting for me at the landing place with ponies.



*See Holmes Post and News 1st Nov 2d*



RETURN OF FRENCH TROOPS FROM THE CRIMEA—A MUSSULMAN AT HIS DEVOTIONS.—(SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.)

*of great hardship out no great reward. They wear curious Calico robes and when at the full stop, great steamers of cloth float behind them. They have a*



## Imperial Parliament.

MONDAY, MAY 19.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

## GENERAL WALKER AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

The Earl of CLARENDON, in answer to a question from the Earl of Elgin, that some time after the attack of Walker on Nicaragua, the Government of Costa Rica applied to the English Government for assistance. It was suggested that England should take the protectorate of those countries. The offer declined; the English Government being determined to have nothing to do with the affairs of Central America. All the Government had done was to send a coast guard force, just sufficient to afford due protection to British ships and their property. The agent for Costa Rica then stated that Government did to oppose Walker, but that it had no arms; the agent, having no credit in country, could not himself purchase them; he therefore asked whether the War Department could not furnish him with a supply. This was not needed. Since Walker took possession of Nicaragua, he had seized a good deal of its property, by the form of forced loans. From a despatch from Mr. Pakenham, dated the 13th of March, it appeared that the United States Government regretted the state of things in Nicaragua, and was as anxious as the British Government to see Walker rooted out; and the Earl of Clarendon thought could be no better mode of effecting this than that the American and British Governments should combine for the purpose.

## THE CIRCASSIANS.

The Earl of CLARENDON also, in reply to the Earl of Malmesbury, said it quite true a deputation of Circassians had made a representation to the Government, in which they called on the Allies to protect their independence, but the English Government had not received any document, except a letter from some Circassian chiefs to the Queen. The spokesman of this deputation was an individual who was not a Circassian at all, and who, during the interview, had shown himself anything but friendly to the Allies.

## INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.

The Earl of ALBEMARLE moved for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the administration of the Indian empire. The Noble Earl supported the motion by some prolonged comments upon the anomalous conditions and results with which the existing government of India was now confronted.

Mr. GRANVILLE opposed the motion, which, after some further remarks from the Earl of Ellenborough, was negatived without a division.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE BANDS IN THE PARKS.

In reply to Mr. Otway, Lord PALMERSTON stated that only the performances of military bands in the metropolitan parks would cease; the prohibition would extend to similar exhibitions in garrisons or other towns in the provinces.

## WAYS AND MEANS.

House having resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means, Mr. CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER made his financial statement. Reverting to the expenditure of the past year, he cited the balance-sheet lately printed, which showed that the total outlay in the twelve months ending on the 1st of March last had been £88,428,000, while the revenue from taxation had amounted to £65,704,000, showing a deficit of £22,724,000. During that year, a sum of £26,478,000 had been borrowed, partly by loans in consols, and partly by Exchequer bills and bonds, with the effect of not merely providing for the deficit in the year's revenue, but also of augmenting the treasury resources. At the beginning of the financial year it stood at £3,942,000, and had increased at the end of it to £5,600,000. With respect to the cost of the war, Mr. Lewis instituted a comparison between the expenditure and income of the years of peace, as contrasted with that of the period which had elapsed since the outbreak of hostilities. In the two years, 1852-3 and 1853-4, the amount derived from all sources of revenue had been £108,018,000, which had satisfied demands and left a surplus of about £5,216,000. In the past two years of 1854-5 and 1855-6, £125,200,000 had been realised from the taxes, showing an increase of £2,000 beyond the previous revenue; which augmentation, in addition to various accruing surpluses, and a sum of £33,000,000 of borrowed money, were swallowed up by the expenses of the contest. The estimated outlay on account of the war, and in anticipation of another campaign during the next twelvemonth, was £34,500,000. The war altogether, therefore, had cost £77,558,000. Of this large expenditure, he reminded the House a considerable portion was represented by a permanent result in an improved and navy, and in arsenals amply stocked with munitions of war. Passing the anticipated outlay and income of the current year, the Chancellor

complicated machinery would be constructed for an insufficient result. He denounced the injustice that denied to a wife the right of proceeding against the husband, except in a special case; and moved that the bill be referred to a select committee.

Lord BROUGHAM seconded the motion; the evils to be met required a larger remedy than this bill. The present principle by which they were met, that the husband almost as a matter of course, and equally as a course refused it to the wife, was repugnant to the sense of justice. It was carried with Lord Lyndhurst that the measure would rather make the state of the law worse, than improve it.

Lord HENDERDALE deprecated any interference with what had been the policy of England from the introduction of Christianity. Much of the happiness depended on the feeling that the bond could not be dissolved.

The Earl of CLARENDON supported the bill. The Lord Chancellor, after a brief reply, consented to adopt the motion of Lord Lyndhurst, and the bill was ordered to be referred to a select committee.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE SEPARATE TREATY.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to the Marquis of Granby, said that he concluded between England, France, and Austria, was that which had been upon the table.

## THE BALLOT.

Mr. H. BERKELEY repeated his annual motion for leave to introduce a bill to take votes by way of ballot; or, in his own words, he renewed his motion to the House to permit him to pass a measure to extricate the electors of Britain and Ireland from the state of humiliation and degradation into which they were plunged by the instrumentality of open voting. He described, in a vein of sarcastic humour, the present position of the ballot, he proceeded to grapple with the various arguments which he had seen recorded in opposition to it, contending that open voting, as far as serving the electoral trust, led to its direct breach; that intimidation, the evil of the existing system, could only be cured by the ballot; that to open voting, and intimidation would collapse and die. In support of this, Mr. Berkeley employed ridicule as well as reasoning, appealing to facts and examples in both America and England.

Mr. PEACOCK, in opposition to the motion, observed that Mr. Berkeley had not adduced a single instance of intimidation. He was bound to show that the ballot would protect the honest and conscientious voter, whereas he (Peacock) contended that this was precisely the class to which it would afford no protection; and that it would protect only the liar, the hypocrite, and the whole it would, in his opinion, open a door to an extensive system of fraud.

After a few words in explanation rather than reply, from Mr. Berkeley, the House went at once to a division, when the motion was negatived by 151.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PATRONAGE.

Mr. J. G. PHILLIMORE sought leave to introduce a bill to take away from archbishops, bishops, and other ecclesiastical persons in England and Wales the power of appointing judges or chancellors, and to vest such powers in the Chancellor.

The SOLICITOR GENERAL approved of the object which the measure sought to accomplish, and, without pledging himself as to its details, gave his consent to the introduction of the bill.

Some further discussion ensued, in which Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord PALMERSTON, Mr. MALINS, Mr. WATSON, and other Members took part, and leave was given to bring in the bill.

Mr. COWPER obtained leave to introduce a bill to amend the Public Act. The measure, as the Hon. Member explained, was designed to correct certain ambiguities contained in the existing statute, to enlarge the powers conferred, and accomplish some further improvements in its working details.

Mr. PELLATI obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the law of interest for debt.

PHOTOGRAPHY UNDER WATER.—In a late number of the "Journal of the Society of Arts," a Mr. W. Thompson gives an account of the means he adopted for taking a photograph of the bottom of the sea, in Weymouth Bay, at a depth of three fathoms. It appears that the camera was placed in a box, with a plate in front, and a movable shutter to be drawn up when the camera was sunk to the bottom. The camera being focussed in this box on land for objects in the ground, at about ten yards or other suitable distance, was let down from the top of the sea, carrying with it the collodion plate, prepared in the ordinary way. When at the bottom, the shutter of the box was raised, and the plate was thus exposed for about ten minutes. The box was then drawn

Arriving off Dardanelles at mid-day, I got ashore in a boat and found Mr. Cowan and Mr. Maunders waiting for me at the landing place with ponies.



Mr Holmes Cote was leaving by the Steamer and they had come with him to meet me. I deposited my baggage at the house of a Mr Murescho, of whom more anon, and then we set off for Reukioi.

The man Gibson who had been at Candia house was there attending to the bestial and as there were more ponies than riders we had to adopt a rather curious way of proceeding. Cowan and I rode first. Gibson came second with two ponies in tow, the head of one tied to the tail of the one in front. Maumder brought up the rear with a long whip to touch up the led horses. The streets of Dardanelles being like all Turkish streets were narrow, and as it was market day were much thronged, so that sometimes it was no easy thing for the Cavalcade to move along. Besides that some boisterous Bashi-Bazouks were inclined to stop the passage. However by perseverance we got on.

The Bashi-Bazouks - otherwise called, Beaton's irregular horse - were the wildest and most irregular Troops ever enrolled. They are something like Bedouin Arabs, mounted on ponies of great hardihood but no great beauty. They wear curious Calico robes and when at the gallop, great streamers of cloth float behind them. They have a



great shawl-like girdle round the waist containing "A belly full of weapons". Pistols - daggers and knife - A scimeter hangs at the side and most have a rifle slung at their back. They are all swarthy in colour and are fierce looking chaps. A few weeks before I arrived they had broken all restraint of the Camp and in parties were marauding about the Country - Coming even to the British hospital and threatening the stores, so much so that Major Lowe with a party of soldiers from Scutari were sent to keep guard at Renkioi. During the <sup>time of</sup> expected invasion the Medical Officer had to take night about of keeping watch. Hence the demand for Colts revolvers - The attack was never made & order had been somewhat restored.

The way to the hospital was along the shore of the Straits. and just after leaving the village the best road is along the sand - where the water has partially wet the beach. It is strewn with sponges. Here it is delightful riding, the ground being pleasant for the horses feet. About two miles down, the road leaves the beach and crosses a gentle dune covered with brushwood about two or three feet high. There is no made road, as there are no wheeled conveyances - and all the indication



and seamen of the two squadrons. It is to this good understanding that the Minister of Marine, like their Lordships, more especially attributes the success which has crowned all the maritime operations undertaken in concert by the combined naval forces. The Minister of Marine begs me to address to you, as well as to the officers and crews under your orders, the expression of his gratitude for your cordial co-operation. The Minister charges me, at the same time, to express to you the hope, founded principally on your character, that the good relations so happily established between the *personnel* of the two squadrons, and now cemented by reciprocal esteem, will subsist with the officer who is to succeed me in the command of the naval forces of his Majesty in the Black Sea.

I consider it, my dear colleague, the most agreeable duty that I could have to fulfil, to unite to the congratulations of the Minister of Marine my personal thanks, and the expression of my gratitude for the frank and cordial co-operation you have constantly afforded me. Be kind enough, my dear colleague, to be the interpreter of my feelings to the officers and crews of your squadron. I shall always identify myself with their successes, and shall never forget the glorious part they took in those we obtained in common. Be kind enough, also, my dear colleague, to accept, in conjunction with my gallant friend, Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, the assurance of my most affectionate and devoted sentiments. Accept, &c.,

BRUAT, the Admiral Commanding-in-Chief.

#### THE COMING CAMPAIGN ON THE PRUTH.

A RUMOUR has oozed out at Constantinople, in the Galata suburb, where most of the emigrants reside, that the English, French, and Turkish military authorities, now at the Tchernaya, have drawn up and settled their plan of campaign for the year 1856. All the cavalry of the Allies, two Anglo-French army corps, the Turkish *Ordu* in Silistria, and the reserve at Shumla, mustering 60,000 strong, are to advance on the Pruth in the month of March or April next, and transfer the seat of war to Bessarabia. In the Crimea the Allies mean to act strictly on the defensive, and it will only be at Eupatoria that a force will be kept in readiness, to act in case of need. This plan is decidedly no Utopian dream of the emigrants, since the Pontic generals cannot possibly think of again limiting the contest to the Crimea for the year 1856. On the contrary, they must be devising how to commence their operations, so as to occupy with the least loss of time the most important line of attack and defence possessed by the Russians—the right bank of the Pruth. Whether the Russians will be able, in the course of this winter, to bring up fresh forces to Kisheneff remains to be seen. In the winter ending 1852, and ushering in 1853, they most certainly did bring up troops while the ground was covered with ice and snow.—*Augsburg Gazette*.

#### THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN FINLAND.

THE "Augsburg Gazette," discussing the rumours of an alliance between Sweden and the Western Powers, volunteers the following numerical statement of the forces collected by Russia in Finland and St. Petersburg: "Of good troops, Russia has in the northern provinces: The first division of Grenadiers, with the battalion of Chasseurs-Carabinciers, in all 14,000 men; six reserve regiments of Grenadiers, each 3,000 strong, in all 18,000 men; 22 Finnish battalions of the line, at 600 each, in all 13,200 men (the number of these battalions increases every day); three Finnish battalions of Chasseurs under General Ramsay, at 1,000 each, in all 3,000 men. There are, besides, 3,000 men of the naval crews, and the number of batteries corresponding with these divisions. Thus Finland is defended by an army of the best troops more than 50,000 strong, distributed throughout the chain of fortresses that line the coast. But General Arbusoff has under his orders at St. Petersburg an army of 120,000 men, together with the excellent reserves of the Guard. The troops of the infantry corps of the Guard and of the 1st Infantry corps, with the reserves, occupy Revel and Courland. In case of attack, Russia is able to concentrate on the point threatened by Sweden imposing forces, in estimating the amount of which we have taken into account neither the 100,000 men of the militia nor the irregular troops. In this state of things, an offensive war on the part of Sweden against Russia, armed with so considerable a defensive power, presents no chance of success, and ought not to be placed in the category of probably eventualities."

NICOLAIEFF AS IT IS.—Nicolaieff possesses twelve dockyards, six for ships of the line and six for smaller vessels; also immense arsenals, and almost exhaustless materials for shipbuilding. It employs 600 workmen in ordinary times, and 12,000 on occasions of emergency. At present, however, the number, according to German accounts, is not less than 27,000.





great shawl-like girdling "A belly full of weapons - A scimeter hanging have a rifle slung at swarthy in colour and A few weeks before I a restraint of the Camp anding about the Corn British hospital and to much so that Major from Scutari were sent During the <sup>time of</sup> expected I had to take night about the demand for Colts never made & order

The way to the head of the Straits. and just at the best road is along the bank partially wet the beach & sponges. Here it is delightful being pleasant for the miles down, the road is a gentle hill covered with or three feet high. There are no wheeled conveyances







BASHI-BAZOUKS.



of taking measures which may seriously occupy the Cabinet of Sultan, during the residence of Admiral Bruat at Constantinople, and him with a sword of honour, and gave several splendid entertainments which the Admiral was the special guest.

### INDIA AND CHINA.

Indian Mail, which left Alexandria on Nov. 21, brings intelligence to Oct. 22, from Bombay to Nov. 2, and from Hong Kong to Oct. 22, that the rebels were still in rebellion.

Business had fallen in the Bombay presidency. Business was suspended on account of the holidays.

China we learn that the imperialists have been defeated by the near Chin-Keang-Foo.

## The War.

### OPERATIONS IN THE CRIMEA.

#### COUNCIL OF WAR AT SEBASTOPOL.

Following letter, dated Kamiesch, the 6th ult., states that "the presence of Admiral Bruat had arrived, and is to take on board the *Imard*, which is returning to France. The presence of that naval officer imparted extraordinary activity to our roads. On the morning of the 6th the Admiral came ashore, and immediately left for headquarters, with officers of his staff. Admiral Lyons also landed at an early hour on the *Hannibal*, and waited upon General Simpson. All subsequent in the house of the Marshal, who highly complimented his officers of the navy on the result of the brilliant expedition to Kinburn. Breakfast was followed by a council of war. This fact, which was not generally known, gave some credit to a report circulated on the arrival of the squadron, namely, that a new expedition was contemplated. I am inclined to believe that such an expedition was intended, for the purpose of destroying some extensive provision stores belonging to the Russians, and making a diversion on his left; but it was afterwards abandoned."

#### DOINGS OF THE FRENCH AND SARDINIANS AT SEBASTOPOL.

Our letter from Kamiesch, of the 6th ult., says:—"Our position at the city has not changed. The city and the northern forts continue to be shelled. The fire of the Russians is more active than ours. In the vigilance of the enemy, our daring seamen often play tricks on them. Under cover of the darkness, boats enter the roads of Sebastopol, and survey the opposite coast. They also silently raise the masts of the sunken ships, which alone appear above the surface of the water, and examine their position. From the masts of one of these boats floated the Russian flag, forgotten, no doubt, in the precipitate flight of the crew. Officers and men more than once determined on laying a mine; but the ship was lying nearly in the centre of the roads, and was protected by the enemy's guns. The attempts made during the nights of October, had been unsuccessful, on account of the vigilance of the Russians, at the least stir, pouring in that direction a shower of projectiles, which rendered the operations, if not impossible, at least dangerous. Finally, some nights ago, the attempt succeeded. The Russian colours were removed, and presented to the Admiral. The Russian ships on the *Tchernaya* is constantly kept on the *qui vive*, expecting to be attacked by the Russians, who are in no hurry to descend from the heights. The general opinion, however, is that they cannot reach the plateaus of Mackenzie and Belbek. The French and Sardinian posts continually exchange shots with those of the enemy. A possible understanding exists between the Sardinian troops and

#### WHAT THE ENGLISH ARE DOING.

The English are now executing stupendous works. Any person who speaks of the evacuation of the Crimea would be laughed at. Evidently no such intention on the part of the Allies, for why should the English be constructing magnificent roads, building a new town in the neighbourhood of Balaclava, repairing part of the

(Grass) is 128, that of iron guns, 3,711; total, 3,839. It is impossible to fix their value immediately, in consequence of the want of sufficient information and of the necessity of employing the defence of the place. The Commission then passed on to the other matériel taken, and divided them into three parts, two and one-third for England, with the understanding that the quantity and quality found in the magazines having been examined, were for the use of the allied armies, and it was decided that they should be sent to Eupatoria, for the support of the Tartars, to whom the assistance, and the French Intendance is charged with that

#### ANOTHER BOMBARDMENT AT SEBASTOPOL EX.

In the course of a communication which appears in the *Général*, of Vienna, after an account of the new battery on the south side of Sebastopol, it is said:—"The English and the French are agreed upon this point, that the fire against the city should commence at the end of the month of November."

#### THE EXPEDITIONARY CORPS AT EUPATORIA.

Marshal Pelissier, in his recent report to the French Government, gives the following account of a successful *coup-de-main* of the 3rd of November by the expeditionary corps of Eupatoria, under the command of General d'Allonville:—

"General d'Allonville having received information that the Russians were destined for the use of the Russian army, were collected in eight leagues north of Eupatoria, attempted to capture them, which perfectly succeeded."

"With this object in view, he sent in the direction of Ali Pacha, commander of the Ottoman cavalry, with the some Turkish squadrons, as well as two French and two English troops, to support the operation."

"The English cavalry brigade advanced on Djollach, the brigade on Tioumen; De Failly's division, formerly the reposition between Orta-Mama and Schiban."

"Meantime General Ali Pacha advanced on El-Toch, with a few Cossacks, who fled on his approach, although supported by some squadrons."

"At 5 p.m. Ali Pacha sent word to General d'Allonville that the operation had succeeded; and at 9 o'clock he returned to Eupatoria with him 270 oxen, 3,450 sheep, 50 horses, 10 camels, and captured from the Russians."

### THE WAR IN ASIA.

A RECENT letter from Trebizond states that the Russian troops are hutting themselves, which would seem to denote a determination to continue the blockade.

It is stated that the garrison of Kars has received some reinforcements intended for the Russian army. The conductors allowed themselves to be bribed, and for a certain sum consented to deliver up to the Turks what was intended for the Russian army.

According to the last accounts, says the *Moniteur*, Omar Pacha is preparing a battle. General Mouravieff had detached a division of his army, which was advancing by forced marches on Kutais, to try and cut off this detachment. Early in the month the Osurgelhi. The Commander-in-Chief bade them meet him at the theatre of some important engagement, as the Russians prefer intrenching themselves in the defiles which lead to Tiflis.

"There are grounds for believing," says the *Post*, "that the despatch, stating that the army of General Mouravieff had been driven into Georgia, is correct. The fact that only a few Georgian militia have hitherto opposed the progress of Omar Pacha, the weakness of the Russians, and discovers the imperative which compels General Mouravieff to raise the siege of Kars, and expose himself to the interruption of his communications, to himself, and the risk of a capitulation. The great victory which shattered the main body of the Russians, that it is doubtful if many as 15,000 men remain under the orders of General Mouravieff. Under these circumstances, we hope soon to receive the



that it is a highway is a path like a sheep track sufficiently clear for a horse or Camel. The bushes seriously interfered with the progress of the led horses which began to get a little skeigh and it took the assistance of all the riders to manage them. They however soon took the law in their own keeping - for letting up a prancing they at last broke loose and scampered away over the hill. and then there was nothing for it but a chase. The brutes seemed to enjoy the fun, and Cowan Maumder and I as well as the man Gibson were tearing away among the brushwood after them. At last their trappings got caught in the bushes and they were secured safely and led as before. This took up so much time that dinner was just finishing as we got to the hospital. I was at once led to the mess room a wooden building 50 ft long where I was introduced to Dr Parker and had some dinner. In the evening got into Dr Scott's quarters - at present in the Crimea on a visit - and began to make arrangements for my winter's residence.

Mr Piggot-purveyor came down in a boat with the mail in the evening and brought my portmanteau. The hospital was only partially finished and not yet occupied by patients. None had been sent there.



The second civil hospital in the East was placed under the superintendence of Dr. Parkes, to whom, in conjunction with Mr. Brunton, C.E., was intrusted the task of selecting a site. It was thought desirable that this should be on the shores of the Bosphorus; but a careful survey of that sea, and of other localities in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, such as the Princes' Islands, failed to discover an eligible position. Eventually, an admirable site was selected on the shores of the Dardanelles, about a mile and a half from the village of Renkioi, and about seven from the town of the Dardanelles. The ground selected consists of a very level piece of land projecting into the sea, with a bay on either side, so that there is a constant exposure to the prevalent winds, and a safe anchorage, from whatever direction the breeze may blow. The hospital huts to be erected on this site were designed by Mr. Bennet, and the woodwork and all the appurtenances sent out from England. In the month of May the work was commenced, and, notwithstanding many delays and disadvantages arising from circumstances beyond control, there will be, by the time this appears in print, accommodation for at least 1000 men. The huts are placed parallel to the straits, in two lines, the interval between those of the eastmost line being greater than that between the other. A covered corridor connects the two rows. Each hut is 101 feet long, and 40 feet in breadth. It is divided down the centre by a partial partition, similar to that in the sheds of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary. The walls are whitewashed externally and internally, and the roof covered with felt, over which again is a layer of highly polished tin; the object of which is, by reflecting the sun's rays, to diminish the heat. There is also a very ingenious contrivance for ventilating the huts by means of wooden tubes placed beneath the flooring, in which there are communicating apertures. At one end of the huts are rooms for the orderlies and the medical officer, and baths, and at the other, admirable privies and lavatories. In short, the arrangements made for the comfort of the patients, and for the maintenance of cleanliness, and of a due supply of pure air, are perfect. Each hut contains 50 beds, and the entire charge of it is committed to one medical officer. The dispensaries and other offices are complete and commodious. The kitchens and wash-houses are of corrugated iron. The medical staff consists, in addition to the superintendent, of 24 physicians and surgeons. Three of these are senior to the others, and have each the supervision of a division of 10 huts, or 500 patients; the accommodation for which the present staff was nominated, amounting to 1500 men. The residences of the staff are wooden houses situated at some distance from the sea, but in the line of the huts, and a large mess-house for their use has also been erected. The remaining buildings of this colony are houses for the nurses, orderlies, and for stores. A very important element in selecting an hospital site is the quantity and quality of the water. From springs on the hills behind the Renkioi hospital, an abundant supply of pure water has been obtained. The salubrity of the locality is generally acknowledged by residents; and the experience of the last four months, during which English artizans have been working for twelve hours daily, often under a powerful sun (the thermometer in the shade ranging from 81° to 95°), confirms the information derived from other sources. The supplies are principally obtained from the town of the Dardanelles; but poultry is abundant in the neighbourhood. Vegetables are procured from the plains of Troy, distant about 7 miles. The great disadvantage of the site is undoubtedly its distance from the seat of war. The average passage of a steamer from Constantinople is about 17 hours, so that this has to be superadded to the voyage from Balaklava to Scutari. But it may fairly be questioned, whether much or any additional injury can be done to an invalid by protracting his voyage a few hours in a calm sea, if the transport be comfortable. The landing at Scutari, and the conveyance of the sick to its hospitals, is a tedious and fatiguing matter. At Renkioi they will be easily and expeditiously conveyed to the wards. In winter, the transport of supplies may be a matter of some difficulty, and the exposure to the wind, so refreshing during the rest of the war, may turn out a serious evil. But, on the whole, the *locale* of the hospital appears to have been judiciously selected, and bids fair to prove successful. It is now resolved by the Home authorities to increase the accommodation to 3000. The arrangements which will be made for this augmentation are not yet known. — Private Letter, dated Renkioi, Dardanelles, 20th August, 1855.

There is no up in effect of the Dardanelles

to Coran in the Dardanelles



1<sup>st</sup> September. Spent the morning in examining the hospital as described in previous page. The whole promontary on which it stands was strewed with planks and pipes. for the remaining portion to be built and workmen, British, Greek and Turkish were bustling about. The officers' quarters were not all finished and some of the medical staff occupied one of the wooden ward houses.

In the afternoon Cowan, Maumder & I went for a ride in the vicinity. We rode to the village Renkioi from which the hospital took its name, distant about two miles. The road lay over the hill behind the buildings, a simple path like that we had come the day before. On getting to the heights we had a fine view of the hospital on its promontary, and of the straits of Dardanelles, here about three miles wide. About 3 miles above the Castle of Dardanelles stands the point of Abydos jutting out into the Strait, where Xerxes attached his bridge of boats, and where Leander and Lord Byron swam across. The distance between the point and the opposite shore is more than a mile, but the swimmer must have gone double that distance the force of the current carrying him down... Renkioi is a village of no note occupied by Greeks, of an inferior sort, who at present



were in great prosperity, owing the demand for stores, for the hospital. Many of them, especially those affected with diseases of the eyes were taking advantage of the British Surgeons, and the village was a capital field for practice to our Staff while waiting for official duty. We visited one on the sick list. He was the son of a gardener engaged in one of the numerous vineyards which lie on all sides around Reukioi. Mambu, who was his attendant thus acquired the privilege of eating grapes ad libitum and on the way we rested at this, afterwards known as "Mambu's Vineyard" and entering, gathered bunches of grapes of enormous size and most delicious. I never eat such loads of grapes. They were just at perfection. One of the gardener's assistants seeing our horses tied up brought some water melons which he gave to the animals for a drink. This will give some idea of the abundance and cheapness of these luscious fruits.

Returning at sunset the panorama which was spread out before us was most gorgeous. From the heights we saw away out into the Aegean Sea. In the distance the sun was sinking behind Mount Athos, which was cut sharply out against the golden sky.



13 2<sup>nd</sup>. This being Sunday, service was performed in the hospital in one of the wards. Dr Parkes read the morning service - and Mr Brumton read us a sermon out of the Edinburgh Christian Magazine.

In the evening Cowan and I sat in Brumton's hut, an isolated wooden house, a quarter of a mile from our quarters. It was built beside the pier in order that he might superintend the unloading of the vessels. He was a very pleasant man & we went afterwards in the evenings to have coffee. Dr Robertson, formerly of Edinburgh, lived in the same building. He smoked endless tobacco and it was edifying to see the readiness of M. Jiro Brumton's clerk, in filling & lighting the pipes.

3<sup>rd</sup>. The daily routine at Reukioi was as follows. At nine we breakfasted. We were expected to find amusement and occupation for ourselves. Most kept ponies - some rode about on foot exploring the environs. Cowan & Maunaber & Dr Scott had a joint stock stable and groom who rejoiced in the name of Apostolo - a peck boy. I got the use of Scott's pony in his absence. At four we dined. Dr Robertson & Goodene the Head Physicians took alternately one end of the table. At the other, week about, the other medical men.



The wives of the married men appeared at dinner Mrs Parker, Mr Goodere and Mrs Hales. Half a dozen men servants waited and they were expected to wait chiefly on their masters. The dinner was excellent - Soup - portion of poultry Mutton & lots of grapes and Melons - A limited supply of Marsala wine was placed on the table and beer was supplied to order. At eight we had tea with the remains of the meat left at dinner - the debris of the fowls collected into a "Giblet pie".

When the staff was first constituted, a certain number of men servants were engaged, and Dr Christison Jun. of Edinburgh brought out three for nine of the Medical men, of whom Cowan was one. Cowan had already given his three months notice of his intention to return home, so from the 1st of October Gibson, before mentioned, was the my servant. In the meantime while Scott was away Gibson who also served him waited on me. The first night of my arrival Cowan & Pigott & I had a term of brandy toddy, and afterwards Gibson recognising the Scotch Customs came every night about 10 and asked if we wanted our boiling water.



About 6 pm when the heat of the day was moderated we bathed in the Dardanelles - on a delightful sandy beach.

4. After breakfast Cowan Maundu & I got a package of cold meat & bread and started for a days ride. We passed through the village of Reukivori and continued for about six miles down the straits keeping inland. We passed through another little fresh village and then got on the hills behind. The cultivation is rather scanty but - when proper care is paid to the soil the crops of vines, melons and vegetables are very rich. There are plantings of wood and many old trees. In some of the fields we saw herds or flocks of ponies. On the top of one of the heights we called a halt to bivouack. The view from this point was charming commanding the sea on one side - inland the undulating country and away to the west was spread out at our feet the large plain of Troy, dotted with hillocks and intersected by one or two streams or rather beds of rivers; one probably the Scamander. We made a comfortable picnic and returned. (Then that I was nearly caught like Absalom, my pony taking me under a tree & not taking heed of the branches was dismounted)



Also on the way home had some difficulty in passing on the narrow path a Caravan of Camels on their way to Smyrna. They were at a roadside watering place and there was a great skirmish to get at the water.

5. Staid about the hospital grounds and inspected the works - Had a visit from two Captains of vessels lying at the Mouth of the Dardanelles. They had made the voyage to this point in the ordinary time but were windbound there. The current in the Dardanelles is so strong that unless the wind is fair no vessel can get up. During Summer & Autumn the prevailing wind is with the current and these vessels had to lie three weeks without being able to get through. The government ~~has~~ transports often got towed up by government Steamers but there were not near enough for this work. An enterprising man might have made his fortune by starting a tug boat. and the principal banker an Armenian had a steamer called the "Tansimat" by which he made large sums of money in towing.

In the evening Cowan & I instituted a game at rounds to give us some active employment.



I can scarcely say I became acquainted with any of the Penkivi Staff except those I saw elsewhere. I don't remember the names of all and some I never saw. There being no patients we never came together professionally and the meeting at dinner was too hurried to allow of anything like an intimacy being formed.

6. Drs Goodere and Hale having arrived from a short visit to the Crimea reported that a want of Surgeons was felt in Camp. So many had taken ill that the hospital was not officered. They had left Dr Scott and came down with news that Dr Hall would receive assistance now. Cowan Maumden & I at once volunteered to Dr Parker to go up and he consented. I therefore looked out for my trunk which I had not seen since I left Glasgow and found it in a store. By violently seizing a waggon driver (called an "Arabajee") I got a wheeled vehicle to cart up my trunk to the Quarters. The Carting is all done on rude little waggons with solid wooden wheels, <sup>called</sup> Arabas, drawn by strong oxen. But the rate of progression is very slow. I put the most useful clothing into my portmanteau and lashed up my trunk against my intended return for winter quarters.



7. Cowan not intending to return, sold by auction his superfluous clothing. I made a vain attempt to get some money not having got any since I left home - But through some formality or informality Pigeon the purveyor could not give it. I deemed however I had enough left to serve in the Crimea till I got pay.

<sup>8th</sup> Set off with Cowan & Maunter attended by the man Gibson at 5 A.M. Arriving at the town of Dardanelles about 7, we found that the steamer was not expected for some time the wind being contrary. So we made a sort of repast in a Greek Café and then went for a rest to the house of M. Murescho, one of the land transport-agents. This was a sort of house for the Runkioi men when visiting Dardanelles, and Murescho was always very kind. He gave us wine and fruit and kept us in his house till the boat came. We passed the time lounging about the town, amused at the Bashi-Bazouks who were going about in great numbers. About two o'clock the Aust. Lloyd Steamer Arch-duke Ludovico came in from Smyrna and we went out to board her. She came with a cargo of Futhers



for the land transport corps, and the gangway was taken up with the boats disembarking them: so we had to climb up the paddleboxes on the other side and haul up our baggage ourselves. The deck was crammed in every part with filthy, lousy Turks and we had a great fight to tug our trunks over their uncounted bundles. When we started we tried to get on deck but every spot was occupied by the Turks and their company not being pleasant we kept in the Cabin most of the time. There were one or two passengers of a better sort, apparently Officers but they never went into the Cabin; even at night rolling themselves in a mat on Deck. It was amusing to see them at meal time. They had a dish of pilaff (greasy rice) and they eat it with their fingers with bread Cucumbers and Melons. At sundown many of the Turks performed their devotions. Stripping off their jackets they knelt down and made their Salaams. This they did in rotation: one having said his prayers gave place to another. the spot thus being considered consecrated and so more suitable.

Some of their bundles of baggage were of the



most singular description. One thing was most absurd, a cloth bag for clothes, the mouth of which was closed by a gigantic iron padlock. If any one had wanted to abstract any thing it would have been easy to cut a little hole in it. The padlock put me in mind of Rob Roy's purse, with a pistol to shoot any one who tried to open it.

At two pm on the 9<sup>th</sup> we cast anchor in the Golden Horn. The crowd of boats was so great to disembark the Turks that we engaged a Maltese boat and got it round to the Stern Cabin windows out of which we shoved our luggage and then followed ourselves. The boat being heavy we had a tedious sail to Scutari but we arrived in time to surprise & sit down at Victoria house, and get some dinner.

10<sup>th</sup> Reported ourselves at the Quarter Master Generals where we got orders for passage to the Crimea. Then crossed to Galata & Pera and made some purchases for Camp life. Slept in my former bed in Attkins' quarters, Cowan & Maunders having Camp beds in the vacant room. The Mosquitos more wicked than ever. Renewed my acquaintance with porridge for breakfast.



11. Waiting for a ship. Examined the new pathological buildings at the General Hospital. Being under orders to sail whenever the transport got up steam. I could not visit Dr Davidson at Therapia as I would have liked — Heard rumour of the taking of Sebastopol.

12. The steamer "Indian" reported ready to start. Had a bathe at Scutari. Heard a salute in honour of the fall of Sebastopol. The Caidjis in great excitement at the success of the Allies. Embarked in the "Indian" at 4pm. Found Dr Wilson of Hillhead the Surgeon of the ship... Glided smoothly up the Bosphorus in the dark. The villages and palaces twinkling with lights. There are no shutters to the windows: so at night it is like a partial illumination.

13. Crossing the Black Sea: quite calm. Our passengers are a draft of artillery — also a great many Turks for the land transport service; who principally occupy the empty horse boxes on deck. The cabin filled with Officers; most returning from sick leave at Scutari. The highest in rank was Col. Major Kelly who had been taken prisoner by the Russians and was exchanged. The crew were chiefly Scotch. The Captain had a queer passenger a Durham



man who had a berth in D Wilson's Cabin. He was very landsman looking - but the Captain seemed to like his ways and they seemed to be good friends spending a great deal of time playing at backgammon in the Captain's room. The Purser was a fat little chap from the Meridian of the Saltmarket and entertained us with Salt herring at breakfast - also oatmeal cakes.

During the day we met a steamer coming from the Crimea; we went quite close and when within hail our Captain with a trumpet spoke the vessel. "What news?" "Sebastopol taken" "Is the North side taken?" "No. but not a Russian to be seen" - Then we cheered.

14. Off Balaclava in the Bay. A gentle swell as we steamed up and down - The signal from the Fort at the Castle - Not to enter.

15. The signal still flying for the steamer to remain in the bay - we got ashore in the Captain's boat. Landed at the Ordnance wharf, where we saw soldiers employed in heaving on board ships, large quantities of shot and shell of large size - evidently showing that the siege operations at least with the heavy guns were now over. We were anxious to get up to the front without



delay, but could see no prospect of getting any  
 conveyance for our luggage. Cowan and Chamber-  
 ment went to see the French the Purveyor, who had been  
 formerly at Penkioi and I stood on the wharfe  
 to keep a look out on the traps. After a while  
 they came back with a small mule cart, and  
 loading it with our boxes, we started for the camp.  
 I formerly <sup>described</sup> (page 56) the road to the front along the  
 railway. The cart-road is longer, to avoid the  
 steep incline, and at the top of the hill before enter-  
 ing on the plateau, is situated the hut or house  
 of "Mother Seacole" called "The British Hotel". Here  
 we called a halt and refreshed ourselves with a  
 draught of porter, and saw the active Creole, at  
 her occupations. This store was very conveniently sit-  
 uated, with two miles of the camp, and was always  
 well supplied with all sorts of eatables. Things were  
 a little dearer than at Kadikoi, but you could  
 always depend on their being good, and it was  
 worth while saving the climb up the hill, unless  
 when getting in a large supply. On getting up to  
 the "plateau" we noticed a great movement of  
 troops. A body of French many thousands strong  
 was on the road leading from the plateau into  
 the plain of Balaklava and leading towards the



Ichernaya. We at once suspected that this force was going to occupy the low hills on the south of the river - the siege operations on the French side having ceased. This we afterwards found to be the case.

On arriving at the Camp we went to Dr Smith of the General Hospital, and soon after Dr Hall, Dr Mowat and some others of the Staff came past on their way to visit Sebastopol. We presented our credentials to Dr Hall who at once appointed us to the General Hospital and requested Dr Smith to allocate to us, both wards and camping ground.

Dr Smith made out the necessary requisitions and we soon were furnished with two tents. We got a fatigue party of the 14<sup>th</sup> regiment who pitched our tents in the second row of the huts of the hospital, Cowan and I taking possession of one, Hamden sharing Dr Scott's. As we could not get food for a day or so Dr Lyon kindly invited us to dine in his hut which we did along with some other Surgeons from Smyrna who had joined a few days before and had formed a mess with Lyon until their own rations were on a proper footing.



Extracts from General Order

Sept 6.

The following Capt. Assistant Surgeons, having tendered their services in the service will be attached to the General Hospital in Camp.

Capt. Asst. Surgeon Dr. Colman  
Dr. Rankin

Capt. Asst. Surgeon Dr. Brown  
Dr. Buchanan

James Lake Liberator.

J. M. Mearns

Dr. J. Mearns  
Dr. Mearns

Order Surgeon Dr. Mearns  
16th September 1860.







16. The noise and hubbub of Camp Awake as early in the morning and about seven there was a great shouting and playing of bands, going to the tent door we found that this was caused by the departure of a part of the Naval Brigade whose comrades were cheering them off, the bands playing "Cheer boys cheer." They seemed in great spirits at leaving the Crimea.

The morning was cloudy and wet and soon the whole ground around our tents was a mass of thick stiff mud - giving us an idea of what it must have been after the rains in the winter. Whenever we moved about, the shoes took up great thick masses of clay, or stuck fast in it. And on entering the tent we had to leave our shoes at the door, if we wished to keep it clean - We devoted this day to getting our quarters in order. We were entitled to a tent each, but Cowan and I agreed to occupy one together, and for protection against rain and heat we had the second one put over the first. So that we had a doubled tent with an interval of two inches between the cloth of the two, an arrangement which we found kept the inner one perfectly dry, and cool. We visited the



Camp of the Naval Brigade and found some of the officers anxious to sell their appliances as they were to leave in a few days. We bought a table, basin stand and Camp stool, and we met a sailor bringing a chair out of Sebastopol which I purchased of him for 2/. We then got some wine boxes from the store and set about rigging up our tent and in a few hours we had a very comfortable home. The tent is about 14 feet in diameter and 10 feet high in the pole. One half was Cowans the other mine and as we were not of great bulk we had a very desirable house. Round the outside of the tent the men dug a trench about a foot deep so that the rain which ran off the canvass did not flow into the tent but into the ditch and so kept the floor dry. Some tents have the floor sunk some two or three feet, the ground being excavated, but that does not allow of so perfect ventilation. As it was a great object not to have any attraction for flies, fleas, and other unpleasant creatures in the sleeping place, we managed to get another tent which we pitched alongside and used as a mess tent along with Scott and Maunde, with whom we agreed to form a mess.



The floor of our tent was hard and firm, our tent being pitched before the rain came on and we got a strong horse cloth, which we used as a carpet when undressing for bed. I was quite astonished to find the comfort of sleeping in a tent, for even when it became bitterly cold at night, our little house was cosy & warm. Indeed we usually had to leave some of the hooks of the flap forming the door, unfastened to admit a sufficiency of air.

Huts 21 and 22 were set apart for my share of the hospital but I was not to have them for a day until Lyons & Scott who had temporary charge of them removed some cases. I found that we had indeed come in a time of need for there were not Surgeons to undertake the duty - two lying sick of fever and a third useless from diarrhoea. When all the huts were apportioned the staff of the General hospital was as follows.

Dr Taylor - Divisional Surgeon 3 Division  
 Dr Howat. Princip. Med. Off. of the Hospital  
 Dr Smith. 2<sup>nd</sup> class Staff. Local head of hospital  
 Assistant Surgeon Mr Salter

These were the only Military men. The rest were Civilian  
 Drs Bass, Mr Rook, Dr Lakin, Ranke, Suddocs, Hulke  
 Scott, Macmillan, Cowan, and Buchanan. Dr Lyons Pathologist.



*in rear*

4. The Camp General Hospital was placed a short way in rear of the third division of the army. It was as near the lines as it could be with safety, and occasionally a few round shot from the Russians came plunging into the neighbourhood, but no serious damage was ever done. It was on the face of a hill rising out of the sailors' ravine, which formed the boundary of the British extreme left, and was, therefore, in a position as airy and healthy as could have been chosen. The huts were originally intended for the 14th and 39th regiments, but these troops were camped out on each side, and the guard and hospital orderlies were drawn from their ranks. The huts were very rude and slimly built, but were quite sufficient for spring, summer, and autumn weather; in heavy rain, however, the roofs latterly leaked a good deal, and necessitated the use of a water-deck to each bed, which consists of a very strong waterproof sheet, and may either be laid over the bed-clothes, or, still better, may be slung up, inclining backward, so as to form a watershed for the intruding rain. These huts are totally inadequate for winter, and the hospital was broken up in November last. In consequence of its nearness to the lines, it was of the greatest service, as the wounded could be brought up within a very short time of their receiving an injury. The cases treated here were almost all surgical, except after the fall of Sebastopol, when the sick of those regiments engaged in the Kinburn expedition were left behind.

Twenty-two huts were appropriated to the hospital, besides several for stores and officers' quarters. Each hut could contain fourteen beds, although rarely more than twelve patients were admitted. This allowed of a passage of three feet between the rows of beds, and a space of a foot and a half between each bed. There were plenty of folding shutters to admit air, and, in fine weather, when these were opened, as well as the door, the interior was cheerful enough.

The hospital staff varied from time to time; but usually it included one staff-surgeon, first class; one staff-surgeon, second class; one or two army assistant-surgeons; the remainder, ten or twelve, being civil surgeons temporarily attached to the army. It may here be stated, that although many persons, both at home and at the seat of war, thought that it was quite unnecessary to appoint any civil surgeons, the emergency being past, and the surgeons of the service being supposed sufficient in number for any call that might be made on them, yet, about the time of the assault on the 8th September, the number of available surgeons was so much reduced by disease, that Dr. Hall had to write to Scutari inviting all the civil surgeons who could be spared to volunteer their services in the Crimea; and at that time only two military surgeons were acting in the hospital. The number of the staff was kept up by volunteers from the civil service at Scutari, Smyrna, and Renkioi, and the utmost cordiality and harmony prevailed between the two branches of the service.



The huts were under the charge of two orderlies, one for day, the other for night duty. In a few cases these were intelligent men, but as they are all told off from their regiments as fatigue men, very often they were far from fit to attend the cases. In the regular hospitals there are trained hospital orderlies, and now female nurses; but in the camp hospital, the attendants had to be formed from the raw material in the field, and, considering their want of experience, it is just to say that many did their duty with great credit.

The camp hospitals, regimental and general, were well adapted for the treatment of surgical cases, but not so for fever and other lingering and depressing affections. Nothing can be more annoying to a person in a state of nervous irritability, which often is a concomitant of camp fever, than the continual noises which are produced on all sides. At early morn an unnatural and hideous cock-crowing begins, a compound of screaming and shouting, which the feathered biped seems to have picked up from the sentries, and repeats for more than an hour, till he has fairly crowed the sun from the horizon. Then comes the bugle every half hour from five o'clock, and at intervals during the day; then the Maltese sutlers, with their cries of tobacco, matches, soap, and fresh eggs; then the band tuning their instruments, and practising for an hour or so; and, lastly, the explosions of the guns and mortars,—all of which, though never noticed by a man in health, who sleeps through them all, are most distressing to one whose principal want is absolute rest. For this class nothing can operate so beneficially as removal to the quiet retreat at the Monastery. But for surgical cases, especially those not dangerous, and those progressing towards recovery, the liveliness had a good effect, and moving out among their comrades, and listening to the regimental band, which played regularly on the parade before the hospital, rendered the men cheerful and contented.

The hospitals are well supplied with stores of all kinds, and every luxury is procured on the first requisition. There is nothing left to be desired in the way of supply.

*Brit. Med. Journal. L.B. 1856*

17<sup>th</sup> — Occupied the morning in still further arranging the tent furniture and procuring more for the Mess tent, which we got from the Naval Brigade.

After Luncheon with Maunier I went down to visit the scene of battle in the parallels.

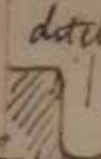


We walked down the valley of death to the "Quarries" (see plan p. 66). As we got near them the whole surface of the ground was torn up with shot and shell, which were lying about in great quantity. The "Quarries" are a series of excavated pits from which limestone had been taken for the buildings and as they were situated on a slight elevation in front of the Redan, the Russians had converted them into a battery or outlying defence by constructing a large rude wall of sand bags, fascines and barrels with embrasures for guns. On the 7<sup>th</sup> of June our troops forced the Russians from them and retained possession. They then mounted guns on the work towards Sebastopol and from these the cannonade was poured, on the day of assault. The evidence of the conflict was plain, in the masses of broken missiles strewn about and the broken muzzles of some of the guns. In front of the quarries the ground sloped <sup>down</sup> gently to about half way to the Redan and then as gently rose up to it. At the bottom of this slope was a trench and half way up the slope towards the Redan was the fifth parallel about 150 yards from the enemy. As we got into this last trench



we at once perceived why our loss of men had been so great in working here; for the rock came so close to the surface of the soil that only a small quantity of earth could be dug up from it to form the parapet which was to be the cover from the enemy's fire. Consequently the men were much exposed and had to work almost unprotected, hewing up the rock with pick-axes and even by blasting. Some soldiers who had been at the assault pointed out the manner of attack. At the word the whole of the attacking party who were lying huddled in the trench, swarmed over the wall and began to run over the flat space to the redan. Half way to it a few yards of low mound-like wall had been constructed to serve as a shelter for dragging the wounded into, the whole of this space was literally strewn with torn coats, caps, belts and other accoutrements, and with broken muskets and bayonets. The soldiers told us that immense quantities had already been gathered up as relics, but still there remained great mounds of debris although it was now eight days since the battle. We now entered the flat mound known as the Redan. I could liken it to St. George Square, with one of its angles



projecting into the space we had walked over, and slightly elevated above this space (which in military language is called a glacis) and separated from it by a ditch about 10 feet wide and of equal depth. This ditch was perpendicular on the side next the ~~battery~~ <sup>glacis</sup> but had a slight slope  to the battery. The wall of the battery was quite 10 feet high so that when our men got down into the ditch they had to climb a steep bank at least 20 feet high. It was too deep for them to jump into the ditch so they had to get down by ladders and planks while the storming party of sailors carried with them. The wall had been a good deal smashed by the cannonade so that in some places the ditch was partly filled with rubbish and in other parts the soldiers tore down the gabions with their hands, so as to make the ascent easier. In some parts too, where the missiles had made a gap ladders were laid across like bridges. The corner of the Redan which projected towards the glacis was called the "Salient angle". Besides the difficulty of climbing over these obstacles the guns on the parapet wall were so placed that they could sweep along the ditch so at each discharge whole masses of our



W men were disabled. No wonder that so many  
 were wounded before they could get on a fair  
 field with the enemy. When we got over the  
 wall into the Redan, what a scene of horrors!  
 The ditch was used as a common grave for friends  
 and foes. The bodies were thrown in and covered  
 up with rubbish from the parapet, but as yet  
 only a partial covering had been made and though  
 the corpses were concealed from view the stench  
 of putrefaction was most stifling. In the Redan  
 the ground was rent up like a ploughed field,  
 by the shot and shell from our batteries, which  
 were lying about in large quantities. The scene  
 inside was even more appalling than what  
 we had seen in crossing the glacis. The men  
 having been cooped up with the walls, fell in  
 great numbers in one spot, and the whole place  
 was filled with Russian accoutrements & clothes  
 and broken arms. I picked up some bullets &c.  
 Most of the cannon were broken in some parts  
 and many dismounted, the carriages of the  
 ship guns also were split up. The ingenuity  
 of the defences was most extraordinary. Between  
 every two guns were traverses - or little walls  
 to isolate them from the rest, so that the



hastle missile was confined to the compartment into which it fell. The embrasures were covered with mats of cable, swung on a hinge for the protection of the gunners, and the ground was floored with mats of the same construction to prevent the shot striking up bits of rock or stone. About 10 feet behind the outside wall was a second, with numerous gaps, behind which the men could retire when hotly pressed, and here they actually made a stand behind this second cover when our men drove them from their guns. Within this second wall were several subterranean caverns capable of holding some hundreds of men. They were of great strength being supported by pillars formed of the masts of ships, and roofed with spars covered with ropes and turf. As to the shot & shell proof. The stench in these caverns was horrible, bloody clothes of the wounded who had been carried in, lying about.

In the rear of the Redan the ground sloped suddenly down a steep hill into the part of Sebastopol called the Karabalmaya (sup. 66). Several roads led down into the town, along which reinforcements were poured into the Redan from the barracks - Down one of these we walked and



Document found in a bomb proof chamber in Redan  
Завоевательскому с 1-м номером 4<sup>го</sup> подразделения  
оборонительной линии Тосногуну Кануну  
2<sup>го</sup> ранга и Кавалеру Терпеливому.

От 10<sup>го</sup> класса Атамана



Ruins of the Karabalnaya - behind the Redan

отделения оборонительной линии. —

Артillery Officer 10<sup>th</sup> Class



hastle missile was confined to the compartment into which it fell. The embrasures were covered with mats of cable, swung on a hinge for the protection of the gunners, and the ground was floored with mats of the same construction to

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of Sebastopol called the Karabelnaya (sup. 66). Several roads led down into the town, along which reinforcements were poured into the redan, from the barracks - Down one of these we walked and



Document found in a bomb proof chamber in Redan  
Забываванушы с 1-м и 2-м 4<sup>го</sup> отряда  
оборонительной линии Тосноуны Кануна  
2<sup>го</sup> ранга и Кавалеру Терлешину.

Ученая работа 10<sup>го</sup> класса Ломоносова

Ранг.

Бра 26 дня  
1854 года

№ 71

По распоряжению Монарха с  
24<sup>го</sup> числа сего года я замяну значе  
множество книг, об оружейн, Арти  
лерийском и инженерном, при нахождении  
материала находящимся в содер  
нии снос на Фрегаты Сузополь.

Очень много есть донести Вам  
Высокоблагородию с представлением  
на оборотт всего дьяволь вьдоностей, в со  
стоянии пошло к 25<sup>му</sup> числу Декабря  
сего года, порохов и бомбам в пороховисе  
погребам и кабинам при батареях 4<sup>го</sup>  
отряда оборонительной линии.

Архивизм Ученая работа 10<sup>го</sup> класса Ломоносова



Списокъ съставленъ на разѣдѣ по раздѣламъ  
 года по 25<sup>ти</sup> мая. Слѣдуетъ 1854 года.

Начало года	Всего денегъ въ руб.	Всего денегъ въ руб.	Всего денегъ въ руб.
Начало года	56.	12	682.
Тысяча 36 руб. 50 коп.	1.	16	976.
Еще тысяча 1 руб. 50 коп.	45.	21	912.
Всего тысяча 68 руб. 50 коп.	12.	16.	192.
Начало года 24 руб. 34 коп.	3.	22	1292.
38 руб. 1 коп.	1.	12	14.
Начало года 24 руб. 34 коп.			295.

А. Мещеряковъ



Вредность.

Обобщенъ и графика составленъ по ед.  
всего въ 25 числу Декабря 1854 года.

	число бондъ.	всѣхъ секундъ.
Бондъ 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ минутахъ . . . . .	11. 15. 41. 36. 9.	21. 15. 10. 6. 4.
Итого . . . . .	115.	
Единорожниковъ 1 минутахъ . . . . .	100. 100. 73.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>Двой</sup> 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>от 1 мин.</sup> секундъ.
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Графикъ 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ минутахъ . . . . .	5. 3. 8. 10. 2. 20. 60. 21. 19.	21. 20. 14. 14. 13. 10. 8. 4. 6.
неисчисленъ . . . . .	30.	
Итого . . . . .	178.	
24-фу. минутахъ . . . . .	5. 38. 2. 3. 8. 9. 8.	11. 10. 9. 13. 15. 17. 19.
неисчисленъ . . . . .	43. 37.	6. —
Итого . . . . .	153.	

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entered the town through a gap in a large rude wall which had been drawn across the street. The whole of the scattered buildings in this part were in ruins - having been smashed by our cannonade. Some of these were dwelling houses, others machine shops. In the latter the machinery was lying huddled together in pieces - so as to render it difficult to find out what sort of work it had been. Walking along the road which led straight into the Karabelnaya we soon came to the Admiralty harbor, in which some dismantled vessels were lying sunk near the shore. Along the shore were ranged great numbers of cannon from Arsenal close by - some of them of brass. A great many were no more than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet long - pretty little guns, like those for yachts but they were too heavy to carry away. The first large building we came to, was the hospital, in two quadrangles. The part next the batteries was quite riddled with shot, and the Chapel was nearly a ruin. Entering this we found the interior quite dismantled and the only relic I could get was an ornament from the Altar which was lying on the ground and broken to pieces. The interior of the hospital itself



was an awful scene of confusion. All the  
 patients who had been left by the Russians  
 were removed, and the dead buried - but one  
 of the soldiers who was going about told us  
 there were still some unburied bodies in the  
 garden. The interior was quite gutted, for  
 although the roof remained on, the second  
 floor had fallen in, in some parts. This we  
 were told was in consequence of the enemy  
 having sawn the joists close to the wall, so  
 as to fall down when our men entered. I  
 cannot say that we saw the cut ends of the  
 joists but certainly the floor had fallen in  
 in many parts of its own weight. The whole  
 of the hospital repacitories had been broken  
 open and the floors were strewed with all sorts  
 of things. What surprised and amused me was  
 the immense mass of old slippers. I saw  
 hundreds of pairs lying about. Also whole piles  
 of papers and medicine books - In one of the  
 rooms these papers were knee deep. I picked  
 up a few and found them prescription papers.  
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*9. Station*

Russian Prescription - found in  
Hospital Karabulnaya in Sept. 1855.



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building we returned to Camp by the Woronzoff road & Greenhill.

18. On duty all day dressing wounds of my patients in huts 21 and 22. Most of them wounded at the assault on the Redan, a few remaining from previous engagements.

19. Dressing wounds and studying cases all day. The afternoon, wet, bleak and dreary. We were glad to keep in our tent, which kept dry and cosy.

20. Having got over my duties in the forenoon, I rode down into Sebastopol with O'Leary the pathologist who had a "pass" into the French side.

We rode along the Woronzoff road to the head of the <sup>Admiralty</sup> harbor and cross the flat ground between the Redan & Flagstaff batteries, near the Cemetery. At the entrance to Sebastopol proper was a French sentry who demanded our pass. The town is built on a gently ascending hill which overlooks the harbor. The road is led along chalk cliffs on the brink of the Admiralty harbor and on reaching the highest point of this road where it turns to the left to enter the town, we found ourselves on a projecting elevation which juts out into the water between the main & admiralty harbors. From this spot the view is most beautiful.



My attention had always been so much taken up in considering Sebastopol as a fortress that I had never thought of it as a finely situated town. But when the natural beauty of its situation was thus suddenly presented to me I was much struck with the perfection of the landscape. When we turned our backs to the "blood stained ruins" of the houses and looked down into the two harbours, and away up towards Inkerman, a fine breeze ruffling the water, and making it sparkle in the brilliant sunshine, I was reminded of some of our own lochs on the Clyde. On a gentle slope towards the main harbour is a park or garden in which was an obelisk and one or two monuments - and at the bottom stood the now gutted fort of Nicholas - a semicircular building with a red tiled roof, well known in the prints and plans of the city. We dismounted and tried to poke our way in, but a French sentry would not allow any entrance. In the street behind the fort, a broad well macadamised road, were six French mortars so placed that the fort concealed the gunners from the enemy on the Northside. Some



Artillery men were placing these in position. We afterwards learned that as soon as these were used they drew such sharp firing from the opposite side, that many casualties occurred among those riding in the vicinity and a few days after our men were prohibited from visiting the town. The 3 Buffs were at first stationed in the buildings of the town but it soon turned out that the enemy's fire from the north made the place too hot for them and all intention of wintering there was soon given up. We rode through many of the streets and were much pleased with the order in which the gardens of the houses seemed to be kept. In one main street an enterprising Cantinier has established an "Estaminet" under the name of the "Café St-George", where we called to halt & had a "petit verre". The principal building which we visited was the "Hall of Justice" the Grecian temple which is so well known in all the pictures of Sebastopol and which we used to call the Theatre or the Club House before the place was taken. It is a handsome Grecian structure with a colonnade. The copper roof was broken in many parts.



by our missiles and almost every column was clipped. The interior was quite sacked so as to render it impossible to tell what sort of place it had been.

In returning along the wrong off road we found large parties of fatigue men employed in repairing the road so as to facilitate the carting of stores of wood and other building materials out of the town to erect comfortable winter quarters for our troops on the plateau. In some places the numbers of shot & shell were so great that they were laid close to form a kind of iron Causeway.

21. The Donnell Surgeon from Suva being now convalescent from fever, Cowan and I walked along while he rode through part of the parallels. We were much struck by the vast extent of the trenches and after winding about among them for half an hour were surprised to find ourselves in the Greenhill battery where we had started at first.

Dr Complin, Dr Donnell's colleague had also had fever. Poor fellow he was quite very weak and he & Dr Donnell were to leave next day. Complin died at Sentani on the way to Suva.



22. On duty at the hospital all day  
 of Crupentaka of the 28<sup>th</sup> reg. of John Harris of the 28<sup>th</sup> reg.  
 wounded on the 10<sup>th</sup> by a grape shot.

23. We had now got fairly into the routine of Camp life. Our tent was comfortable and our mess regularly established. The tent was pitched on the rising ground above the sailors ravine. The hospital huts are ranged in three rows, with wide spaces for streets between each row, and space for one sometimes two tents between each hut. The door of our tent was turned to the Black Sea so that when sitting at our little table or standing at the tent door we could see away out into the sea - and could observe the ships anchored as blockading vessels off Sebastopol. Cowan & I contrived some little luxuries which few of the others thought of. We had a horse cloth for a carpet, and by taking it up every morning and folding it away, we had a clean dry flooring on which to undress in going to bed. We never allowed any soldier or orderly to come into our sleeping tent, but made our beds ourselves whenever we rose in the morning, so that we had it as clean as was possible. We however never got entirely free of fleas!



The flies kept pretty well up into the roof, but the fleas took possession of the bedding. We soon however got used to them, and in the morning we always swept them off with a hat-brush, as crumbs are taken from a table cloth. In this way we kept them down. We got a large powder canister which served for a water tank. This we placed just inside the door; and we got it filled once a week. The water was brought to the hospital from the wells in large skins slung on mules backs and when we wanted a supply, we just seized a mule when we saw one and backed it to the tent door. and placing the spout of the skin - (the leg of the animal from which it was made) - into our tank allowed it to fill. The water was muddy but in a few hours it settled down and became clear enough for washing. We got a supply of clear spring water for drinking by sending an orderly to an excellent spring about half a mile distant, near a French Ambulance. All the attendance we needed was for the occasional brushing of our shoes - and we got one of our orderlies from the hospital but odd this at first. As to our cooking we employed the orderlies



was not safe. However we often got mutton and with onions and potatoes Hind made capital Irish stew, and potato soup - We got onions and potatoes served out - sometimes. and we could always get them to buy at Kadikoi or Mother Sea coles. We usually had a dish of boiled onions, and Scott's favourite <sup>vegetable</sup> ~~vegetable~~ <sup>vegetable</sup> was - "I say will you give me an ingan". Sometimes we had Julienne soup, dried vegetables being served out - but it was not very digestible. We always had "Crimean pudding" composed of boiled rice, rum and sugar. We had a bit of very fine Cheddar cheese, which was the envy of all who knew our mess. So we were not ill off in the way of dinner. In the event of any mishap to the meat, we kept some pots of preserved beef - but it was only as a last resource we went to that, for even the scraggiest-flesh meat was more palatable than the nutritious mass contained in these sealed tins. Only once we got salted pork, and that we hung to dry for a few days, and fried for breakfast.

Two glasses of rum was served out to each p. day far more than we could use, and in a short time we had several bottles accumulated, which we gave to men to do some little jobs for our comfort.



We took week about, in turn, of being Caterer. The Caterer had charge of the common funds, and his duty was to see the meals prepared and relieve the others of any responsibility. Also to lay in stores when required. And it was always a source of fun - the pretended ignorance of the others on sitting down to dinner - "I say Sir Caterer what have we to dinner". Then came the almost uniform answer "A capital Irish Stew".

A ship in Balaclava harbour, the Tartar, sold stores of all kinds, and we got the loan of a mule and got a capital supply - Five dozen of bitter beer, porter & cherry; cheese &c. We got ship biscuit served out ad libitum and once or twice a week brown bread. This could only be eaten one day - turning sour the next. Tea, Coffee & Sugar were served out to us, and when we wanted more we could buy at the Canteens.

We got a log of wood a week, and by Clubbing kept up a sufficient supply of fire wood - Our cooking place was just a few stones - but one night we made a foray and succeeded in carrying off a kind of grate, that was lying unused beside one of the huts - This was a great saving.



of trouble and fuel.

The routine of a day was much as follows -  
 Breakfast at nine. Tea & coffee without milk.  
 Ship biscuit and red herring - and the cold  
 debris of yesterday's Irish Stew.  
 Luncheon at One. Cheese & biscuit & marmalade  
 (a heavy item. Scott voracious at marmalade).  
 and a glass of beer. A snack of cold meat if  
 any were over & pickles. Our luncheon time  
 was always known - and it was amusing to  
 notice how our neighbours happened to look in  
 just to ask if there was any news, about that  
 time. This was the only mess where you w<sup>d</sup>  
 always find some friend calling at meal time.  
 So it was mighty popular. The others were  
 all single so they rarely had anything standing  
 over till next day.

Dinner about 6. As before stated. After dinner  
Coffee as Scott called it.

And always stirred up the fire about 9 and left the  
 kettle singing and Cowan & I made a lot of  
 rum toddy before bed time. Then our cigarette.  
 One other luxury Cowan & I had. The nights became  
 very cold and we used the balance of the hot water  
 to fill bottles for our beds!



The routine of duty was this. After breakfast we visited the huts and dressed wounds. a much more laborious task than in a civil hospital; for the orderlies being uninstructed had few ideas of their own, and we had to tell them the simplest things, and even it was quicker to fetch water & dressings ourselves than wait till they awkwardly provided them. Some of them became handy enough through time, but that was rare, for they often were removed to their regiments when they were getting into the way of acting: and not a few taking advantage of their situation got drunk and useless. One of mine "old Fox" by name, I found one day in an eubriate state snoring on a bed. And so with some others.

On ordinary days the visit lasted till one o'clock. If any operations were to be performed they were usually done at two - after Dr Knowat, the chief, had made his inspection.

At eight pm the drums of the regiment beat the call home - and after that we made an evening round to the more important cases.

We took day about of being orderlies officers whose duty it was, not to quit the hospital



at all during the day, so as to be within call on any emergency. This allowed the others to take excursions in the afternoons. The orderlie of the day was expected to be present at the kitchen at 2pm to see the meat served out to the sick and report on its condition. The kitchen was a hut in which were fires and boilers, but most of the cooking was done in the open air on small wood fires.

The orderlie officer also went round all the 22 huts at 8pm to see if all the orderlies were at their posts. In this round he was accompanied by Sergeant Beer - who had charge of the others - and who threw the door of each hut open, shouting with stentorian voice, "Attention" - at which all who were able stood up and saluted. which proceeding rather astonished me at first - and always threw Scott into fits of laughter.

The most troublesome duty was filling up the diet rolls - it being necessary to mark opposite each name the amount of meat, bread &c he was to have. It was always ink-sauce. Any extra - either as a dressing or article of diet had to be for by a separate written requisition.



One day before the Naval Brigade finally left they had a sale of their effects. We bought a capital table for our mess tent & some other things.

Several horses were sold and a prince Cuddy the amusement of the whole place - Prince Victor (a relation of our Queen) had a pony which he nearly succeeded in selling - but the officer before buying found it was spoiled with a sore back. The Prince however got a large horse cloth strapped well over it and sold it for £5 to an unsuspecting dupe. Most of the ponies however had sore backs and a few weeks rest w<sup>d</sup> make them all right.

Before the Brigade left I visited Dr Colton who I found sitting with Leitch Bosanquet in a comfortable mud hut, with a cheery coal fire & the tea <sup>infusing</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>being</sup> made before it. They offered me the hut to live in after they left. But it was in the sailors ravine 200 yards from the nearest sentry and our things w<sup>d</sup> not have been safe so far away from the hospital huts.

26. In the afternoon Cowan and I took a walk over the plateau to the telegraph tower on the Woronzoff road where it turns down the face of the steep hill leading down into the plain below (See plan p. 66)



The view from this point is very fine. From this spot the allied generals viewed the battle of the 25<sup>th</sup> October, celebrated for the stand of the Highland brigade as the thin red line which received the charge of the Russian horse; also for the thundering charge of our heavy Cavalry and for the brilliant but ill-fated attack of the light Cavalry on the enemy's guns in position. The whole plain of Balaklava and of the Schernaya lay in our view. This vast valley is bounded on one side by a semicircle of hills beginning in the heights above Balaklava and extending round into the Mackenzie heights, on the other side of the river Schernaya, which again are continuous with the high ground on the North side of Sebastopol. The boundary of the valley on the Sebastopol side is formed of the plateau which extends round into Balaklava on the West side of that harbour. The whole plain is about 4 miles broad and 5 miles long from Mackenzie heights to Balaklava. This plain is intersected by the Schernaya which runs parallel to the Mackenzie heights at from one to two miles distance. On the South side of the river is a range of low hills, dividing the Schernaya valley from the plain of Balaklava.



Several gapes exist in this range of hills, one right below the plateau, another<sup>2</sup> half way across the plain, and several at the other side close to the boundary hills on which is situated the village of Kamara. Through these gapes the Russians deployed on the 25<sup>th</sup> October. Their Southern openings were guarded by Cannon & it was the battery at the second defile above mentioned that the light brigade charged. At the Southern slope of these hills and parallel with them the Woznyoff road crosses the plain from the plateau to Kamara. Half a mile south of these hills is a subsidiary range of hillocks stretching across the plain from near Balaklava. These are 4 or 5 isolated high mounds about half a mile distant from each other. The first is close to Balaklava and was called Canroberts hill. The others projected into the middle of the plain. These were the well known and ill fated Turkish redoubts which fell into the hands of the enemy on the 25<sup>th</sup>. When it is remembered that the Russians were in force at the first range of hills and that these mounds were isolated from our army and only contained some hundred Turks, no surprise



for them also - giving them a small wage. But after a while that was discontinued and we engaged a servant to ourselves. Scott, Marmah Cowan & I clubbed our rations and had a common eating tent. This tent was pitched close beside



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was at our service from 8:00 am till 5:00 pm with one or two hours interval. Being in our service he was excused from drill in his Regiment. He got £1 a month from us beside his regular pay. He was a most obliging man, kind and civil and we left most of the arrangements to him. Every morning at ten he went to the store and brought



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middle of the plain. These were the well known and ill fated Turkish redoubts which fell into the hands of the enemy on the 25<sup>th</sup>. When it is remembered that the Russians were in force at the first range of hills and that these strongholds were isolated from our army and only contained some hundred Turks, no surprise



for that also - giving them a small wage. But after a while that was discontinued and we engaged a servant to ourselves. Scott, Marmah Cowan & I clubbed our rations and had a common eating tent. This tent was pitched close beside ours so that we could keep a lookout on the goods. All the eatables - & cooking apparatus were kept in it. We had bought at Sautari a supply of tin plates and tots or drinking cups also pots, pans, & kettle. Some of our knives & forks & spoons began to disappear soon after we came till we continued a lock up box for them and the drinkables. Our first cook, by name Coulter of the 3<sup>d</sup> turned out an appropriator and we got another, but a man of few contrivances so our dinners were not of the best - but we soon got a famous servant Wm Hind of the 14<sup>th</sup> who was a capital cook. Except on parade days he was at our service from 8 am till 8 pm with one or two hours interval. Being in our service he was excused from drill in his Regiment. He got £1 a month from us besides his regular pay. He was a most obliging man, handy and civil and we left most of the arrangements to him. Every morning at ten he went to the store and brought



the meat. We were allowed 1 lb of meat each, per day - and the camp arrangements were such that we had to get the meat the day it was killed. The beasts were slaughtered early in the morning and all was disposed of before the sun got hot. It did not keep well more than 24 hours and so was often very tough. Sometimes we continued to tender it by shutting it up in a tin can, away from the flies till the day after. We had an advantage in clubbing together - for we often got our 4 lbs in one piece and sometimes our man contrived a really wonderful stew of shanks of mutton. It was of a very lean & scrappy nature, and when Hind brought it on a plate to ask how he was to do it up - our Indians had rather ominous forebodings of the dinner - since the beef - so it was called - was of the most dismal meagerness. It was given out in jagged bits - which a dog would not pick up in our country - and no one was hardy enough to dignify it as Steak. When it was to be prepared in <sup>the</sup> way to be as near as possible to that, it was called "fried meat." But it was like burned leather. We often had to put it out, swallowing the juice only, as it



need be felt that they fell easily before the Swarms of Russians who swept over the plain. When we visited this spot of course the whole was in the hands of the Allies. The French occupied the half of the heights next the plateau: the Sardinians the most distant: while the Highland brigade was quartered on the hills of Kamara.

As we looked down on the plain the whole of the actions were easily understood. Down in the middle of the valley ~~was~~ a large body of French were going through exercise. They were at such a distance that they looked like a solid black mass - and even when Cavalry were charging - which we made out by the glittering of the swords they seemed only to creep.

On returning to our quarters we came along the Woronzoff road and this led us through the French part of the Camp. At this part of the Camp a Russion village of wooden huts for the sale of stores of all kinds had sprung up. The signs reminded one of a French village - "Estaminet", "Boulangerie", "Vins et Epicerie" &c. We came there sometimes afterwards for groceries and various commodities which were moderate in price.



Looking about at the various shops, we came unexpectedly on a young officer of the 42<sup>d</sup>; and, to Cowan's surprise, he found it was his cousin, Wilson Black. "Hallo! are you here? By jove!" That was the amount of the surprise. We at once adjourned to a "débit de vins" en gros et en détail," and had a bottle of Champagne, in which we pledged one another, with "Here's to absent friends." Black was supposed to have charge of a company of the 42<sup>d</sup> who had been visiting Sebastopol; and having called a halt at "little Kamiesch," as the village was called, the men had likewise been taking advantage of the estaminets, and some were a little sprung. Black was in the trenches with his men on the 8<sup>th</sup>; and, though they were all ready to attack, they had never been called out to support the first attacking party. He, along with many others, I subsequently saw, affirmed that the Redan business was a bungle. There were plenty of soldiers down in the trenches, who were determined to succeed, but by some mischance they were not called out. Where the fault lay it was not for him to say, even if he could.



27<sup>th</sup> This afternoon, along with the Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Sommerville, the Hospital Chaplain, I took a ride along the Tchernaya. We descended into the plain at the extreme right of the plateau opposite Inkerman. There are two roads for wheeled vehicles into the valley - the one from Balaklava, the other the Woronzoff road. Besides these are two horse paths - one through the Guards' Camp, midway between the two roads; the other, that we took. The face of the plateau through which it passes is entrenched and guarded by the French. The road is very steep, and we had to wind down zig-zag to give the horses a proper footing. At the bottom is a large pond - almost lake - into which one branch of the Aqueduct flows. For a long period of the Siege this was common ground - the enemy being on a hillock on one side; the Allies on the plateau opposite, - within range of each other - By common consent, this was neutral ground: the horses being led down in the evening to be watered - the Russian on one side the Allies on the other. Since the winter, however, the Russians have retired from the valley of the Tchernaya, and left the Allies to its sole possession.



We rode round the head of the pond, and along  
 the opposite side; winding round the base of  
 the hillock, and then along the level ground  
 between the low hills and the river Tchernaya.  
 The plain of Balaklava was shut out from  
 our view by these Fedukyn Heights - on which  
 the French and Sardinians were now posted.  
 On our left were the Mackenzie heights, with  
 Russian redoubts along their face - about <sup>one</sup> to two miles distant, but quite within gunshot  
 range, as was evident by the round shot  
 lying about on our path. One or two shots  
 were fired from these redoubts, but those  
 were down near Inkerman - and gave us  
 no anxiety. The Aqueduct along which  
 we rode is a small Canal, about <sup>five</sup> ft broad  
 and <sup>three</sup> feet deep. The water was clear & pure,  
 and ran with a gentle current. It is a  
 little raised above the stream of the Tchernaya  
 by an embankment. The river meanders  
 through the plain between the Aqueduct &  
 Mackenzie heights, and lends a rich verdure  
 to it - hedges & a few trees were seen  
 when <sup>in</sup> all other <sup>parts</sup> they were burnt up - Some  
 cattle were feeding in the valley unconscious



of the danger around. In Winter the whole plain is sometimes flooded.

~ About two or three miles up the Aqueduct we came to the memorable Fraktin Bridge. This is a stone bridge of two arches, across the river where it is also fordable at most times, opposite the second gap in the hills along which we had ridden (page 188). The village of Tchorgom is situated about a mile higher up the valley on the other side, and from the Mackenzie heights a well made road leads across the bridge, through the gap above mentioned, and joins the Woronzof road in the plain of Balaklava. This point was therefore of much interest. It was one of the keys of our position - Along this road the army made the celebrated cross march after the Alma - Marching round Sebastopol into Balaklava - Across that bridge and through that defile came the Russian Army into the plain on the 25 Oct. when they gained footing again in the valley of Balaklava. These defiles were charged by the light Cavalry brigade. And a few weeks ago the battle of the Tchernaya was fought on this spot.



We rode over the heights through the French Camp and returned to the plateau along the Woronzoff road.

2<sup>pm</sup> This forenoon the whole of the third division was put under arms and went through the whole evolution of a mimic engagement. The South side of Sebastopol being now taken it seems that the commanders are about to begin exercising the troops - to fit them for taking the field. A year's work in the trenches requires a little manoeuvring to fit the army for moving about.

It was a brilliant morning and the Staff with their gay uniforms and feathered hats had a fine appearance. The men also were astonishingly smart, and no one who saw that review could have conceived that these were the men who had been burrowing in the trenches all winter. It is true many of them were fresh recruits, but many had been out all winter. But of the individuals were looking well. The regiments were a sad sight - small square compact bodies or third some a fourth of their proper strength. The rest had all gone by wounds or disease.



Today we had a great event. We gave a dinner party. Each of us invited one guest. Our invitations were - Maender invited Mr Rooke of our hospital - Scott, & Cowan of the 5-5<sup>th</sup> Cowan, & Smith 2<sup>d</sup> class Staff of our hospital. and I, & Lyons the Pathologist. You may be sure we had some management to get up a good spread. We lived on scraps and preserved meat for two days saving up our rations.

William Hird our man was in his element and he contrived wonderfully - and when it is considered that we did not have recourse to the Cuisine of Mother Leacocke I am sure we had a capital bill of fare.

The beef of one day I concocted into brown soup à Macaroni. Having misty ideas of the manner of cooking it I proceeded as follows. I cut it up into little bits & frizzled it in a frying pan - and then put it in a little water to steep till next day - then straining it and adding Ketchup Cayenne &c it smelt gloriously and tasted as well. Rather hot though. The rest of the cooking was confided to William - and how he managed so many pots on the open wood fire is a mystery.



Cowans of the 55<sup>th</sup> content come but the liver  
 were as many as the little tent could well hold.  
 Bill of fare: Brown Soup — Irish Stew —  
 much admired — Preserved beef — Boiled hancots.  
 stewed <sup>onions</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~gans~~. Potatoes — Rice & jam —  
 Crimean pudding — cheese — Porter — Ale —  
 Sherry — Rum punch & Foddy — ~~!!!~~  
 4<sup>th</sup> course ~~Coffee~~ Coffee

We had great fun — Lyons came in full dress  
 ie — a huge towel for a white cravat and a  
 pair of enormous gloves — When one thinks of  
 the seven people in the tent, the steam of  
 the viands and three candles, some idea may  
 be formed of the heat. It was voted a decided  
 hit and great success. and our mess became  
 more popular every day.

29. Walked with Scott to the Monastery  
 of St George. The road lies right across the  
 plateau to the extreme left. We passed out of  
 the camp and in some places came into pretty  
 little glades perfectly radiant with the Autumnal  
 colours and looking so sweet & peaceful that you  
 almost forgot — it was the scene of the war.  
 We passed over the hills on the West of Balaklava  
 through Omar Pashas Turkish Camp.



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3. The Sanatorium of St. George's Monastery may justly be considered the finest in the Crimea. It consists of twelve huts, each containing twenty beds, and fitted with every convenience and comfort that could be wished. The huts are double planked; the windows, one pane of thick glass swinging on a pivot; the doors opening into a little porch, so that they can be kept open without dust, rain, or snow blowing in. The roofs are water-tight. The supply of water is excellent, and a capital kitchen, constructed on

When Gresset retired to country people whose Gresset thought he could, so he one evening to a large and mixed

man or dame, my name.

tion of one gentleman, for some minutes. At it: it's a wig."

e, every whit as good; has cheated you and otto of equality, "I'm curly head and fling it chest, and pour in your despots, show them by they. Be not dazzled wealth points to your that gold is chaff, and tal; and then quietly he money mercury will There is too much humiliation.

and brilliant audience, ladies, were assembled res on chemistry by the sion of the lecture, a est to leave, approached ly stopped short, and herself. You are —"

"Pardon me, madam, ly approached a mirror in horror. The rouge beautiful blue, by the ace under the influence during the lecture. A ief removed all trace of her companion took up arance of the rest of the the ladies came out all black; and one or two

this dampness, however, does not appear to be unhealthy. Travelling up the country is accomplished only with considerable difficulty, expense, and privation.

A. F. T. asks for a recipe for seidlitz powders, which shall be pleasant to the taste. Let him try the following:—Tartrate of Soda 3 oz.; carbonate of soda 1 oz.; tartaric acid  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an oz.; lump sugar 4 oz.; the ingredients to be reduced to a fine powder, and having been dried, to be placed in clean dry bottles, well corked. The dose is a dessert-spoonful of the mixture to a quarter of a pint of water; a few drops of lemon juice added at the time of taking is an improvement. Seidlitz powders should be taken before breakfast in the morning.

A. C. is informed that it is a difficult matter to obtain the berth of midshipman in the navy, unless he can procure an introduction to some person who possesses interest at the Admiralty. We should rather advise him to turn his attention to the merchant service, which, if less aristocratic, offers far better opportunities of advancement to a young man.

AN ISQUIRER.—You is always plural, though it is used indiscriminately to address one or more persons.

A SCHOOLBOY asks whether, if a pail of water be weighed and afterwards a live fish put into it, no difference will appear in the weight of the pail? If a Schoolboy will try the experiment he will find that, unless water is displaced by the fish, the weight of the pail will be increased exactly by the weight of the fish. How could it be otherwise?

L. W.—We cannot undertake to return manuscripts sent to us.

D. W. S.—In society it is always a breach of good manners to converse in a language unknown to most of the persons present. A foreigner may, of course, use his own language, but even he should, if possible, speak in the tongue of those with whom he is associating. The reason of such a rule is obvious. This is a wicked world, and people are, unfortunately, inclined to ridicule; a man speaking a strange language may, for anything the rest of the company know, be amusing himself at their expense.

ONTIS asks us to explain to him the meaning of certain passages in Goldsmith's History of England. Had not Ontis better read our own history, in which he will probably find all such difficulties explained? Goldsmith was a charming poet, but a bad historian, and we cannot recommend any person to base his knowledge of history upon the work in question.

HORATIO has conceived a regard for a young lady, who is devoted to literary pursuits, and who sneers at her admirer because he has not a similar taste. This is unpleasant, and Horatio asks how he might have a chance of advancing his suit with her. He tells us that he is very different from her, being rather of "a sportive nature." Having meditated on the subject we offer him the following advice:—If you are of a sportive nature, you may try a little banter. If her eyes are blue, you may express your regret that the mind should take its colour from them. Ask her why she is like letter-press; and if she says she does not know, tell her because she is always bound up in books. She will probably deny that she is so: in that case choose a sunny evening, and ask her for a moment to look with you in the great book of nature. Say that you can read her something new in the leaves of the trees. If she consent, consider your prospects improving. Lay aside your fan for a while, and show her at once that you can think seriously and feel deeply: the latter quality moves women more than beauty, wealth, or wit. Point her to the sky above you, to the landscape at your feet, to the busy town in the distance, and show her all things instinct with motion, effort, life. Tell her that books were meant as guides to action, not to supersede action: that study and meditation may be carried to excess, and may pro-

16 or 32 in number, and will be paired (permission has been accorded to us) paper:—

1. Each competitor, if he prefer it, may public, but, of course, his name must be prize.

2. Four prizes will be played for, if the thirty-two, and two prizes if there are or will not be awarded in money but will co or some useful work, accordingly as the v

3. One game only will be played for b sive of drawn games, which will not cou

4. The winners of the first series of ga by lot, as before, until four are left, w second, third, and fourth prize.

5. The four last players may either dec game, as in all the other matches, or th tend it to the two first won games.

6. All the games when finished shall be with any fines that may accrue thereon.

7. The players shall be at liberty to ma themselves as to the payment of postage.

The rules for the conduct of the game course of a number or two.

Players desirous of joining in the ab names to the Editor.

As an encouragement to players of n to exclude from competition all players notoriety.

Any suggestion that our correspondent the arrangements and conduct of the sideration.

#### ANSWERS TO OUR CHESS

A press of matter has compelled us t through the post:—F. G. Rainger, A. D. Lowe, J. Wilson, S. A. C. T., Herr K., J. A. Conroy, J. P. Courtenay, J. Roon

#### CHILDHOOD AND

Osez on a time, when sun  
Was kissing up the Apr  
I saw fair Childhood hard  
Upon a bank of blashin  
Happy - he knew not wh  
And smiling - who coul  
For not more glad than C  
Was the blue heaven th  
With circling lip and glay  
Guilt gazed upon the se  
But Childhood's glance o  
Had such a halo melt-

quarter of a mile off. It is a moderate, but sufficient distance from the scene of action, or *the front* as it is called, being about three miles from the nearest part of the camp, and about seven from the nearest battery in our lines, and as the ground swells into hillocks a little inland, the sound of the guns is much deadened before it reaches this spot. As there are no troops posted near, except such as are necessary for a guard, the patients are saved the annoyance of the perpetually recurring and irritating noises inseparable from camp life. The situation of the hospital on a perfectly level plateau, admits of its being enlarged to any extent that may be thought requisite. *G. N. Lloyd. Med Journal*



Cowan of the 55<sup>th</sup> couldn't come but the livers  
were as many as the little tent could well hold.

Bill of fare: Brown Soup — Irish Stew —  
Pottage & Beef — Boiled haricots.  
Monastery



The camp and in some places came in many  
little glades perfectly radiant with the Autumnal  
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We passed over the hills on the West of Balachane  
through Omar Pasha's Turkish Camp.



15 197  
3. The Sanatorium of St. George's Monastery may justly be considered the finest in the Crimea. It consists of twelve huts, each containing twenty beds, and fitted with every convenience and comfort that could be wished. The huts are double planked; the windows, one pane of thick glass swinging on a pivot; the doors opening into a little porch, so that they can be kept open without dust, rain, or snow blowing in. The roofs are water-tight. The supply of water is excellent, and a capital kitchen, constructed on the best principles, is attached. Its situation is admirable. It stands upon a perfectly level plain or plateau, which skirts the Black Sea, but is elevated to a great height by the precipitous rocks of the coast. The coast scenery, at this part of the Crimea, is of the grandest description. It is completely rock-bound; not a foot of level beach interposes between the cliff and the sea. Vessels, at a few yards from the rock, cannot find holding ground for their anchors. Two gaps only are found along this forbidding barrier. The one is the narrow cleft, opening by a winding natural canal into the land-locked harbour of Balaklava. The other is the bay of the Monastery, which looks as if it had been formed by some mighty convulsion, which has broken up the face of the crags for about half a mile, and tearing off huge fantastic pieces, has planted them like so many minarets shooting out of the water. The debris of the cliff has collected at the base, and forms a very steep but beautiful beach, which was often a favourite bathing place. The gap which remains is a steep and rough declivity, down which a serpentine path leads to the shore. Every nook where a particle of soil can rest is radiant with wild flowers—natural trees and shrubs shelter them on all sides from the storms; and when there is any space resembling a level, the monks have constructed an artificial terrace, where they cultivate herbs and fruits. Into this charming little nook, the mid-day sun shines directly, and the gentle curve of the sides concentrates the heat to a great degree, so that wherever soil is found, or has been collected, the fig, grape, melon, and cucumber luxuriate. At the top, and overhanging the sea, stand the quaint buildings of the Monastery of St. George; and even here the slope of the rock is so sudden, that the houses and walks are placed, in many places, on terraces of solid-built masonry.

Officers are sent for convalescence, from time to time, to the Monastery; but the hospital alluded to is on the plateau, about a quarter of a mile off. It is a moderate, but sufficient distance from the scene of action, or *the front* as it is called, being about three miles from the nearest part of the camp, and about seven from the nearest battery in our lines, and as the ground swells into hillocks a little inland, the sound of the guns is much deadened before it reaches this spot. As there are no troops posted near, except such as are necessary for a guard, the patients are saved the annoyance of the perpetually recurring and irritating noises inseparable from camp life. The situation of the hospital on a perfectly level plateau, admits of its being enlarged to any extent that may be thought requisite. *G. H. Hardy. Med. Journal*



We entered the Monastery through an Archway which led into a kind of courtyard and from that on to a kind of esplanade on which Acacia trees were growing. At the entrance we saw one or two people moving about, but inside all was still as death. We lay down on a broad pavement well on the edge of a terrace overlooking the bay before mentioned - and basked in the sun, as we gazed out into the Black Sea. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a chime of bells which began to ring. When they had ceased, we heard a ~~distinct~~ sound of music, so we got up and went into a door from which the sounds seemed to come. Here we found ourselves in the Chapel of the Convent.

The Monks are detained prisoners of war and they perform their religious services as formerly.

They were chanting some part of the service when we went in and some of the music was very fine. One man in particular had a very grand bass voice. They belong to the Greek church, ~~only~~ the ceremony is not so marked as in the Papist service - but they have pictures & symbols &c. There were about half a dozen priests at the service and about a



dozen strangers had collected to hear the Music.

On leaving the Monastery we saw some other Russian prisoners, among whom was Mr Upton an Englishman employed in the Sebastopol Dockyard. As I formerly stated he lived in a Villa in the middle of the Plateau and when the Allies came upon it he gave himself up a prisoner of war. His house has long been in ruins from the cannonading but is still a prominent object in the French approaches.

30. Sunday. Service in the Operating Hut.  
Mr Somerville the Chaplain has service every Sunday at 11. He is an excellent man and much beloved by the soldiers. His sermons are short but striking and admirably adapted to the situation of his hearers. The audience was rarely large. From 6 to 20 wounded men - and 3 or 4 Medical Officers. For the heat, which was intense at midday the doors and shutter had to be left open so it <sup>was</sup> little else than a shed. We saw all the Camp, and the sentries, and we could occasionally hear a bomb fired off in the distance. So it had a very peculiar effect to be sitting amid the material of war and to hear the prayer "Give Peace in our time" It was very solemn.



Along with Scott & Maunier in the afternoon visited the French left attack as far as their head quarters. Their Camps are for the most part well arranged but the hygiene regulations do not seem to be so strictly enforced as in ours. We observed a striking contrast between the amusements of their soldiers and ours. Rarely did ours gather into knots of more than 4 or 5 to any amusement. But with the French the amusements seemed regularly organized. First they seemed of the most elementary and childish description - but it seemed to occupy their attention and I have seen from 50 to 100 men sitting in a circle and playing at what seemed to me very like "hurst the slipper". Then their regimental bands were excellent and their concerts were more organized than ours. Sometimes one or two neighboring regimental bands would unite and hundreds of soldiers and officers and visitors from our camp would form a promenade concert. Near their head quarters we saw a number of sailors from the Naval brigade - very different from our rough and ready gacks. They were fine looking men but rather "Operatic" looking for work, being got up in Naval "traditional costume".



W As we came along we had noticed on an elevation in front of Head Quarters, some groups of men, and now quite a crowd had gathered. They were all gazing intently towards Sebastopol. We went up to the mound and saw what they were looking at. The whole mass of building known as the Barracks of the Karabalmaya was in a blaze. The flames had already spread over one entire side of the square and the roof was just about to fall in. Although it was bright sunshine the flames were distinctly seen shooting up to a great height, while dense volume of thick smoke rolled off from the burning mass. There was a good breeze and the flames spread with great rapidity. The sight was so interesting that we remained looking at it for a long time, and it was amusing to hear the conjecture thrown out as to the cause of the fire. The general rumour was that it was a well aimed Russian shell which had exploded in the building. But another, and I believe it was afterwards corroborated, was that the shell had not exploded, but a sailor strolling about had come upon some loose powder and out of sport had dropped his pipe ashes on it - and so had lighted up the conflagration.



We had spent so much time on this sight that it grew dusk before we were far on our way, and ere we reached about a mile from the Sailors ravine, which we had to cross before we got into our own camp, it suddenly grew dark. In this latitude the darkness of evening comes on much more rapidly than in our country. No sooner does the sun dip below the horizon than it is just as if you had put an extinguisher on a bright light. It grows so suddenly dark that you can scarcely distinguish objects around you. My former rencontre, and seizure as a spy came uncomfortably to my memory. But I was now with companions. There was nothing like a path to grope along, we were walking along dried up grass and loose stones. However we endeavoured to walk straight in one direction guiding ourselves by the lurid glare of the burning houses. At last we came to about half a mile from our camp as we judged by having crossed the Sailors ravine high up. On the sloping ground before us were numerous lights from tents and huts and one very bright camp fire, with a dark figure flitting now & then in front of it. We at once knew that this was



Some one cooking at the fire, and hoping it might be our own quarters we pushed rapidly on, when to our delight we came on Hird serving up our own dinner, Maumden Lowan's patience being quite worn out waiting for us.

Oct 7 M 1<sup>st</sup> October. Again, with Maumden, visited the "blood stained ruins" of the Karabalnaya, riding through the French works on their "Right Attack". We rode past Cathcart hill, across the ravine, through the British right-seige train, beside an old windmill well known by the plans and picture in the "Illustrated News". (See plan p. 66) Passing through part of the French Camp, we began our Survey of the Approaches at Victoria Redoubt. This received its name when the British occupied this part of the plateau at the earlier part of the Campaign, having undertaken the attack of the whole of the Karabalnaya. After Inkerman, it was quite evident that they could not continue there, as well as defend their rear. The French then sat down before the Malakoff & Russian works to the right of it, and undertook the defence of the plateau.

The Malakoff, Mamelon, and Victoria Redoubt are three conical hills, in a line with each other. The Malakoff highest, Mamelon next, the other a mere mound.



The Mamelon is 500 yards from the Malakoff - the Victoria redoubt nearly a mile & a half in rear of the Mamelon. The battery at first elected on it was soon given up, being too distant to be worked well. The French tents came near to it, and in its rear ~~some~~ men were always camped. The zigzags began in front of it; the parallels, covered ways, and trenches were very numerous and complicated. Batteries had been placed in several parallels, but, since the Mamelon had fallen into the hands of the Allies, the guns were concentrated in and near it. We rode into this well-known work, from which the victorious assault had been made. What an appalling spectacle! The whole interior of the hill had been excavated and torn into fragments by a fearful explosion of a magasin which had been ignited by a Russian shell a few days before the assault. In the chasm were crumpled together, guns, carriages, fabrics, coats, hats, boots, clothes, arms, all in perfect chaos.

The 500 yards between the Mamelon and the Malakoff was the most wonderful specimen of military engineering in the Crimea. The ground first slopes gently down, then a considerable level, then a very gentle slope up, then the rapid ~~is~~ a short steep incline, and the mound on the top.



As the Mamelon was commanded by the Malakoff and various other works, the trenches were entered from the rear of the work and for the first half of the way the trenches were similar to those elsewhere, but the last 200 yards, the guns of the battery in front could almost sweep the zigzags so that it was an object to get the men along them as fast as possible. The ground also sloped up to the Malakoff on all sides so as the approaches neared it they came, as to the Centre of a circle of a very wide circumference. It was impossible then to spread them out much and so round the Malakoff the trenches were like a spider web. To shorten the road between the parallels, and to save space reconnoissance was often had to a "Serpentine Sap": a very ingenious kind of covered way.

It was a ditch 6ft deep & with walls of sand bags on both sides, so that whichever way a ball was shot the men marching in the Sap were always protected or as it is called covered from the enemy's shot.





At various points these ways led into a larger space, very deep and well covered, called a "place d'armes" where the men who were huddling along the trench were collected before they made the rush to assault. The furthest forward of these parallels was only a few yards from the Malakoff wall; you could throw a stone into it. That at once explains the difference between the French & British on the day of assault. They had only to run a few feet - our men had to get across a flat piece of ground for 150 yards exposed to a storm of grape & canister shot. Why the French got up so close, was just that they had got into loose soft soil, while we were quarrying among limestone rock.

We tied our ponies to almost the only tree remaining of the whole abbatis. An "abbatis" is an obstacle composed of trees placed close sides by side - the trunk next the ditch, the branches spreading out towards the besiegers. So that when they come up to them, some delay may be caused by their requiring to scramble over the branches. I need not say that this obstacle was placed there more because it is the "rule" than for any service it did - the cannonade blew it



to "Smithereens" long before the assault. The interior of the Malakoff - and the evidences of the conflict might be described in nearly the same words, as that of the Redan. The defences, traverses, embrasure covers, subterranean caverns, were



Malakoff - and parallels of attack.

...one of our <sup>rocket</sup> batteries, the Allies had constructed a mortar <sup>rocket</sup> shell battery and the firing had been brisk all morning - but within the half hour before we got down, there had been a constant whizzing of rockets - and now they were shooting away overhead like a display of fireworks, from a battery just outside the wall.



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to "Smithereens" long before the assault. The interior of the Malakoff - and the evidences of the conflict might be described in nearly the same words, as that of the Redan. The defences, traverses, embrasures, covers, subterranean caverns, were most wonderful. (See Redan page 169.)

*Slope 45* We now rode down the steep slope in rear and visited the Karabulnaya from that side. A long high wall shuts in the Dockyard, but we found the gates open and as there was not a soul moving about we entered. The docks of Sebastopol are so well known that I need not describe them, except to say that they are on the grandest scale and were in splendid order. They were dry when we visited them - the floodgates being shut. We had had some intention of making a minute inspection of them - but truth to tell we began to be somewhat uneasy at our position. On each side of this Dockyard, the Allies had constructed a mortar <sup>rocket</sup> shell battery and the firing had been brisk all morning - but within the half hour before we got down, there had been a constant whizzing of rockets - and now they were shooting away overhead like a display of fireworks, from a battery just outside the wall.



Rockets and shells are interesting and beautiful objects when seen at a safe distance or when not coming in your direction - but this feeling is a little changed when they are coming direct to you. The Russians had taken little heed of the annoyance at first but now they were returning the fire - at the rate of a shell every half minute. Of course they did not mean to annoy two solitary men riding in the dockyard. but just as we began to think the place was too hot for comfort, a Russian shell burning its fuse before it got to its destination, the battery outside: burst over our heads, and the desolate walls of the dockyard resounded & re-echoed as if a peal of thunder had rolled over head. So we at once turned Tail and without delay galloped out of the place.

We rode along the wall till we came to the barracks, and saw the devastation which had been caused by the fire of the day before. Poking about the ruins of the part which had not caught fire we looked about for some things to increase the comfort of our tents in the event of our making a long stay in the Crimea - but most of the fittings had been carried off from the gutted buildings - I however



took off a short beam with some hat pegs which I afterwards tied to our tent pole like a cross tree, and it was very serviceable. We also again visited the hospital and as the walnut presses and wardrobes were still lying about, Maumder & I set to and with some labour unscrewed a number of brass hinges, which we carried away, with the screw nails. With these we made hinge lids to our wine boxes and got the loan of a padlock so as to have a secure place for our drinkables.

On returning to Camp to dinner, we found that Dr McLeod had come back again. He had been away at Smyrna on sick leave, since August, having had a bilious attack.

2<sup>nd</sup> October. — Cowan and I, thinking that this was the anniversary of the meeting of the classes in the Grammar School of Glasgow, resolved to hold our "Class dinner" in the usual way at an Inn. There is a Restaurant lately got up near Cathcart hill - where any meal can be got just as in a hotel at home. So we ordered our dinner there. To make the party more formal, we got Scott, Maumder & Dr Leod to join. So we had our "class dinner" in the Crimea; and in our glass of port, remembered "the brae".



Mr Mac Millan and "Absent class fellows".

After dinner, as we had old stories to discuss, the others left us, and Cowan and I went to Cathcart hill, where we sat down, and began to recall our last meeting and other things. What a strange place to have this meeting!! Cowan and I were both pupils of Mr Mac Millan's, but in different classes; and at the dinner of 1854 he and I had been appointed a committee to consider the propriety of uniting the two dinners. Strange that on the subsequent anniversary we were unexpectedly compelled to unite the classes to form a class dinner at all.

It was quite dark when we reached the "hill". The bombs of the adverse batteries were rising pretty frequently from each side and rockets occasionally. It was a beautiful sight to see this display of fireworks in the pitch dark. We could see the fires of the Russians on the Inkerman heights - and the roll of the drums at the "Call home" was quite distinct. As we made our way home - we were frequently challenged by the sentries "Who goes there?" "A friend" "Pass friend". It was curious to see the dull lights in the numerous tents we passed.



3<sup>d</sup>. General Mackham returning home in ill health - today a sale of his effects took place - We all went down to the Sale. Some capital horse trapping &c. but being all in good order high prices were given so we soon left it for a more exciting spectacle in the plain of Balacava - viz the horse races, got up by the light-division. In the middle of the plain an immense concourse was gathered of every different regiment and Corps - and of every one of the Allied troops. A race course was marked out with flags and a kind of stand at the winning post where "Crockford" had established a hut for selling wine. A pair of scales to weigh the riders was there and every thing in the most approved jockey style. The riders were officers of the light division - and really the get-up of jockey caps - jackets, ~~tights~~ and boots was most stylish. We saw two races, and it was most exciting. The racing was excellent.

After the races they got up a dog hunt. They chase about a dog till it gets frantic - and then whipping it off, away it goes, and the whole field helter skelter after it. A poor substitute for a fox hunt.



4<sup>th</sup> News having come of an expedition from Balaklava to some port of Russia on the North Shore of the Black Sea. MacLeod got liberty from Dep. Inspector Gordon to accompany it - as he had no duty in the General Hospital the staff being filled up. He therefore left Camp today and joined the expedition to Kinburn. Numerous reports, or "Shaves" as these rumours were called, were in circulation as to what the Army was to do next - but the only authentic information we could get was from the "General orders" which were published daily at Head Quarters. This information however was very vague - only consisting of definite orders, and giving no reasons. From these we learned that an expedition of several regiments was to embark at Balaklava but with what destination we did not - with certainty learn till the arrival of the "Times" from London.

Cowan's Cousin Lieut. Black was to embark with his regiment the 42<sup>d</sup>. and he did not know. The most popular "Shave" was Odessa. Before Black left he did Cowan & me a great service. Our clothes were beginning to get worn out, so he procured us a bit of 42<sup>d</sup> tautan and we got the tailor of the 14<sup>th</sup> to make us a pair of trousers,



which were the wonder and envy of all our colleagues. O'Conan of the 55<sup>th</sup> a friend of Scott also did us the favour of providing a pair of ammunition boots - which were a vast addition to my wardrobe.

B

I formerly gave an outline of the routine of a days work - and I may here add that of our duties kept us at the hospital all day as then sometimes did, the tedium was relieved for an hour or two by listening to the regimental bands - There was a large open parade ground before the hospital huts, where the regiments were inspected and hear the bands of the 14<sup>th</sup> and 39<sup>th</sup> played regularly. The 14<sup>th</sup> was an excellent band and on Thursday there was a full concert at 3 o'clock - The officers all turned out, and some from other parts came.

In the evening too, at 7 o'clock the light corps played; on fine moonlight nights we used to go and listen to it. Enlivening & inspiring though less refined was the pipe & drum music, which was played every night at 8 o'clock to call in the soldiers who might be strolling about.

By this time the weather had settled into fine clear autumn season. Fiercely hot during the day when the sun was high - cool towards evening



cold - sometimes bitterly - after sundown - so that we were glad to have a ~~hot bottle~~ in our beds and a plaid for an extra coverlet. The country was looking beautiful - the rain of the middle of September had refreshed the ground - and we were in a second spring - we had crocuses growing in our tent under the beds!!

3<sup>rd</sup> - Capt Dennis a young officer of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Buffs - severely wounded on the 8<sup>th</sup> having died of his wounds was today buried with martial honours - He was much esteemed.

6<sup>th</sup> - With Maumder I rode across the plain of Balaklava and visited Kamara a small village on the hills opposite the plateau. As we went along the Woronzoff road, we had the Camps of the French and Sardinian Armies of the Tchernaya on our left. The Sardinians were certainly the finest looking troops in the Crimea. They had not long come to the Crimea and were therefore fresh and clean. Their costume was not soiled with much trench labour and it was more durable in colour than the faded coats of our men, or the brick dust trowsers of the French. They have a complete suit of dark grey, or green. and look very serviceable men, as they proved to be in the action on the Tchernaya.



the Bersaglieri especially were very smart looking troops - with their dark green tunics and cock's tail feathers in their peaked hats. They seemed to have encamped themselves very snugly for the winter, a great many being quartered in great turf huts well thatched. The ground they had camped on was well adapted for that sort of hutting.

Kamara consists of a few scattered houses on a hill overlooking the Worongoff road. Beyond the village on the hillside, is camped the Highland Brigade. A prettier spot for a Scotch Camp could not be chosen. On one side you look down into the valley of the Tchernaya, on the other you look into a wild glen - finely wooded, with plenty of low brushwood, and wild flowers growing on all sides - reminding one of some highland glen. Before we came to that part of the hill where the tents became visible, we were wandering about among the shrubs, admiring the view - when all at once the droning of a bag-pipe burst on our ear. We soon found a few pipers practicing their pibrochs. Large bodies of fatigue parties of highlanders were employed in cutting down the brushwood which



they stacked for fuel - and thus they cleared a space for wooden huts which were being brought up from Balaklava - for their Winter Quarters. The whole Army being released from the duty of fighting was employed in making comfortable suggestions for the winter - of woodhuts which were arriving from Pontfain, and of numerous useful contrivances brought out of Sebastopol.

In returning to our camp we rode along the whole length of the Aqueduct. It begins near Kasseria and runs along the northern slope of the heights. It forms the boundary of our advanced posts towards the Russians. All along it, is a line of entrenchments - with batteries of field guns at distant intervals where it could most easily be crossed and particularly at the Bridge before described p. 193. The upper half of these trenches were under the charge of the Sardinians - those between the bridge and the plateau were defended by the French - principally Chasseurs de Vincennes and Zouaves. We observed the men in the trenches at their meals and were particularly struck with the mode of preparing coffee. Much was said about our men having "green coffee beans".



served out to them at first. That was long over and tea & ground coffee were now served out. But even now the French soldiers had their coffee - a very much prized article by them, served out in the raw bean. We saw the whole process. They roasted the bean in a kind of tin basin over a fire of a few sticks - one man evidently cooking for the whole Company. When properly roasted the beans were ground by the simple expedient of placing the basin in a depression in the ground - and using the butt-end of the musket as a pestle.

By the time we reached the plateau it was dusk and before we got well into the middle of our camp it grew pitch dark - often have I felt the difficulty of finding my way in that maze of tents in daylight - at night unless you are on one of the beaten roads it is next to impossible. Maumder however had great faith in the instinct of his pony - which had been in the Crimea for many months - so we laid the reins on our horses necks, and allowed them to choose their own way. To my astonishment they proceeded without the least hesitation and after poking



along for more than a mile - through places I could not recognise - and into some very queer localities - they came to a watering place where the cooly stopped to take a drink and then went straight on till we found they had stopped at their stables.

I may here state that a Crimean stable at this season was a very primitive affair, consisting in most cases of a peg stuck in the ground and a halter to secure the pony - some few had a bit of canvas by way of cover stretched across 4 poles. Some dozen of ponies were kept together in a sheltered spot behind the hospital - and one or two men who went by the name of grooms, kept charge of them - and this collection of men horses and harness was called "The Stables".

Each officer besides his own rations, was entitled to an allowance of hay and barley for a horse. So that the only expense in keeping a pony was a small payment to the groom. As the Russian men were only on temporary service we did not think it necessary to keep up a full "stud". Cowan bought a fine chestnut pony - Maudou got



change of the tough old grey - from Isch Lead. Scott got a mount from S Cowan of the 55<sup>th</sup> and I got one of them on the day that the owner was ordered. I was to take Cowan's from him when he left for home, of which he had already given the required 3 months notice.

The pony had belonged to one of the Naval Brigade and was sold the day he left (2<sup>d</sup> Oct.). I could not buy it when it came up to be sold - having only £8 or so left of my money - and no pay to be got. So Cowan paid for it in the meantime. I hoped to get supplies in a few days from some friends who were coming up to visit us from Dardanelles. Through some mysteries of the Circumlocution Office I had been kept applying for pay since July - but for some unaccountable reason which I forget, but never understood, I had got no pay since I left London. Cowan by this time was pretty tight too and Maunson had only to count in shillings.

All were looking eagerly to a remittance from head quarters at Rerkivi. Scott was woefully short of clothing. and used to get some kapes from his friend Cowan of the 55<sup>th</sup>. He was in a great state of awe at our 42<sup>nd</sup> news.



220. <sup>No</sup>

7<sup>th</sup> Being orderlie of the day I did not quit the hospital - Went to Chapel - being the only officer present I had to read the responses almost alone - the men giving only a mumbling grunt.

8<sup>th</sup> - A beautiful day - Cowan, Scott, Mander & I visited the Monastery again - We had two ponies and walked and rode in turns.

I formerly described this beautiful spot and I have only to add that since I visited it before some precautions had been taken to secure the buildings from the effects of the very violent storms which sometimes blow over the Black Sea at this time of year. Every one remembers the awful gale which wrecked the "Prince" last Autumn. Some few days ago we had been visited by a very severe gale and to guard against any mischance, the huts had been tethered down with very strong cordage. Some damage had been done; the roofs of one or two of the huts having been carried clean away as if they had been paper. Strong stays had since been placed over the roofs of the others so as to avoid a like casualty - Some effects of this storm were seen away inland at our camp. A new-comer often suffers



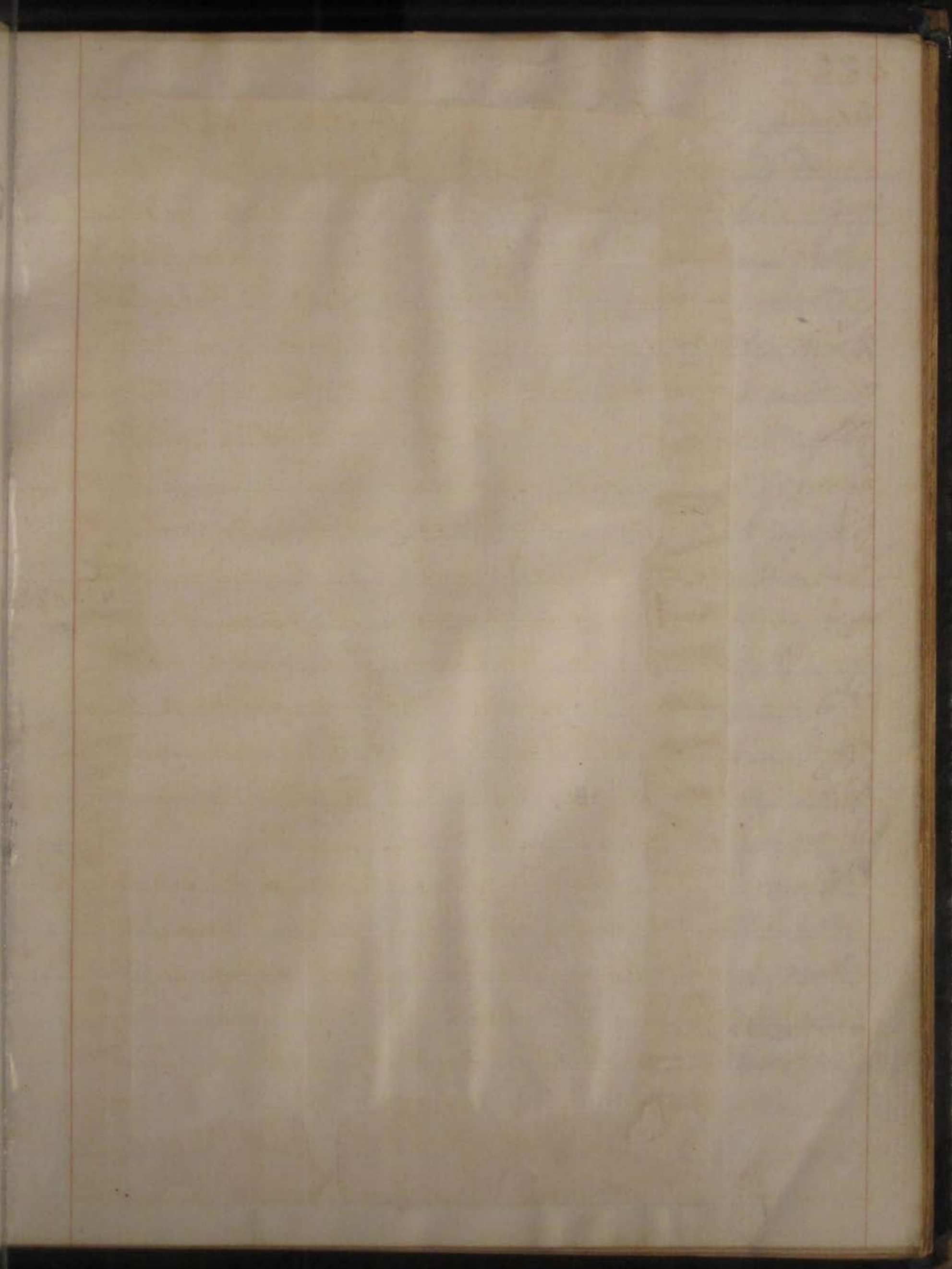
from his ignorance of the effects of weather on a tent. Cowan and I were very careful of the condition of our tent ropes. When the weather is dry and breezy the ropes should always be kept tight - the canvas may be kept as ~~stretched~~ <sup>stretched</sup> <sup>like</sup> as a drum head. If it lies loose the wind flaps it like a flag and this is very apt to shake out the pegs with which it is staked down. But the ropes must always be slackened at night if there is no wind because the dew, which is copious will cause the canvas to shrink and so pull out the pegs. In wet weather the ropes are slackened and altered to suit any change. One can get on well enough without bothering much about this altering the tension - but it is quite impossible to keep the tent smart and dry without constant attention to it. As our tent was always a model one, to our thinking, we always looked to the weather before turning in, and felt at our tent ropes. One of the Army and Navy Surgeons, doing duty in Camp near us was put into a woful plight from want of attention to this before the storm. I'll never forget. When we rose that morning to look at the



weather, we saw poor Mr Hulke - in vain endeavouring to collect and keep together his scattered effects - The rain had so stretched his tent ropes, that the pegs had been quite loosened - and the wind had blown the tent right down - and away flew all his articles. When the rain moderated in the morning the floor of his tent was a mass of stiff mud like the ground all round.

To return to the Monastery. We put up our ponies in a kind of shed outside the buildings and tried to scramble along the face of the cliffs to endeavour to reach the shore at the bottom. While I was crawling along a very steep part, by which I hoped to reach a more gentle declivity, my foot tripped against something and I was nearly sent rolling down into the Black Sea. Trying to see what had obstructed my progress - I found my foot had caught against the wire rope of the Telegraph to Varna. It was here laid along the face of the cliff and entered the sea just below where I was. It was scarcely covered with earth here, indeed in some places it was bare. I looked carefully







The Monastery of St. George.





and found my foot had done it no injury.

Finding the descent much too steep and dangerous and also that we were in the direct line of the Minie bullets of some French riflemen who were practising near us - of which latter we were advertised by a Monk who was observing us - we left that spot and entered the Monastery -

It was a glorious bright day and the view from the terraces was a most enchanting change from the Camp.

The perfect stillness of the place; the charming gardens on the terraces - the rich fruits on the banks below, and the perfect glassy calmness of the sea stretching away out into the horizon made up a most gorgeous panorama. The heat was so intense that we were glad to make our way down the winding path to the shore - where we were soon revelling the luxuries of a sea bath. Being thereafter appeased we sat down under shelter of a rock and had a kind of picnic. We had brought a bag of biscuits, cheese, cold meat - Sardines & jam. and with a bottle of Sherry we did not amiss. We were sore throats when we reached home but it was a delectable excursion.



9. Went to the French bazaar on the Wörzoff road for some things - The French bakers make nice white crusty rolls which we are glad to buy as a change from our ship biscuit & brown bread. We can sometimes get white bread to buy at the Canteens but it turns sour in a day and Cowan has great misgiving as to its purity & sticks to the hard leathery biscuit. And really when we take time to devot them they are palatable - but woefully hard and severe on the teeth. So a French roll is a godsend - only we have to go about 3 miles for the nearest "boulangerie". Most of the luxuries are to be got cheaper from the French - Coffee, Sugar, pickles, Sardines and Candles - As it got dark at 6 now, our single candle a fortnight, each, did not half do. So we bought Sperm or Composites and we got them cheaper at the French Canteens. A Canteen is just a store for the sale of all sorts of eatables and certain of them are authorised to sell spirits and beer - They are Marquees, and are coloured green to distinguish them from hospital Marquees - or those of Officers of rank.



One or two of the huts at Woronzoff bazaar is not unlike a "Burnwell's fancy bazaar", of Clyde watering place notoriety. It had every sort of commodity you could think of - And when we went in it was difficult to keep from buying. Knives, forks, spoons, pans, corkscrews, needles & thread buttons (in great demand) handkerchiefs (a shirt had half the orthodox number) paper pens &c &c. I bought a large rough hairy "Grogot" or Capote - a coat with a Cape - for use in the rainy & cold season.

10<sup>th</sup> - There was some unusual excitement about our part of the Camp this morning. A fatigue party and a lot of work scavengers were busy from an early hour, getting the roads and drains ~~knocked~~ <sup>graded</sup> up. The hut used as the kitchen was newly white washed. On visiting our patients we found both the night and day orderlies in attendance and evident traces of scrubbing and new lime laid on the earthen floors. The meaning of this was soon evident from a divisional "Order" - "The medical officers of the General Hospital in Camp, are requested to remain on duty all day." And soon we heard



that all this preparation was like that for a public examination of a School - Mr Stafford M.P. whose philanthropic exertions were well known, was to visit our Camp today, and the Hospital huts were being "got up" for the visit, & now at our P.M.O. being very anxious that Mr Stafford should be able to report favourably on the hospital.

He came about noon and staid two hours examining the whole arrangements - He was afterwards told that he was surprised at the completeness of every department. What a contrast to 6 months before.

In the afternoon Maumder and I rode through the French Camps on our right to the field of Inkerman and through the redoubts that now guard that position - on to the hill up which the Russians came. From this we had a fine view of the head of the harbour lying still & peaceful. Also of Inkerman - the city of Cambris - on the cliffs opposite, and the Mackenzie Heights.

<sup>B</sup> In riding about one often wonders who the Superior officers are, who pass along. Sometimes we met a brilliant staff, but



rarely did we find out who the Chief was. One thing we knew that rarely if ever was General Simpson, or Marshall Pellissier to be seen going about in state. I know I saw General Simpson once. He was riding in harness through our part of the Camp - he was accompanied by about half a dozen others, two of whom were Americans on a visit to our Camp. The only distinguishing mark he had was a curved ~~gold~~ sable in a brass scabbard. By this I distinguished him on another occasion.

Pellissier generally drove about in a phaeton. A curious thing it was to see a carriage and pair, scouring along over the fields and bumping over the stones, when there was no made road, where he wanted to go.

11. With Maumden visited Kamiesch. A ride of about 8 miles along the rear of the French army. There are good roads, many of them made by the French. The country has little interest - nearly flat, with here and there a farm house in ruins. As we got near to Kamiesch we met numerous Caunteries coming up with Mules laden with Stores. They were generally women - Vivandieres



who certainly are not the interesting and romantic individuals one sees in a play or an Opera. They were however dressed in their "Traditional Costume" and at a little distance were very picturesque on their smart little ponies - which they ride after the manner of the Male sex.

Kamiesh is a village of scattered wooden huts built along the banks of an arm of the sea. The bay is larger than that at Balaclava but the beach is shelving and the water shallow for a considerable distance. The fleet of transports is therefore anchored a short way from the shore and only a few vessels at a time can come in to the wooden quays which have been built. A great part of the cargoes is taken ashore in boats. At a part of the harbour appropriated to the Admiralty or ordnance wharf. immense quantities of warlike materials were stored up. Also a huge depot of coal and of fire wood. The country here being flat and even. The huts are arranged regularly and are more spread out than at Balaclava so that although great numbers of men



and officers were going about it has not the bustle and activity of our port of debarkation. There are the same sorts of stores of all kinds and particularly some large Caffe's and wine shops. It is a characteristic of both the French Emporiums that they have numerous stores of nick-nacks of all sorts, from complicated beds and chairs down to sandy shirts and clothes and even to trinkets. At Kadikoi and the stores near Cathcart hill the British Cantiniers had mostly eatables and drinkables - and such articles as saddlery, horse clothes, blankets &c. This difference was as striking as that between a village on the Seine and one in England. But it was productive of this advantage that if a Frenchman wanted a substantial draught in the colder weather - he could go and buy some ~~xx~~ bottled stout at Kadikoi while we occasionally had an agreeable change by getting some claret at the French "debits". The port and sherry at Balaklava and the claret and brandy at Kamiesch ~~were~~ just about the same in price as at home.

On returning to camp in the evening we found that



5<sup>th</sup> McLaren and Reddick from Reskior had come up on a visit to us. We got them some bedding and made up a couch for them in the operating hut, where they lodged very comfortably. They brought up some money for Scott and Maumder but it seemed that my affairs had got into some mess, between the Purveyor at Scutari and Dardanelles, and so I got none.

12. Cowan had been complaining of lumbago for some days and today is feverish and unwell. I staid with him and tried to procure him some comforts. By requisition I got a fowl for his sick rations and when Hird brought it to me to see how I would have it cooked. the bird nearly flew away - being still alive. One chop of a knife severed its head - and the place was soon covered with feathers flying about. I told them to make some chicken soup. but Hird had to go on duty this day and I told the orderly, he left to do his work, how to make the soup. At two o'clock I went to the kitchen to get the soup, and what was my dismay on asking for it to have pointed out to



me a huge kail pot on a fire of sticks. On taking off the lid, I saw about two inches of water on the bottom of the Canton, and in a retired nook, the wretched skeleton, which had crowed in the morning. now a mass of bones with something like shreds of ~~tare~~ clinging to them. The idea of presenting this as a delicacy to a sick man was so irresistably ludicrous that I burst into laughter and had the whole affair carried to our tent where Cowen was in bed. The pot in which it was boiled could certainly have held a good sized pailful. The sight was enough for poor Cowen - for though I boiled out some moderately good soup he would not have it. However the laugh did him good. I next tried my hand at manufacturing some Calves foot jelly. By requisition I got some cakes of gelatine, and with some ~~boiling~~ water, Sugar, Cherry and Rum made some that was not amiss. This he partook of - And I warrant that the balance was devoured at dinner with the avidity of men who do not see such a desert every day -



13. Along with Scott and Beddoe started at 12 for a ride up the higher valley of the Tchernaya. We took the road formerly described, to Kamana which then keeps along the banks of the river during its descent from the higher ground beyond. Here for the distance of two or three miles the scenery is of the most beautiful description bearing many resemblances to a Scotch Glen.

The Tchernaya is here a mountain torrent forcing its way among the gorges of a narrow ravine which cleaves the hills behind Kamana. Through this, torn up into endless cataracts, by the rugged masses of rock which oppose its progress, it foams and boils with a deafening roar, and at some places bedews the whole road with spray. The sides of the ravine and the banks of the river are clothed with brush-wood, ferns and wild flowers - and if one could exclude the soldiers and Turkish wagons which now and then pass along, it would be easy to conceive oneself somewhere about the Pass of Linnie or Killistank or such place.

While riding along this pass we met a Russian deserter who had come in to Baidar during the night. He was sincerely glad



and looked very ill fed. and if the rest of the force be in the same state it would be an easy matter for our troops, in their present prime condition to master them. He was accompanied by a band of French soldiers, who occupy the country in this direction. On this road also we met several foraging parties, who ~~were~~ employed in cutting down and carting away supplies of fire wood.

When we had ridden several miles through this highland scenery, all of a sudden the road by a swift turn emerged from the glen and we entered upon a broad, perfectly level valley clothed with the richest verdure. In the center the river flowed in a winding course, and here and there <sup>were</sup> clumps of large trees, so that the whole valley looked like an enormous lawn. Towards the top of the plain we observed some tents of the French outposts towards Baidar. In the middle of the valley, close to the river is a cluster of houses, the village of Vernoutka. Here we called a halt to rest the horses and examine the place. In halting for a rest we usually only loosened the saddle girths



and of there was plenty of grass, staked the pony - but often we allowed it to go free and to prevent it running off, fastened one end of the bridle to the pith or fetlock.

Vernostka is a hamlet of some 50 houses or so. These are built like the Syrian and Asiatic houses - little square towers with small holes for windows. The inhabitants are of the poorest class, but many of them looked intelligent. They are of Tartar origin and are Mahomedan in religion. Even the humblest hut had two apartments one on each side of the door - one for the women the *Kârem* - the other for the men - though in practice the sexes seemed to mix as with us, at least out of doors.

Beddoe who has a taste for Ethnology - and had picked up some little Turkish, continued to enter into conversation with a patriarchal old chap - and we were shown his house - and finding that we were there only for curiosity we had the entrée to many of the others - Beddoe who was a capital drawer took some sketches of the natives while I indulged in a roll on the fresh green grass. and a small crowd of little



Tartar children gathered round to look at the "Johnny" at his rest. Finding myself the object of as much curiosity to them as they to me, I took a sandwich and began to eat, and by offering little bits to them I had them round me, in great delight. Some of the natives came and looked on with great satisfaction. They seem a simple and primitive race. The natives of this valley afterwards left the Crimea for the Dobrodscha, before the Allies returned home. The women wear the Yasmak common among the Turks - although they have little beauty to conceal, judging from some whose face-covers had fallen down.

The French outposts have pushed on beyond Baidar some miles farther up the valley - but we had not time to go on any farther.

14 - Sunday - Staid in hospital. Orderlie.

15. Cowan continuing in a poor state, not very ill but weak and spiritless, resolved to leave for home at once - his three months of "notice" also having expired. I rode down to Balaklava to make enquiring as to



the sailing of transports. On the way down I had leisure to notice the immense preparations for the ensuing Winter. Certainly the Commissariat was determined that the troops should not want now. And this just showed that it wants but some stimulus to develop the prodigious resources of our little country. Huge mountains of coals and firewood had been collected at several spots and perfect forests of sawn timber for erecting wooden houses - Immense chuds of corn and every kind of necessary - I think the victualling of the Allies is one of the most wonderful facts about the Siege of Sebastopol. From Autumn 1854 to near the same time 1856 - nearly two years - there were not less than 300,000 men camped on that space of 8 square miles or less. Not a particle of food, clothing or firewood was got on the spot - and every necessary of every kind had to be carried across the Black sea and landed at Balaclava or Kamiesch. And had peace not been restored in 1856, the Allies had accumulated such a mass of the material of war



in men, Ammunition, Artillery and Supplies that the next Campaign ~~must~~ have been a rapid march through the Crimea, with the Russians in retreat before them, troops pouring in on them from all points - from Sebastopol, Kertch, Eupatoria and Kinburn.

In Balaklava I found at the Transport Office that the "Ottawa" sails on Wednesday. I met Cowan's cousin Black who had not yet sailed on the "expedition".

16. I rode over to "Head Quarters" about Cowan's Passage. Dr Hall I found perfectly ready to assist, but as Cowan's "leave" had not been put in "General orders" he would refuse to wait till an order was procured in the formal way. He therefore gave me a note to the "Quartermaster" and after waiting some time I got the document which was to provide for a passage. I had to go back again in an hour or two for the document after it had gone through the routine of several offices, in each of which some new initial was added to it.

In the afternoon, the prospect of getting



home had so brightened up Cowan, that he and I paid a farewell visit in company to Cathcart hill, where once again we went over many of the eventful scenes we had witnessed the last six months.

17. Cowan thinking he would be too much ~~knocked~~ <sup>winded</sup> up with riding down to Balaclava - we procured an ambulance mule to carry him. On each side of a strong mule is strung a couch with a cover or awning, so that the sick man can lie - or if he likes, the couch can be folded up like an arm chair. When there are two sick men to balance each other, the driver leads the mule - but as there was only one the driver sat opposite to Cowan, guiding the animal with the reins. Maumder and I rode down in company.

Not having succeeded in getting any money as yet I could not pay for Cowan's pony, and I was reluctantly obliged to allow it to be sold to D Lakin, Cowan needing the money for his passage home from Scutari.

Maumder and I did not set off till the



Mule had started some time, and when we came up to it about 3 miles from Camp we were not prepared for the singular mode of progression which the animal had adopted. As is well known a Mule is an animal of great sagacity but of equal obstinacy. It appears that all had gone on well for a couple of miles, but something had then occurred to cause a slight skirmish between the Muleteer and his beast, in the progress of which the animal seems to have become aware that his driver was not at his head but seated on his back - and so the mule at once took his own way - and indulged in a series of motions, no doubt - amusing to an onlooker but far from pleasant to poor Cowan. Irritated beyond toleration by the spasmodic evolutions, Cowan adjured the Muleteer to control the animal, so pulling with all his might to bring it to a stop, he got the head all to his own side, and so round went the mule. The more he pulled the more the brute came round, so here they were gyrating like a windmill, but not advancing.



a single step. Annoying as it was to Cowan words cannot convey the ridiculousness of the position - I nearly fell off my pony laughing at it. Here was the Driver, whipping, pulling, shouting - Cowan imploring him to jump off even though the whole affair was overbalanced, and fell to the ground - preferring to run the risk of being crushed or kicked, to having his brain reeling and giddy - and through it all the Mule grinding away in a circle, as if practising for some performance at a Circus. When we came up of course we at once put a stop to it and I took the Coach opposite Cowan to leave the Muleteer free to lead the animal, and the motion was then quite smooth - for these animals never miss a step - My pony was led behind... Capt. Heather who has charge of the harbour at once gave us the order for the Ottawa and I saw Cowan safely on board - on his way home. S. Lakin did not make his appearance so as no money could be got - the pony was transferred to me.



The vessel was not to sail till next day so I promised to ride down and say farewell then -

Mauder and I then rowed out to the "Tartar" which had come in with new stores, and we laid in a fresh supply of malt liquors, which we transported to Camp on Cowans Ambulance Wagon.

That night <sup>in</sup> the tent, felt very lonely. I had got Cowans bed removed and purposed to have the tent re-arranged next day for my own further Campaign.

18. On riding down to Balaklava to bid farewell to Cowan, I found that the ship had cleared out early in the morning and had already sailed. Calling on Mr Jenner, Pomeroy and Dr Murray (formerly in China) with whom I was acquainted, I was asked to stay ~~at~~ dinner in their hut - along with Dr Leard from Smyrna - Until that time Leard and I visited the Castle and Sanatorium on the hill which guards the entrance - A deep ravine separates the hill on which they stand from the town and the road winds up the ravine.



2. At Balaklava there are three hospitals. The General Hospital is situated on the hill-side at the top of the harbour, conveniently placed for receiving invalids previous to embarkation. There is a pier at not more than a stone-cast from it, where the sick and wounded are easily shipped. In consequence of this advantage, patients are sometimes sent there for a few days before being sent to Scutari. Part of the hospital is an old stone building, but the principal part consists of huts recently erected. The situation is good for winter quarters, but the position it occupies renders it suffocating in summer. Shut in by the high cliffs of the harbour on all sides, the sun beats directly on it, and it is perched, as it were, in the focus of a concave mirror, of which the sides are formed by bare rock, and the bottom by the absolutely smooth water of the harbour. This establishment was not kept filled, but was capable of receiving a large number from the others on any emergency. Sailors and civilians were eligible for admission.

In striking contrast to the last is the Castle Hospital, called *the Sanatorium par excellence*. Situated on the ridge of the lofty crags which bound the entrance of the harbour, it is fanned by every breath that blows; and as it stands well out into the sea, it is justly considered the most healthy of all. A stone could be dropped into the sea from the edge of the precipice on which the parade is formed. A deep ravine, up which the road winds, separates the hill on which it stands from Balaklava on the land side; on the other, the precipice goes plumb down into the roadstead beyond the harbour. The old huts are much worn out, and are in great part replaced by new ones, more calculated to stand the gales and piercing winds of winter. They are built of double planking, with a small interval between each layer of wood, are heated with stoves, and have well-fitting doors and windows. They have about 20 beds each. The number of patients who could be treated here is about 400, but the situation was thought so good, that gradual additions are constantly making. The change from the camp to this sanatorium was often productive of great benefit. Fevers, which were followed by lingering convalescence, were more rapidly cured, wounds put on healthy action, and generally a short residence here was found to be productive of the same benefits that change from town to coast or country is known to have in civil practice. The Sanatorium of Balaklava is, therefore, a very popular hospital. Miss Nightingale made this her headquarters during her stay in the Crimea in October last.

The third is the general hospital of the naval brigade, under the superintendence of Dr. Smart. It is situated on the side of a ravine, leading down to the west side of the entrance to the harbour, and is, therefore, opposite the hill which is crowned by the Sanatorium. A very narrow path skirts this side of the harbour, the hills coming down to the water very abruptly; but the hospital is easily approachable by water, a gentle ascent leading up the ravine from that bend of the creek known as Cossack Bay. It consists of six or eight huts, and occasionally received sick from the camp, but was principally intended for the sick from the ships of war lying in and off the harbour, and the marines who were camped on the hills behind Balaklava. *the New Journal* 14



I saw Miss Nightingale returning from a visit to some part of the Camp - She resided in a hut here, while on a visit to the Crimea.

Polychaone the Greek servant had not completed his Cuisine when we returned for dinner and his masters Jenner & Murray vied with each other in heaping on his head some choice English maledictions & threats. Poor fellow he seemed to me to be doing his best but they insisted that he was an idle scoundrel - I would rather have no servant at all than scold as they did. There could be no confidence between Master & Servant at that rate. It was quite dark when Leared & I left Balaklava but the night was pretty clear and by scanning the dim outline of the heights of the plateau I was fortunate in hitting on the bridge path through the Guards' Camp, which cuts off at least a mile.

On lighting my candle I saw that the post had come in and that two letters were lying for me - a most unusual occurrence. One was in Dr Andrew Anderson's handwriting and at once filled my mind with misgivings. The other was from my brother and both contained



the same intelligence that my Father had had a severe attack of Rheumatism and was quite disabled. In consequence of this and a request in both letters from my Father that I should hasten home to help him during the Winter Session, I ~~at once~~ resolved, at whatever cost, to leave the Crimea and return home without delay. Acting on this determination I at once went to Scott and Maumder and told them. Then to B Smith the local head of the hospital then to D Sakin to whom on the spot I ~~at once~~ sold my pony - now <sup>twenty four</sup> ~~24~~ hours my own property. In acting thus I was quite aware that I laid myself open to severe animadversion - besides leaving the Crimea when I had just got all things arranged for a long stay - and made arrangements for staying afterwards at Renshivi. I had signed a paper binding myself to the Government Service unless I gave 3 months notice of my intention to leave. In which case I lost the bounty money of half a year's pay - but such a resignation as mine was never contemplated except from ill-health.

However I never for a moment considered these things, I ~~at once~~ resolved to act, and



having done so, proceeded to make the most of my position.

I rose betimes next morning and packed up my portmanteau preparing to leave if I could get away - and every thing turned out just as of it ~~had~~<sup>been</sup> expected.

I rode over to "Head Quarters" and in a short-interview with D Hall explained frankly to him my circumstances. Fortunately the sick at the General Hospital were much reduced in numbers and the Staff was large enough without me to undertake the duties. He ~~at once~~ gave his consent to my leaving and was so kind as to undertake personally the preparation of my "order". This was of much importance to me for though one gets an order to Capt. Heath at Balaklava passengers must always give way to sick and those "on duty". D Hall knowing this, and my anxiety to reach home without delay, got my order made out for "the first vessel" and put it "on duty" an act of kindness which I shall not easily forget. It takes hours sometimes days to put such an order through the routine, but D Hall



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invited me to sit down in his hut and in a few minutes returned with the order all ready - and bidding me adieu. He advised me to get down to Balaclava <sup>as soon as possible</sup> ~~at once~~ as a ship was fitting out today -

On returning to the hospital I found the surgeons mostly aware of my <sup>intention</sup> ~~return~~ home. Snowat & Smith kindly offered to get me a baggage mule for my luggage - but fortunately a large number of men were being invalided home this day, and some of them, my own patients were glad to undertake charge of my postmortem on the ambulance waggon to Balaclava. I sold some of the tent furniture and left the rest, and Scott came down with me to Balaclava. He remained on the wharf in charge of my traps till I made a last acquaintance with the mysteries of the Circumlocution Office. I got my order from Capt Heath ~~at once~~; but I resolved to try and get some money before I went home as I had got none since I left London in May. It was three o'clock when I began to look out for Mr Carpenter



the Surveyor and the pay Office shuts at 4. I ran about from place to place but could not find him. At length I fell in with Dr. Hall who was down seeing after the sick being shipped, and he directed me - I need not go over all the obstacles I had to overcome, but when at length I came out of the office I had with me an order for pay. It was past 4 now and when I got to the pay office the paymaster was locking up his desk. On my urgent representation however he opened up again and I came off with a pocket full of new sovereigns - I bade adieu to Scott and was soon on board the *Balrana*, the steam was up but it was too late to clear the harbor till next morning.

However here I was in 18 hours after receiving a request to return, on board the steamer<sup>in</sup> which I was to leave the Crimea - and that not in spite of - but by the aid of the most formal regulations of military routine - A very marked proof of how much one year had done to break down "red-tapism" & substitute common sense and expediency.



24<sup>th</sup> ~~October~~ 20<sup>th</sup>

~~Next morning~~ I went ashore early and posted several letters to the various officials to whom I should make known my resignation, one home & one to Mr James Clark to apprise him of my coming home. Mr Laren of Renshoi, had kindly undertaken to manage my affairs there when he returned - and as I was now flush of money I left some with Mr Murray at Balaklava - for the pay of Gibson my servant at Dardanelles - Having thus arranged my affairs as well as the few hours permitted I quitted the Crimea and Her Majesty's Service.

At noon we were steaming out of the Bay of Balaklava and had a fine passage on a brilliant day.

21<sup>st</sup> Sunday. A clergyman who had been chaplain at the Monastery - performed the English Service in the Cabin - All the Officers and some of the crew present. It was amusing to see the motions of the audience, as they stood at the proper places, when the vessel gave a lurch as it sometimes did. There was a very gentle swell, and again the weather was very fine.



22. When I rose this morning I found we were gliding down the Bosphorus - The Palaces, Minarets, domes, pillars of white marble glittering in the sunlight; the gardens and Cypress groves relieving their dazzling brilliancy. Repetition only heighten the beauty of that fairy scene.

At half past eight we dropped anchor at Scutari and Capt. McDonald J. A. I. G. who came on board for despatches announced that our steamer the *Balrana*, was to sail for England today at 4. I at once got into a *Caique* and landing at Scutari pier, made my way up to Victoria House, where as I anticipated I found Cowan in Atkens rooms. Here I got letters from home, which, although they fully relieved my mind as to the result of my fathers attack and <sup>told</sup> of his progress to recovery; also showed the necessity of my getting home without delay.

Cowan had not been the better of the gyrations and rotatory evolutions on his way to Balacava, and the passage had not improved him; so he was used-up & listless. He had purposed going home by the *Messager*



Imperiales Steamer in a day or two after getting a rest at Sentari - but finding I was now on my way in the Baliana he agreed to come with me so as to have each other company - if a passage could be managed for him. I at once undertook to procure that.

With this view I called at the Quarter-Master General's, but Cowan not being military he said I would require an order from the Commandant. ~~Fortunately~~ Lord Wm Paulet had been superseded by General Stokes as Commandant at Sentari and I at once went over to the Barrack Hospital and went on to the General. He is a kind, but shrewd and determined looking man. He listened with perfect attention while I stated Cowan's case in a few sentences - and said he could do what I wanted, if I would satisfy him that the Rukivi men were entitled to a passage home - I offered to get Cowan's papers and having gone back and procured them at another interview I showed him them. He then gave me the "Order". This I got countersigned at the Q. G. and then returned for  
 Quarter Master General's



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Mr. General

A. J. J. J.

to New York for

Mr. Buchanan

Lord Simpson

By order

John W. Foster

Mr. Secretary

Mr. E. M. B.

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W. J. J. J.

Sept 1865 1863



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W. M. M. M.

Capt. R. A.

Dr. Buchanan arrived from  
Constantinople at 2 and called on  
1<sup>st</sup> September in the Messageries Imperiales  
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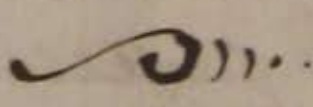
Imperiales



things

Cowan who packed up his traps and taking a final leave of Sicutari, went on board the *Baliance*. Aitken came with us, so leaving Cowan on board, he and I went to Galata to get the "order countersigned at an Admiralty" without which it would not pass current.

The day was far spent when this piece of business was concluded - so I had barely time to get to the old German's near the bridge where I got a cargo of Proussa wine to take home - some tobacco - pipes &c

By the time we got on board once more the steam was up - and pledging Aitken in a draught of champagne we bade him adieu - and so left Constantinople. 

*Print* (I have attached a curious specimen of an "order" fortified with several counter-signatures)

Chap. VI.

### Homewards!

Few incidents worthy of note occurred during the voyage to Malta. The "*Baliance*" was a large handsome Screw Steamer - belonging to the South American S.S. Co. Captain Green was a pleasant jolly man who did the honours of the table



with credit. The passengers were almost all  
invalided or wounded officers. There were  
about 30. Those who were seriously wounded  
had a state room to themselves. So that the  
most had to be made of the rooms - I had  
got a berth along with a youth; Lieutenant  
Deerden in a state room, but we had given  
it up to Capt. Ryder R. N. at Scutari to place  
Capt. Green and along with Cowan and ~~four~~<sup>three</sup>  
other I occupied the ladies Cabin. Hung  
from the roof of our Cabin was the Crucifix  
used by the <sup>Russian</sup> priests to lead the <sup>before Constantinople</sup> soldiers up  
to the batteries - which was captured by our  
men from the Russians and by some extra-  
ordinary process fell into the hands of our  
Ship's Captain (A picture and description of  
this trophy will be found in the Illustrated  
London News of Nov. or Dec. 1855.)

The arrangements of the Ship were as follows  
Breakfast at 8½ - Luncheon 12½ - Dinner 4.  
Tea &c. were always ready for the meals -  
Where they got and how they kept such supplies  
of geese, ducks and fowls is a mystery.  
We had to order our own wine. but as it turned  
out Cowan and I did not pay for ours -





MAN CROSS TAKEN FROM A HOUSE IN THE REAR OF THE REDAN

An interesting specimen of ecclesiastical art is in the possession of Captain Green, of the steam-ship *Bahiana*. It was taken from a house in the rear of the Redan, and was carried by a priest (as our informant states) the head of a relief party, to that work and the Malakoff. The Cross is about seven feet six inches high: it is carved and decorated with no great skill, although it has evidence of frequent and long use. It was apparently much as our own ensigns are, bearing marks of the hands of the leather strap with which the bottom was secured.

Dardanelles - Penkiri  
the trained roofs glittering

- no motion - passed  
quite close to Cape  
of Greece.

land. "Spoke a ship"

At 10 pm we steamed  
on of Valetta. Night  
night and the lofty  
se fortifications had  
advanced. In the harbor  
and other vessels.

down when boats con-  
fused dress came along -  
there was a ball that  
had come away to meet  
last "shaves" from the  
that the Peninsular &  
from Malta for Marseille

resolved to leave our  
tough France as St. Ilya  
in the October gales,



262

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tivalided or wounded  
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76

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On the outbreak of hostilities between England and Russia, the interruption of the friendly relations which the two nations had maintained with each other naturally gave rise to a great want of many articles for which we had long mainly depended on Russia. It led to expect diminished supplies and augmented prices of many articles for which we had long mainly depended on Russia. It conveyed to us through our Baltic trade. Among the articles of which with which that trade has hitherto largely furnished us are hemp, &c.; and the increased price of these articles is to be regarded as not the least of the grievances entailed on us by the war. However, one branch of our commerce with Russia is still open, or nothing has been said, though it is by no means the least important, either its extent or its utility,—we allude to the importation of iron.

Prior to the present war it was no unfrequent sight to see Russian vessels at our ports—especially Archangel, St. Petersburg, and the Baltic—loaded with vessels preparing to sail for England, and Russia mats. These mats are made of the bast of the birch tree. The bark, by maceration, is separated into thin layers, and is then pressed into mats. In Russia and other parts of the north of Europe the bast or bass is used for packing, and they are in great demand among us for covering baskets and packages of fruit, and market day vast numbers of Russia mats are brought to London in the carts which convey the supplies of fruit, vegetables, &c. to Covent-garden. In Russia, however, these mats are not used. Flour, meal, and all descriptions of dry produce are transported from one part of the empire to another in bags and barrels, and the boxes used for packing merchandise are covered with the rain by layers of mats. The carts of the country are also covered with them.

But these mats are not the only articles made in of the lime-tree. The peasantry employ the bast various objects of utility; indeed to the Russian what the birch-tree is to the peasant of Sweden. for making boxes and trunks, and even for roof Sieves for winnowing corn are also made of the bark of the lime-tree. This fibrous substance making ropes and cordage. The boats which carry rivers and canals in the interior of the country, are with any other cables or ropes save those made from have sails made of the same substance; and in the poorer class of people use bast, instead of leather, shoes.

It is difficult to conceive the magnitude of the forest, considering the enormous number of trees annually felled of the best. The manufacture of mats has been with undiminished activity, and the mats are not less numerous than they were at a very remote period. Another fact is, that in spite of the extensive export trade in mats, the mats exported are insignificant in comparison with those made in the interior of the country. None but persons who have been in the country who have seen the habitations of the peasantry, the towns, and the boats on the rivers, can form any idea of the extent to which the linden bark is applied by the lower population.

In a district of Russia comprising the gov-  
Kostroma, Casan, and Nijny-Novgorod, the peo-  
employed in the manufacture of various articles for  
lime-tree furnishes the material. The same branch  
on in several other parts of the empire, but on so l-  
articles produced scarcely suffice for the local consu-  
ments above named chiefly furnish mats for foreign  
supply the northern and southern parts of the empire  
ments there are whole villages whose inhabitants de-  
of existence from the lime-tree forests.

During the months of May and June, at which season the leaves are easily detached from the trunk of the lime-tree, the Russians above mentioned, are in a great measure detached from their families, and indeed whole families, then repair to the forests, for several weeks at a considerable distance from their homes; an arbitrary authority exercised by the nobles over the poor creatures thus to bury themselves in the depths almost inaccessible. The thickness of the vegetation suffocating at that season of the year; moreover, augmented by swarms of insects, and they frequently labour in stagnant water before they can reach the trunk of a tree. These tedious expeditions to the forests is often attended with danger; frequently happens that the labour of the villagers is endangered. In years during which the weather is dry almost impossible to detach the bark from the trunk, and it is then very necessary to facilitate the operation; and in years of more than ordinary severity, even a favourable season counteracts the effects of the previous cold.

Before cutting down the Hama was in



23. Passing through Dardanelles - Reskivi Hospital well seen, the tinued roofs glittering in the sun.

24. Gentle breeze - no motion - passed some rocky islands and quite close to Cape Angelo - southernmost point of Greece.

25. Out of sight of land. "Spoke a ship" by signals - "the Jason".

26 Still calm. At 10 pm we steamed into the Admiralty harbor of Valetta. It was a brilliant moonlight night and the lofty battlements of the Maltese fortifications had a most splendid appearance. In the harbor were several "Men of war" and other vessels. Scarcely was our anchor down when boats containing naval officers in full dress came alongside. We learned that there was a ball that night and the officers had come away to meet friends and hear the last "shaves" from the seat of war. We heard that the Peninsular & Oriental steamer <sup>was to</sup> sailed from Malta for Marseille in the morning.

27. Cowan and I resolved to leave our transport and go home through France as it might be a considerable time, in the October gales,



going by the Straights. We therefore got a boat to row us round to the Quarantine harbour where the P & O boat was lying - It was a tough pull for the man and boy, the swell coming in pretty sharply and breaking on the rock which separates the two harbours. We found the "Alhambra" lying at anchor and no sign of going off. She had to wait for the overland mail steamer from Egypt - which was due this morning. But as it was not in sight, we were informed that ~~they~~ <sup>she</sup> would not sail that day - We got berths and were allowed to stay in the vessel till she sailed. We however went ashore for a day of the land. Cowan had been here before so he at once <sup>made</sup> ~~steered~~ for Dunsford's hotel where we had breakfast - and met - Old O'Scott eating his breakfast at the same table and in the same place, as Cowan had seen him 6 months before.

We then did Valletta. Malta has been so often described that I need not take up much time with it. The town is crammed full of people - Immense numbers of Naval Officers en route from the Crimea the Naval brigade being broken up - But some of these



I had seen in the Crimea. But of all the things one sees in Malta what makes the strongest impression is the mass of monks and beggars. On a rough calculation I should say that in every 10 persons there is one monk or beggar. The monks are very disgusting looking men worse than any I ever saw, and oily and nasty and unclean. As for the beggars they seem to swarm by profession. You will see them in three or four of a company - And they lie about, seemingly without much care. They are very wretched looking. Valletta is a curious place - the people one meets are of every nation and tongue - The British and native population predominating.

Everyone has heard of the Cathedral of St. Giovanni with its mosaic floors and the tombs of the Knights Templar. Our next visit was to the Passport Office for a visa. Then to the Military Hospital where I found my friend and former pupil Mr. Marston who did not know me in my Crimean togethery. He was glad to see us and accompanied us the rest of the day. We visited the wondrous fortifications and the grand old palaces, the



former abodes of the Knights of Malta. The view from these battlements is very grand and shows the vast strength of our Phoenician stronghold... After some shopping we were glad to sit in a sheltered spot in a confectioners at our ices, while we looked at the people passing.

While taking some dinner at a Restaurant it came on very sultry - and by the time we got near the place where we could get a boat it began to rain and thunder with great violence. The way to the beach is through a tunnel cut below the huge walls of the city - so long that in the middle it is nearly dark. The landing place is below the level of the street so this tunnel is a continuous flight of stairs called the "Rix Mangiare" or "Marse Mussette" stairs - a frequent lounge of beggars, and all the while we were taking shelter from the rain the begging was going on briskly - such a torrent of rain was falling that the steps were converted into a series of cataracts.

On getting on board the Alhambra we found that the rain had been accompanied by a gale so sudden that the vessel slipped her anchor chain and was nearly stern-on to the rocks. She





maintained me superior of any  
 city, name whatever you liked. He was taciturn  
 and caustic, and though he did not often answer  
 the flippant and loquacious Surgeon - when he  
 did - it was good and telling. At tea time the  
 chaffing was renewed to our infinite amusement,  
 the three living in good terms, but in a state of  
 "armed neutrality"; ready to take advantage of anything  
 which could be used as a "casus belli".



...my own courage of reggars, and all the while we were taking shelter from the rain the begging was going on briskly. Such a torrent of rain was falling that the steps were converted into a series of <sup>small</sup> Cataracts.

On getting on board the Alhambra we found that the rain had been accompanied by a gale so sudden that the vessel slipped her anchor chain and was nearly stern-on to the rocks. She



was caught up however in sufficient time, and no harm was done; although the incident was the source of some goodnatured chaffing of the Surgeon and Chief Engineer against the Mate. which still was going on when we got on board. The Mate was an intelligent Superior man. The Captain was ashore, and in that Co. is grand Seigneur. The Surgeon was a most extraordinary man - got up in youthful naval toggery, but a man between ~~50~~ and 60 years of age. His name was D. Lemperton and he was formerly Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Aberdeen!! I never found out how he came to that station.

Mr Butcher the head Engineer was a true Scotsman a Glasgow man - who still retained the firm conviction that "theres no place like home;" and maintained the superiority of Glasgow <sup>over</sup> any other city, name whatever you liked. He was taciturn and Cautious, and though he did not often answer the flippant and loquacious Surgeon - when he did - it was good and telling. At teatime the chaffing was renewed to our infinite amusement, the three living in good terms, but in a state of "armed neutrality"; ready to take advantage of anything which could be used as a "casus belli".



28<sup>th</sup> Sunday. Along with S Lemperton and Mr Butcher took a boat and went ashore. They were going to the Presbyterian chapel - in connection with the Free Church - and I accompanied them. There is a handsome church belonging to the Church of England "Queen Adelaide's Chapel". The church we went to was a very plain meeting house. It was well filled with a respectable congregation - among which was a division of Maltese Constabulary. The preacher was not the regular minister but a young man whose ~~conducting~~ of the services did not, to my mind contrast favourably with what I had heard at Therapia and the Crimea. However it was pleasant to hear the old Presbyterian form of worship.

After taking a cake at the Confectioners, S Lemperton recommended a drive into the country and offered to accompany me. So we engaged a vehicle of the place - a most extraordinary conveyance. The driver ran alongside and pulled and whipped his beast, now and then getting up on the ~~box~~ <sup>seats</sup>, as a carter does in our country - It was a two wheeled affair like a swiney gig.

We drove out to Citta Velia which is



Situated near the centre of the island. The country has few features to interest one in the way of landscape. The whole of the fields are in terraces - supported by stone walls so that sometimes nothing is seen but a series of these walls. The little square tower-like houses are scattered sparingly about, or collected into little hamlets. The road runs along an old aqueduct supported by arches which is many miles long. When you view a large extent of country it looks dismal and apparently barren; its extreme richness of soil can only be appreciated when you examine one field quite beside you.

B Citta Vecchia is an old city with very little of interest in it. There is the gloomy old Cathedral - the church of St Paul where is a potto which was inhabited, Romish tradition says, by St Paul for three months. The streets are seemingly deserted - and I suppose every visitor to the city must exclaim as I did, "but where are the people?" The contrast to the crowd in Valetta is most striking.

29. On rising this morning we were delighted to find the steamer "Ava" from Alexandria arrived - sales in the Red Sea had detained the mail.



She anchored at the other side of the bay and by the Quarantine regulations, her crew were not allowed to communicate with the Maltese. Her passengers are not permitted to visit Valetta, but for the purpose of letting them purchase, the Jewellery and Corals for which Malta is famed a bazaar is put-up near where the vessel anchors and there they may make purchases. The Overland people from India came on board the Alhambra and then we set off. By the time we were ready to weigh, a number of the well known Maltese diving boys had gathered, in their little punts to earn some pieces of money. They are certainly most expert divers. If a piece of money is dropped overboard they will dive after it and secure it with unerring certainty. Sometimes two will dive after the same piece, then often ensues a wrestling under water for it. We could see them fighting in the water away many feet below the surface. One great fellow swam under the steamer for a coin that was dropped on the opposite side. All the time they were above water they kept up a continuous begging in broken English and the jargon was some-



(Sir)  
 thing like this - "Aw! fare-y-aw fare!  
 Heave fare, for dive fare - Heave fare -  
 for dive fare - "Vill go under de sheep (Ship)  
 fare, Aw-fare - and so on uninterruptedly.

We steamed out of the harbour at eleven.  
 The Alhambra, was a very smart and fast-  
 vessel more like a yacht than passenger vessel.  
 The berths were all taken up - many of the  
 passengers were from our former vessel - some  
 dozen having joined from the Ava from India.  
 Some of the Indians spent the whole time in  
 play and some heavy gambling went on.

30. A stiff breeze blowing this day,  
 Cowan kept his berth and I went on deck to  
 enjoy the sea and pay the penalty of keeping  
 the erect posture when the ship is rolling. The  
 sails were all set and we were snoring up  
 into the wind's eye, a foot of water on deck  
 at our lee gunwale. Although I had the  
 "Mal de Mer" One of the crew brought me up  
 some dinner which I promptly ejected - but  
 a second attempt was rewarded with success.  
 After that I had no more sickness and enjoyed  
 my victuals - And in truth the victualling  
 on this line was sumptuous. You pay for



passage and victualling in one sum, so it is all the same how much you eat or drink and the Cuisine is excellent. It seems to make the time pass at sea to have many meals so there is Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner, Tea, and Supper. The first at 8 1/2 Am the last at 9 pm. All wines and liquors are included in the fare.

31. Passed through the Strait of Bonifacio. The weather broke and it came on wet. Numerous waterspouts round us at a short distance. The wind nearly ahead - it is all the pilot can do to keep the sails full.

November 1<sup>st</sup>. At 6 pm we anchored in the harbour of Marseilles. Cowan and I repaired to the Hotel des Colonies, where we took a substantial Supper and then visited some of the handsome Cafes for which this town is celebrated.

Next morning we took the rail to Paris. The railway takes "Crimean" heroes at half fare so we had a cheap ride. Arriving in Lyons at 10 pm we ~~stopped~~ dined and then continued on course and got to Paris pretty well tired out about 5. in the morning and got quarters in the Hotel de Rivoli. It was a wet cold day, but we did what was required - got our passports viséd,



visited the Exhibition dined at Vercy & returned early having need of a good rest.

4<sup>th</sup> - Paris to London via Boulogne.  
Found D<sup>r</sup> Steele <sup>of Cyprus</sup> waiting for us at the Station, as we had sent up a telegram, from Folkestone on our arrival. I telegraphed home that I was in England and ready to come to Glasgow at once. In return I learned that my Father was <sup>so far well as to be</sup> able to open the session on the 6<sup>th</sup> and I was expected to commence my course of lectures on the 7<sup>th</sup>.

5<sup>th</sup> - Called on Sir James Clark who quite coincided with my movements, and ~~at once~~ gave me what document I required towards completing my dealings with the War Office. Had a long chat with him on the affairs in the East.

6<sup>th</sup> - To Glasgow - where I arrived at 8pm and found my father <sup>much better</sup> ~~near~~ well, and was received with a welcome home & worthy of a <sup>Cyprus</sup> great hero.

So ends my "Six Months in Her Majesty's Service -

Finis